THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu… …ktin
Founded A° I…

Volume 202, Number 19

NOVEMBER 9, 1929

5c. The Copy
10c. in Canada

Chester T. Crowell—Henry M. Dawes—Maude Parker—Donald E. Keyhoe
Ben Ames Williams—Kenneth Foree, Jr.—David Jayne Hill—Lou Young

Ten times more attractive

THE SMALL chocolates in the Prestige assortment are attractive, with their glossy coatings of chocolate in three shades. There is the creamy brown of the milk chocolate coating, the rich chocolate brown of the vanilla coating, the deeper tones of the semi-sweet chocolate. The graceful shapes and decorations make them little works of art.

But ten times more attractive and candy-hunger compelling are the *centers*—that all-important part of a chocolate which is seldom seen.

When serving the Prestige Chocolates for dessert (on a silver dish) try the experiment of cutting the pieces in halves, exposing the fruits, nuts, creams, caramels, nougats. All the coloring and richness one associates with the finest confections. Everyone recognizes the goodness of Whitman's, but a feast for the eye is entirely overlooked unless one occasionally peeps inside, where we lavish so much care. On going beneath the surface Whitman's are *ten times more attractive.*

Whitman's PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES

In art metal chests (which will find constant use) holding one pound, two or three pounds. At $2.00 a pound.

On sale only at selected stores, each one of which is supplied with fresh and perfect candies, direct from Whitman's.

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

The celebrated Promenade des Anglais, at Nice, on the French Riviera. During the season Nice is a scene of International gaiety.

"*The* one soap I recommend is Palmolive" *says* Albert Leblanc *of Nice*

Famous Beauty Specialist of the fashionable Hotel Negresco at Nice, on the French Riviera, frequented by many of the world's smartest women.

"I know of no other soap which meets all the requirements of complexion care, acting at once as a cleanser and a valuable and soothing emollient."

A. Leblanc
NICE

"ERRONEOUS ideas on complexion care," according to Albert Leblanc, of Nice, "are very hard to correct. I am still occasionally asked: 'Shall I use soap on my face?' My answer is always a decided affirmative. It is quite wrong to suppose the skin can be thoroughly cleansed by other methods . . . And the soap I recommend is Palmolive!" So says Monsieur Leblanc, head of the Hotel Negresco Beauty Salon.

Monsieur Leblanc studied the art of cosmetics in Paris and practiced his profession there until 1912. He then came to Nice, where he has gained an excellent reputation in this smart Riviera resort.

All the experts agree

Leblanc is joined by an international group of authorities on skin care, all of whom advocate Palmolive as the best way to keep the skin healthfully radiant, glowing with under-the-surface color and life. Do this, they say: Massage Palmolive lather tenderly into the skin for two minutes. Rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. And you're ready for make-up!

Façade of Leblanc's Salon at the Hotel Negresco—where Monsieur Albert attends fashionable women from all over the world. The smart women who gather at Nice demand the very finest care in matters of beauty culture.

Only a specialist can advise you

Being beautiful gives no one the right to advise you on beauty. For such advice you must go to a skilled, experienced beauty specialist. No one else has authority to speak.

Just think of it! 17,311 experts—all over the world—recommend Palmolive Soap! In big cities, in small towns, smart resorts; in America, France, Germany, Spain, England—everywhere that beauty culture is practiced its foremost exponents tell you to guard against enemies of facial beauty by twice-a-day use of Palmolive. No single product ever had such universal professional endorsement. Your very first cake of this bland, skillfully blended soap will show you why Palmolive is the choice of those *whose business it is to know.*

Retail Price
10c

5020

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

Easy to carry—easy to look at

ALASKAN AND ARGONAUT FLEECE OVERCOATS

We've developed these features especially for the outdoor man, who doesn't want to sacrifice action for comfort. They're very good and correct in the belt-all-around models

Have an Alaskan or Argonaut fleece for motoring and sports wear; and a single or double breasted Montagnac for dress

You'll enjoy the luxury in the rare wool overcoats; the fleeces of the vicuna, kashmir, guanaco, camel and angora. Ask the Hart Schaffner & Marx merchant to show you

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President

John B. Williams, Second Vice-President
Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-President and Secretary. Philip S. Collins, Second Vice-President and Treasurer

Fred A. Healy, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1929, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall,
Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell,
Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 202 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 9, 1929 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 Issues) — Number 19

CONFESSIONS OF A DEAN

Some Parents I Have Met

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

WHEN, for my sins, a good many years ago, I became a university dean, an older friend, who had grown gray in the profession, came to condole with me. Deans, he told me, were invented to bear the sins of the colleges. That was why, nowadays, they needed so many of them. "You will be called upon to give a lot of advice. Before you begin let me give you some. Don't try to be a new broom. The best way to reform a college is to reform it gradually and as little as possible. That is true of boys as well as of colleges. Remove all dead wood and artificialities; give the boys and the college a chance to improve naturally, and you will be surprised to see how well they respond. You have been a teacher for twenty years and you ought to know something about boys; they will get into all sorts of devilment. That is more or less natural and you take it in your stride. Your real troubles and sometimes the worst troubles of the undergraduates themselves will come from their parents. The worst of it is that almost every boy has two of them. You will not understand parents at first. Don't try. You will not understand them later either. It isn't natural. It took me twenty years to learn one simple fact: A parent who, when his son is in trouble, acts like a normal person is an abnormal parent."

Fortunate Sons

IN MY beginner's enthusiasm I felt that there was a touch of cynicism in my friend's salvo, and I used to wonder whether it was really true that some of the most serious troubles of sons sprang from the mistakes of their parents. I have stopped wondering. On this point, as on most others, against my will I have been convinced that my old friend was right.

This old mentor of mine, in spite of his tart manner, was recognized in his community as a wise and kindly old man. He had probably remembered so many unsatisfactory encounters with parents of both sexes that it had led him to exaggerate slightly. Where he said that it is unfortunate that nearly all boys have two parents, I cannot quite agree with him. He has gone to rest from his labors. Could he be summoned back, I am sure that he would qualify this harsh judgment. It is really one of the admirable arrangements of nature that every child has both a male and a female parent. This is true because as a general thing, though both father and mother are likely to make mistakes, a father's tendencies are so frequently the opposite of the mother's that they neutralize each other, and where they live in good intelligence and discuss the situation with each other and with their son, their decisions are likely to result in thoroughly healthy, safe and sane middle-of-the-road courses. Such cases are, fortunately, the majority, and the sons of such homes usually pass through college without misadventure.

Unknown to Me, He Went to See the College Policeman and Offered Him a Bribe to Keep Particular Watch Upon His Son and Send Him Reports

Barring the unhappy accidents of mortality, it is plain that if a son is to profit by nature's wise intention, he should receive the benefits of both paternal and maternal interest and counsel. When, however, I look through my old notebooks and records, I find that the faults of mothers were so different in character that in order to convey a fair idea of what they were, they must be treated under separate heads. When I try to classify the instances which came to my attention, I am compelled to list, in the order of their frequency, the paternal vices as, first, indifference; second, suspicion and lack of confidence; and last, what might be called the dictatorial or masterful-man attitude.

Mistaken Sacrifices

THIS indifference of the American father to the welfare of his adolescent son in college is so serious that it would be really criminal were it not for the fact that it finds some excuse in a mistaken popular belief. College is regarded as a kind of paradise for the young. I do not wish to imply that the American father is unwilling to make sacrifices for his son. He is and he does. Too often, however, he contents himself with the financial sacrifice. He is willing to pay the price of admission for his son and, where he is able, to provide him with what might be called a reserved seat.

As a testimony to his willingness to go almost any lengths along this line, I might say, in passing, that I have, in my time, received from fathers a goodly number of what might be called expensive invitations. I have been invited to spend summers at exclusive resorts; to go on yachting trips, even to go to Europe; and, once, around the world. I have even been given tips on the Stock Exchange, and my possible prospective services were once so much appreciated that I was offered, on exceptionally favorable terms, stock in a perfectly good oil company if I would see to it that a son was carried through to graduation. This offer was all the more flattering since, in this case, the boy proved that he was quite able to take care of himself.

Though the father is often willing to make even such ludicrous financial sacrifices, the burden of what might be called the boy's moral support is usually shifted to the mother. Since, as we shall see, mothers are occasionally given to being overprotective, I would be the last to advocate further mollycoddling of sons by fathers or gratuitous intrusion by them into their sons' affairs. I thoroughly believe in putting a boy upon his own in college. This does not mean, however, that he should be cut off from conversation or counsel with his father.

In spite of all that has been said about the sharpened antagonisms between the young and their elders, it is certainly true that in the college, in general, there is a much better understanding and much freer intercourse between age, as represented by the professor, and youth, as represented by the student. My experience led me to doubt whether this is as generally true between fathers and sons.

Too Busy to Bother With Their Sons

YEARS ago, in my very first weeks in office, I experienced a disappointing revelation. In discussing with a sophomore his rather serious scholastic difficulties, it was evident that these were bound up with other problems of a personal nature. He was being seriously rushed and was debating which fraternity he would join or whether it would not be wiser—at least, for the time being—not to join any. They were all problems of a boy's adjusting himself to a man's world. Some of them depended upon the degree of financial assistance which he could reasonably expect from home. By way of closing the interview, I suggested that he write his father. He explained, with naïve disappointment, that he had. He always addressed his letters to his father and his mother, but it was his mother who always answered, and she did not understand anything about such matters. In two years this boy had received no letter from his father, and I have known cases where a boy, in four years, had received no communication whatsoever from his male parent. I cannot see that the number of such instances decreased in my later years.

In one case where a boy's mother had died some years before, I was called upon to telephone such a father. He was in comfortable circumstances, lived about two hundred miles away, and the son was in a highly critical situation. The college physicians had diagnosed his case as one of acute appendicitis which the boy had already allowed to progress too far before his pain drove him to the infirmary. I had called up, assuming, of course, that the father would come on, to obtain his permission for the emergency operation probably necessary before his arrival. I was instructed to obtain the services of the best available surgeon. The father did not deign to make the trip or later, when a really modest bill was sent him, to make any acknowledgment or payment. If it was this father's intention really to put his son upon his own, he was clearly overdoing it. Such cases of callous indifference can, of course, be regarded as exceptions, but I find that, in the course of the years, I developed an index which I think measures its prevalence with a fair degree of accuracy. When the situation of an undergraduate became so serious that the college no longer felt justified in bearing the responsibility alone, it was necessary for my office to communicate with the father. These letters were addressed to him personally and requested an acknowledgment. Of any hundred letters that I wrote about sons in trouble, about twenty would remain unanswered. But of the remaining 80 per cent, although all of them called for a reply from the father, about 30 per cent were answered by the mother, who would explain apologetically that her husband was for the moment too busy to give the matter his attention; and in many cases he would never enter into the discussion at any later stage.

There is another failing of fathers which, though it cannot properly be called indifference, results from selfishness and has very much the same effect. I remember one earnest, engaging little sophomore who was not brilliant, whose life at college was made unnecessarily difficult and who started life there as a failure, where he should have been allowed to succeed. His trouble was his family—by a pathetic irony, a family that was really well disposed but unable to realize that the son had problems and difficulties of his own. Their interest showed itself in foolish and selfish ways, and finally killed that inner heart of the boy's personality—his confidence in himself.

One day in the spring he was summoned home by telegraph shortly before what were, for him, important examinations. He found, on his arrival there, that his father had left for a two weeks' fishing trip, and just before leaving had decided that it would be a good thing to have the son come home during his absence to provide a little company and diversion for his mother. This happened in a family where there were many servants and at a time when there was no special need. When the boy returned, it was plain that he was so accustomed to this attitude, that it was only my astonishment that struck him as strange. His summons home did not surprise, it only discouraged him, and he was slowly coming to realize that his own work was less important than his father's play.

The second class of sinners—the suspicious fathers—were, on the whole, more amusing. This was partly because their unhealthy curiosity about their sons and about the college brought them more frequently into my bodily presence, and also because in nearly all cases poetic justice was meted out upon them for their sins. Unlike the indifferent fathers, such parents, as was proper, suffered more from their own failings than did their sons.

An atmosphere of suspicion is, of course, always unhealthy, and I remember one case in which it corrupted an otherwise incorruptible Irish policeman who was one of my most faithful assistants. The boy was a high-spirited but rather good-natured rapscallion who occasionally violated the university rules. One of his escapades brought him up for disciplinary action. I was compelled to write the father, but he simply would not believe that I had told him all that I knew about his son. He suspected deeper depths of wickedness, and in one interview I had with him, he virtually taxed me with suppressing the truth. Nothing that I could say would ever convince him that his son was on the whole a fairly good boy, and he evidently decided to investigate for himself.

Checkmate to a Suspicious Father

UNKNOWN to me, he went to see the college policeman and offered him a bribe to keep particular watch upon his son and send him reports. This highly competent son of Erin had grown up about the college and had been in its employ for nearly forty years. He was a keen judge of the weaknesses of the young, and I sometimes felt that he had developed an uncanny sense which told him what rampageous undergraduates were going to do even before they did it. He deeply resented this parent's call, but did not tell him so. He told me. To him, the college constituted a big family, and though it was legitimate to discuss the weaknesses of any of its members within the family proper, to do so with outsiders was a different matter. In their presence even a young rascal immediately become one of his boys, and he assumed the air of injured innocence. To him, this suspicious parent was a rank interloper. With his tongue in his cheek, however, he agreed to make the periodic reports. He felt that this particular boy was being abused by his father, and to reëstablish the balance, he became almost unduly sympathetic. His reports to the father were pitched in so enthusiastic a key that they would have lead anyone to conclude that this boy was really a model academic citizen and the supposedly secret communications were far more favorable than my official statements could possibly have been.

I also recall one almost loathsome case in which the father hired a detective

(Continued on Page 187)

The Boy Remained Standing for a Moment in a Daze, Then Stooped to Pick Up Every Sliver of His Broken Violin

10,000 Pictures Can't be Wrong

"Oh, Suh—Mistuh Rogers, Suh—Ah Humbly Crave Yo' Pahdon fo' This Unseemly Lack of Hospitality. If Ah Had Heard Yo' Cyar, Suh ——"

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

EDDIE ROGERS hustled from the train to the hotel, breezily engaged the best room, leaped under a shower, garbed himself in sport shirt and knickers and telephoned the city editors of the two dailies in this modern Southern city of seventy-five thousand persons.

"Eddie Rogers talking. Directorial staff, Massive Film Corporation." He neglected to mention that he appeared on the Massive pay rolls as assistant director. "Send a good man down to my room at the Johnston and there'll be a walloping yarn for the next edition. Okay?"

They came, one efficient and bright-eyed young reporter from each newspaper. Eddie bade them be seated and commenced to talk in a crisp voice:

"I don't need to tell you boys anything about Massive. One or two firms may be bigger, but there ain't any making more expensive pictures. We're about to shoot the works on a superclassic. It'll be called South, and that gives you the whole idea. The South as it really is—soft, glamorous romance, plantation nights, pickaninnies crooning mammy songs in the cotton fields and canebrakes. It ain't ever been done. The West has been classicked, and so have the East and high society and the underworld and everything. But never the South.

"Of course I ain't claiming that other companies haven't made Southern pictures, but they've never gone at it right. They've faked their stuff. They haven't reached the soul and spirit of the modern South. And believe me, this epic is going to be modern. Not the ante-bellum South or the South of the 90's, but the awakening New South where romance lives softly and sweetly.

"We've got a half-million-dollar budget on this picture, and we're going to spend it. And that's my story. We picked this town as the heart of the New South, and they sent me down here to get saturated with the real dope. 'Cause this is going to be a work of art. Accurate, see? I want cards to your country clubs and all, so I can see the true Southern girl as she really is. Then I want to find the perfect Southern girl right here in this town. And when I do, I'm going to offer her a trip to Hollywood and a four months' contract with Massive."

"To act?" asked one of the newspapermen.

"Well, I can't promise that. These talkies have kind of changed things. But the girl will get a chance to act. If she screens well and don't drop dead of fright in front of the mike, she gets a small part in this picture and a big chance later. But anyway, what we want her for is to advise. Yes, sir, we're paying that money just for an advisory young lady. No other company ever thought of that. We want her to come to Hollywood and work with the supervisor and the art department and the wardrobe department and the director and even the actors and actresses. She is to have the last word on what is right and what isn't. No faking in this picture, see? It ain't ever been done right before. They've always faked the dialect and the manners. We're giving this dame a real chance and some good coin. But also, we're making sure that when Massive tells the world that here is a classic of the modern South as it is today—modern, see?—it's telling the truth."

He surveyed his audience with beaming pride.

"Ain't it a swell idea?" he asked.

"Yes. It sounds good. But ——"

"But nothing, son. I know just what you're going to ask: Do we think we can get a real Southern lady to go to Hollywood and do this? Do we think we can find a belle of the sunny, chivalrous Southland to forsake the old plantation and plunge into the vicious vortex of Hollywood? Well, I don't know whether we can or not, but it seems like maybe even in the old aristocratic South we can find somebody who would like to make good in the flickers, or maybe who wouldn't sneeze at a century per week every week and railroad expenses both ways. I also wouldn't want you to say this, but if we have to, we'll even take a chaperon along, if that's the only way we can get the real stuff. Now, what do you boys think?"

"Plenty, Mr. Rogers. I've always wanted to see the South in pictures as it really is and not as a bunch of birds who have never been below Baltimore seem to think it is. And I guess there are thousands throughout the country who have the same wish."

"Great story for your newspapers, ain't it?"

"Wonderful. Only I believe ——"

"Kid, I believe it too. But Massive don't spare time, trouble or expense when it goes out after realism. That's why our pictures are known the length and breadth of this land as genuine works of art. And I want you lads to grab this: My offer don't go for any but a lady, see? She's got to have real class. Background and everything, because it's background we're after—and going to have. This isn't a contest, and we ain't looking for bathing beauties. We want a girl with plenty of sense—someone who knows the true modern South and can see that we get the realism we're paying for. There are no promises of a screen future.

(Continued on Page 78)

THE SHYSTER

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"I'm Bound for the State University," I said, "and I Didn't Have Enough Money to Buy a Ticket"

WHENEVER I hear the faults of the legal profession discussed—as I often do nowadays—I am tempted to rise and outline the basis for a whole program of reform in three sentences:

I. There are too many lawyers.

II. There are too many lawyers who ought never to have been admitted to the bar, because they lacked the professional temperament and never could acquire real ethics.

III. The existing machinery for putting these men out of the profession is not adequately used, even when their conduct is outrageous.

I was one of the lawyers who never should have been licensed to practice. It is my own story that I shall tell.

I was born on a Texas cattle ranch where my father worked as a cowboy. The earliest recollection I have of any mention of his wages named the amount as fifteen dollars a month. Later they were increased, but never beyond thirty-five dollars a month. There were seven children in the family, and I was the eldest. We had plenty to eat, enough clothing of a sort to protect us from cold in winter, an unpainted pine-board house to live in, and thirty-eight thousand acres under one fence for a playground. Moreover, the neighbors didn't object to trespassing. Our life was wholesome in its natural simplicity and might have been reasonably happy but for the fact that my mother harbored vague though spirited notions to the effect that her children "ought to amount to something"—and might not.

Our family was one of the many caught in the backwash from earlier pioneer days. Economically we were trapped. My mother's father and various of her uncles had taken up free land, or bought for a few cents an acre, and launched themselves as small proprietors with almost no capital. Likewise my father's father had become a landed proprietor. During the course of many topsy-turvy years my grandparents had finally failed, lost their land and died. By the time my father was old enough to make his start there was no such opportunity in cattle raising for a young man without capital as his father had enjoyed. Consequently he went to work for wages. And this was not an excellent field of employment, because the cattle raisers had many bad years. But ranch work was all he knew. Even farming was mysterious to him. As for going to a city, the life there was so strange to him that even walking on pavements made his feet sore and caused them to swell painfully.

So there we were, apparently marooned. I know that my father loved his work, the open country and the life he led, but there was one fact about the labor of the cowboy which nearly all of those who have written of its romance and adventure neglected to set down: The cowboy was about used up at forty. Some were lucky, of course, but a great many more were unlucky and didn't see forty. The work was not only strenuous but it called for the sort of agility and quick recuperation after an eighteen-hour day that simply does not persist long after forty.

While I was still in my teens I knew that my father was definitely going backward, physically, because there were many stories current of remarkable feats he had performed in the past which he could not have attempted then. At the age of fourteen I got a job on the same ranch with him as a cow hand. There was no doubt that all of his sons would be employed on the ranch as they became old enough. But where would that get us? In due time they would marry. Or they would drift away as other young cowboys did. And what of the girls? Should they eventually marry cow hands? My mother pointedly remarked that she would have preferred to see them in their graves. We might, of course, have thought of quite a number of ways out, but there were good reasons why we didn't. Merchandising, for example, doesn't loom up as a highroad to fortune in the imaginations of people who spend only about thirty dollars a month. And as a matter of fact it wasn't a highroad to fortune except for a very, very few men who were as lucky as they were shrewd or capable.

To become a skilled workman such as a carpenter did not seem to a boy in my position a logical way out, because I knew almost nothing about the lives of such people. I often wondered how carpenters, masons and machinists managed to find employment, because on the ranch we seemed to be able to do any job that confronted us without the aid of these experts. We built brick walls, stone walls, barns, mended harness, repaired pumps and did no end of skilled work. Among us there was always someone who knew how. My mother and father had built the house in which we lived, with the aid of a few cowboys, and even put a shingle roof on it that leaked in only two places. Technical education, such as the electrical field demanded, I never thought of. One of the most alluring ways out seemed to be railroading, but applicants swarmed around every job, and wages were low. The main attraction there was the excitement of riding the trains.

I felt just as my mother did, that we simply must make an effort to amount to something. For a while I toyed with the idea of being a school-teacher, but that also was a low-paid job and very uncertain. Moreover, I would have had to spend at least two years preparing myself for the poorest place teaching had to offer.

Our local school had been somewhat better than what the ranch country usually had to offer—if it offered anything at all. Several fortunate facts had contributed to this advantage. First, there was Judge Prender, a local lawyer, banker and cattleman, who took a keen interest in the school, visited it often, and insisted on having one even though he sometimes had to help pay its expenses and often made long trips in search of a teacher when we lost one in midterm. Rural schools at that time, in the more remote districts such as ours, often closed after a winter term of two months. Ours managed to live four or five months each year. Another helpful factor was the establishment of a small farming community within horseback distance of our school. And later the little general-store-and-postoffice town where we traded sprouted what it was pleased to call a high school. I was graduated from that school after two triumphant years of good grades and steady attendance. It couldn't have had much in common with the modern high school, but I learned to read and write with real facility—something my father did only with great difficulty. Mother wrote badly but read with ease—that is, when she read. There were three books in our library—a Bible, an almanac and a mail-order catalogue, but we often borrowed a book.

Two of my school-teachers had been rather remarkable young men, both of them studying law and earning bread and butter by teaching. I recognized them as persons destined to amount to something. Also I observed with interest that Judge Prender helped them all he could by lending them books and talking to them about their studies. That made a profound impression on me. I thought about it by the hour, and in this wise: He could have watched the younger cow hands just as well as these young lawyers, because he was a competent judge of cow hands; by picking young cow hands of ability and integrity and lending them the necessary money to get started, he could have formed partnerships that eventually would have made him a great deal of money. I often wondered why he didn't do that. In fact, I wondered why no one in our immediate neighborhood did it. Such partnerships have formed the basis of no small number of fortunes in the cow country, but I didn't know that at the time. The idea that it was possible was strictly my own. I had never seen it done. If Judge Prender had shown any interest in me as a bright young cow hand of good character I would have suggested

such a partnership, but his affectionate interest quite plainly centered in young lawyers. I knew that he was rich, and I should have known that virtually all of his wealth consisted of inherited lands and cattle and the small bank he had founded, but for some reason I imagined that a considerable part of it must have come originally from the practice of law. Because all the lawyers I had ever seen impressed me as well-dressed, I gathered the impression that all of them earned large sums.

Well, then, here was the way out. You didn't have to borrow money to lease or buy range land to become a lawyer. You didn't have to own anything. Apparently all you had to do was study until you could be admitted to the bar and then you would by magic processes begin to wear excellent clothing and have money in your pocket; and after a while you would own a small bank, and if you cared to you could also own a ranch and some cattle. Nearly all the lawyers I had ever heard of seemed to retain an interest in a ranch somewhere. It struck me that the logical way to come into possession of a ranch—which was what I really wanted more than anything else in the world—was to study law. Uncounted thousands of boys have undertaken the study of law with just about the same confused motives. A modern vocational director would, I think, say that a young man in such a state of mind wouldn't make progress in his profession, but these experts didn't know my generation. In our background was the spur of having known stark want. We had energy to a degree they cannot even imagine. Looking back, I marvel at it myself. Energy! Why the wonder is that public-service corporations didn't hire us and hitch on their dynamos! We had a source of power that was all the more efficient for being indefinite—we were determined to amount to something. We couldn't plot our courses very well, but we labored at the oars tirelessly and dreamed of glorious destinations.

I shall never forget the night when my half-baked ideas about becoming a lawyer crystallized into resolutions that led to immediate action. Mother was cooking supper—and talking, etching in barbed words her impressions of my father and married life. She did this fairly often, and it was a performance worth mentioning if for no other reason than because it lasted so long. No doubt there was a certain amount of hysteria back of these outbursts, but she didn't just rant. She said things, things that might have scalded the hide off a rhinoceros. The only evidence of insanity I detected in her performance was that I don't think she could have stopped. Physical weariness had to come to her relief. These monologues tortured me because I adored her, wanted to give her the moon, and lived in the sickening dread of turning out to be no better provider than my father. All of us called him by his nickname, Slim. He sat in the dining room, which was also the living room, and smoked contentedly during the hour and a half devoted to cooking and the monologue. While we were eating, mother continued to talk. Finally the smaller children left the table but remained in the room fascinated. Slim politely remained at his place, waiting patiently for her to finish. He was instinctively polite. In fact, his only serious fault was that he did not share mother's inordinate discontent and had no desire whatever to be a ruler of men. From time to time during the long tirade I glanced at him to see if his expression changed. It did not. He loved her, forgave her, and simply closed his ears.

When at last she rose from the table I followed her into the kitchen to help with the dishwashing. It was the only thing I could think of as an expression of my sympathy, and whenever there was conflict I rallied to her side. She had taught me to despise Slim, and yet I had a horror of putting any such sentiment into words. I merely hovered close to her. Slim knew my sentiments and approved of them most heartily. He wouldn't have wanted me to feel otherwise.

Her red wind-burned face was redder than usual this evening, and her fighting black eyes flashed lightning. It interested me to watch the quick, unerring jerks with which she moved things. Her bony red hands were almost quicker than the eye. While the dishwashing was still in progress the smaller children climbed up the stepladder that served us for stairs and disappeared into the garret. They slept there on pallets on the floor. These youngsters were all tow-headed like Slim, while I had my mother's straight black hair. Somehow that kept me from regarding them as brothers and sisters; I thought of them merely as responsibilities. Moreover, I was the only one of the flock who really had a name. I had been called Boyd, my mother's family name. Slim had fastened facetious names on all the rest. My brother who was next to me in age he called Sawdust. The next boy was called Jane. There was a girl called Duck and another Piggy. The youngest child wore the remarkable name of Scan'lous, a foreshortening of scandalous. Slim had simply adopted as a name the comment of the people who knew us when this baby arrived. He had a habit of inviting jest at his own expense.

While mother and I were at work in the kitchen I told her that I had heard that the state university would soon open for the fall term. Now was the time for me to go if I wanted to study law. Several persons had informed me that tuition was free, and while this seemed improbable I judged that the best way to find out the truth would be to go and register for the course. I explained to her that I had also been told that many young men worked their way through; that jobs were available and one could work before and after school hours. Mother listened with delight; her pride in my ambition made me very happy. Finally she strode belligerently into the dining room and announced to Slim: "Boyd is going away to college in the morning. He's going to learn to be a lawyer."

"Got any money?" Slim asked, addressing me.

"Fourteen dollars," I answered. "I'm going to work my way."

"Doing what?" Slim asked.

"He don't know what he's going to do," mother interrupted, "but the boy ain't lazy. There's work everywhere for people that look for it. He's going to make something of himself and help raise this houseful of children."

Slim smiled at that, and I knew what was going through his mind. Experience had taught him that a houseful of children raise themselves, given time. He saw no reason to belabor such a simple problem with tragic concern and foreboding. Slim had sublime faith; he believed that God sent children—and took care of them, even those called Sawdust and Scan'lous. Slim searched his pockets and assembled a total of two dollars and sixty cents, which he placed on the table, a little heap of silver coins. "Better take this, too, Boyd," he said.

"Slim McLean, is that all the money you got?" mother demanded hotly. This promised a renewal of the monologue so recently closed.

"That's all right, now, mother," he pleaded. "I'll get the groceries first thing in the morning. I got a little money coming to me from some of the boys ——"

"Had so much you had to put some out at interest?" mother fired at him.

"Now, now, now, mother," he begged. "Don't say things like that."

"I don't want the money," I said.

Slim put it back in his pocket, rose and strolled out to visit the saddle horses. They were his consolation at such times. In the corral he was loved and admired; the horses would actually bite each other to force their way close enough to him to be petted.

Mother and I worked over the packing of my clothes until after midnight. It was a grand frolic, working and talking and talking and talking.

At five o'clock next morning I set out on my great adventure. Since I wasn't coming back that day and didn't wish to leave a saddle pony hitched at the railway station I walked the four miles to town. My belongings were neatly packed in a clean oat sack tied round and round with rawhide thongs. An oat sack makes a very good covering for a package. When washed it is not only clean but fairly glistens, and in spite of the coarse weave dirt doesn't come through. Of course my little package was not much larger than a football and the sack had been wrapped around it about six folds thick. We had never owned a traveling bag or suitcase, and I admired my package. The neatness of it I thought spoke well for the

(Continued on Page 103)

At Five o'Clock Next Morning I Set Out on My Great Adventure

The Branch-Banking Problem

By HENRY M. DAWES

Former Comptroller of the Currency

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

AT THIS time, when a rapid and radical evolution is taking place in banking, a little lay discussion is in order, particularly as the laity furnish the resources with which the professional banker operates. Banking has a technic which is not especially difficult, but is susceptible of such involved presentation as to hide the fundamental fact that it is simply a means to facilitate the exchange of values. Lay discussion is certain to develop the fact that it is a form of public service and not of private business, and that the banks are, after all, only the channels through which business transactions flow, and are not the springs which create the rivers of commerce.

This is an attempt at a diagnosis, and is not a prescription. It is made in the hope it may make clear that the public interest may be served without impairing unduly the bankers' initiative, but with the postulate that the independence of business control, whether it be big business or little business, must be maintained at any cost to any class.

President Wilson's "Make the world safe for democracy" was an inspired phrase. Since the war the people of the United States have been groping for a clear understanding of just what the word "democracy" meant, and it is an interesting question as to whether it meant different things to different people or whether there was some underlying instinct common to all which was aroused by its use.

Democracy is sometimes contrasted with orderly government, but this is not the American conception, which seems to be rather a desire for the greatest independence for the individual consistent with the rights of others. Although the events subsequent to the war have tremendously increased the wealth of the nation, it cannot be maintained that it has increased the independence of the individual, and though the people have more things than they had ten years ago, it is very questionable if they are as sturdy and self-reliant and independent a type as they were before they acquired such great wealth.

Quantity production, labor-saving machinery and the progress of mechanical and scientific effort will produce material things and do everything that man can do to yield such happiness as is not associated with character. Worry about the effect of too much luxury on man's eternal soul will be confined to those who have no prospect of being corrupted by these material temptations. If you can get cheaper automobiles and more of them by turning a man into a machine or by concentrating control of an industry, nobody can combat it successfully on moral grounds. If chain stores make food cheaper and mail-order houses undersell the local merchant, they will continue to grow until there are no more neighborhood butchers or bakers or druggists. The smaller places are rapidly becoming only the homes of employes and agents. Main Street is a succession of chain stores and filling stations, all of which are duplicated in every other town, in color scheme, architectural design and the goods on their shelves.

Mass Production in the Extreme

WE HAVE discovered some new tricks in recent years, mostly concerned with chemistry and physics and the technic of mass manipulation. It is bringing us much that is desirable and it is destroying much that is good and which human beings will struggle to retain.

It is characteristic of the mass intelligence to reason by analogy entirely, and it is just this tendency that is driving us, in many lines of human endeavor, to attempt to apply the quantity-production theory to relationships that are thoroughly unnatural. Because you can paint a box car or a building with a spraying machine at less cost than you can paint a picture, it does not follow that it is in the general interests for the artist to throw aside his palette and take up the paint spray. Because a chain store can sometimes sell you a tire or a bottle of perfume cheaper than your next-door neighbor can get them for you, we should not at once assume that the branch of a New York bank operating in Iowa can furnish you cheaper money under better conditions, can safeguard your earnings and invest your savings more intelligently than your local banker.

Banking Has Met Fully the Requirements of Big Business

Size and quantity may be carried to great lengths in the development of material and physical things, but when the human element is predominant, their introduction frequently defeats the purpose for which they were invoked. It may be assumed, in dealing with a branch bank, a chain bank or any form of syndicated banking operation, that the residents of that section of the United States which lies outside of New York City will probably be dealing with larger institutions than they are at present. They will find their banking standardized, but they will discover that it is at the cost of community and personal independence. This is a price which they would not pay if they understood it, but it is a condition which will be forced upon them if the habit of analogy is carried into the banking business and if they stop reasoning when they have discovered a superficially apparent parallel.

The relationships of modern commercial life are so interwoven between various and apparently unrelated activities that efficiency can only be attained by a high degree of coördination. Banking is to a peculiar degree an activity which must be so flexible as immediately to adjust itself to changes in commerce and industry. General business activity should and must be supplemented by banking machinery, and disaster inevitably follows when the two get out of step one with the other. We have seen an evolution in banking which has been carried to such an extent that in the past few years it has served not only as an adjunct and a resource of industry but has actually stimulated it to a degree which very probably has in it the germs of danger. From the somewhat traditional situation where industrial development was seeking banking capital, we have recently seen capital forcing industrial development. The danger in this tendency does not need to be enlarged, as even the most superficial student of economics has observed the unfortunate effects of overbuilding in factories, railroads and homes that follow from too free and too cheap money.

The facilities of banking in America in the past fifteen years cannot be criticized because they have been inadequate for the demands of industry, but rather because they have at periods stimulated a tendency which would better have been retarded. Banking has met fully the requirements of big business, and in no laggard spirit.

A Banker's Dual Rôle

WHATEVER the arguments that may be made for branch banking and chain banking, it cannot, with justice, be claimed that any emergency in connection with availability of credit exists which requires the control over banks located in distant communities by the ownership of great central institutions.

The ownership and the direction of outside banks are directly opposed to the coördinated theory in existence now, under which the activities of smaller banks are supplemented by the larger ones and the whole tied in with the Federal Reserve System. Independence under the present system is emphasized in every phase of the relationship, and the urge for the substitution of centralization and ownership, as contrasted with coördination, is not due either to a demand from the public for a service not now available or a desire for public service on the part of the banks. It is dictated solely by the desire to increase the earnings on the stock of banking institutions. This is by no means attributing a sinister motive to the banker, who is only following the natural human craving for material riches.

To a greater degree than in any form of commercial endeavor, with the single exception of what are known as utility companies, banking is charged with the public interest. The original conception of a banker was a man of means who loaned his own money. At that stage of its development it was considered practically and properly private business. It has, however, now evolved into a form of public service. It is carried on primarily on the depositors' money and not the stockholders'. The officers of a bank are the trustees of other people's funds, which they manage for the private profit of their stockholders. The banker occupies a dual position in his responsibility, and it is very greatly to his credit, to a degree perhaps not equaled in any other commercial activity, that he has in the past recognized his obligation to his creditors and to the community that he serves quite as sacredly as his obligation to his stockholders.

The tendency to concentration and the centralization of control is charged not only with obvious intrinsic dangers but threatens a governmental control that is similar to that now exercised over public utilities operating under franchise. If it should ever be necessary to subject the banks to the sort of control that the Interstate Commerce Commission exercises over the railroads, it would be the most deadening influence that could be placed on enterprise, but

governmental control is the inevitable consequence of monopoly and is frequently invoked long before complete monopoly exists.

The problem of preserving private initiative and reconciling it with the functions of a trustee for the general public is a difficult one. Governmental authority must necessarily be invoked to an extent that does not apply to ordinary business where ultimate survival is dependent on efficiency and where the elimination of the unfit does not involve the general community. The supervising activities of the Comptroller of the Currency for the National Banking System and the state banking superintendents for banks under state laws have in recent years been supplemented by clearing-house examiners. The importance of the service rendered by these organizations cannot be overestimated, but it is primarily negative and the bankers are dependent upon their own cooperative action and the Federal Reserve banks to bring about the shifting of funds from points of lesser to points of greater demand.

Two Functions of a Banking Pipe Line

THE flexibility and efficiency of the present unit system as supplemented by the Federal Reserve banks have been very great. To dispute this, because in certain isolated sections of the country there have been acute financial distress and banking difficulties, is to confuse cause and effect. The failure of a large number of banks in Florida was the result of a collapse in real-estate speculation and the ravages of the Mediterranean fly, and it was not the failure of the banks that was responsible for either the real-estate collapse or the Mediterranean fly. These things happen entirely apart from banking, and the function of banking is to confine depressions to the limits to which they naturally pertain and to secure for the district affected temporary relief to mitigate the hysteria that inevitably accompanies the first stage of a bad general business reaction. Where property has really been destroyed, the community must restore it, either out of the fruits of the soil or labor of its people. The money which comes from outside communities in the form of loans must eventually be paid off and must always be attracted by the possibility of profit.

Banks serve merely as a medium through which transfers may be made and cannot to a large extent supply permanent capital. The function which could be performed by branch banks in an emergency is precisely the same as is being performed by unit banks, except that under the system of unit banks capital flows in accordance with the rule of economic laws through community bargaining by community banks. Whereas in branch banks and syndicated banks the funds of the city affected are controlled by nonresidents who will, in the nature of the case, administer them under the influence of the environment in which they live and not with a sympathetic understanding of local conditions. While they are in the control of the resources of the branch city, their primary instinct will be to favor the city in which they live.

The analogy has been drawn between a branch bank and a great pipe-line system, which would pump resources from a central reservoir to the smaller centers in which its branches are located. A pipe line is susceptible of moving its products in both directions, and the movement will be more frequently from the branches to the central reservoir than in the other direction. In a word, it will be frequently a suction line rather than the reverse.

The problem of safety is, of course, vitally important, and it should be noted that when a unit bank fails and is unable to discharge all of its liabilities, the funds are still in the community from which they were derived. Overbuilding and unwise development and sudden deflation only result in a transfer of wealth as between individuals in the community, but not a decrease in its absolute wealth. The opera house or the little factory, which, perhaps, would better never have been built, are still there, and the only difference is that someone else owns them. When a branch bank fails it will almost inevitably be found that the investments which were responsible for its collapse have been made either in the central city or in enterprises which are controlled from there, and the branch town will have suffered an actual decrease in wealth. It may be contended that branch banks do not fail as frequently as unit banks, but nobody can contend that they cannot or do not suspend.

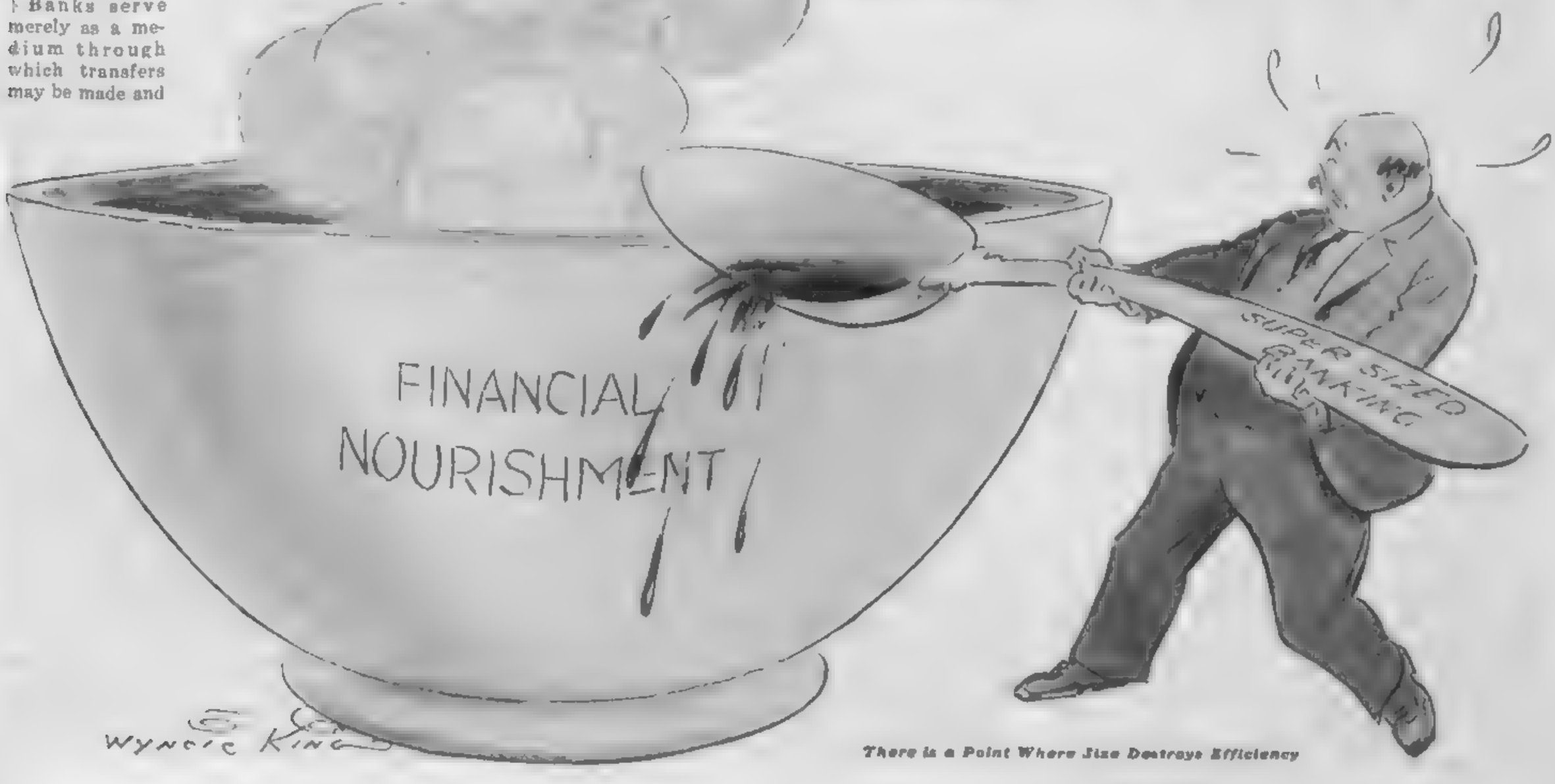
It is an untenable assertion and hardly worthy of discussion to suggest that the banking structure of the country has been inadequate in recent years to meet economic needs. As far as that is concerned, syndicate and branch bankers can only claim that they can substitute a control which is better than the present. They claim that they can administer the machinery better, and they must claim that by better they mean better for the community and not simply better for the stockholder. Otherwise the public will not permit the movement to progress.

Since the problem is largely one of administration, it would be well to consider the limitations which are put on both systems. It would probably be fair to assume that the men who are at the head of the big city banks of the United States would head the big branch banks, and that so far as personnel is concerned, the difference would primarily be in the branch offices. If we state the functions which must necessarily be performed by the branch manager, it will be very simple to see what kind of man will eventually fill that position. He should be a man thoroughly familiar with the policies of the parent institution, trained in their methods of doing business and imbued thoroughly with the spirit and point of view of his superiors.

An Employe Instead of the Boss

IF THE branch is that of a New York bank, it will be the New York point of view, or if a Chicago bank, it will be the Chicago point of view. He must, if he is to keep his position, transfer this point of view to the town in which he operates and impose it upon the banking habits of the community. In the matter of receiving deposits, he will be exactly like the unit banker, but in the matter of loans his technic must be entirely different. He may, but probably does not, know intimately a prospective debtor. He may be satisfied that his character and antecedents and connections are such that his loan is good without collateral, but this will not satisfy his superior officers in the central city who do not know the debtor. His loans must necessarily be made primarily on the basis of collateral, and the collateral in small local enterprises is almost automatically excluded on account of the cost and time involved for an investigation sufficient to satisfy the central officer. He will be an important factor in the community and he will be treated with great respect and deference, but he will never belong to the inner circles of the business life because he is an outsider who represents foreigners, and contrasted with the head of the unit bank which preceded him, he is an employe and not an owner. He will be well informed on investments which his particular institution happens to be offering to the public, but not being a part of the community, he will not be particularly well informed as to the real needs of his clients. If an investor wants a bond of a particular interest rate, maturity, and so on, he can supply it to him quite as quickly and efficiently as the grocer could give a customer a pound of sugar, but when another prospect comes whose social and family and temperamental peculiarities require that he be given guidance, he may and probably will sell the bond, but he will not render the service that the unit banker now does. He may, amongst his clients, be approached by a large industrial enterprise which needs millions of dollars; in which case, after he has exhausted the platitudes which are furnished to the minor employes of every great banking institution, he will accompany the client to the headquarters of the bank, where he will be brought into contact with the same men to whom his unit banks would have introduced him in the old days.

(Continued on Page 149)



There is a Point Where Size Destroys Efficiency

CHILDREN OF CRŒSUS

No Matter How Sordid or How Pretentious it May be, its Prices Will Stagger Even the Undergraduate Who at Last is Forced to Pay Cash

By Maude Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE other day a man who happened to be lunching alone in a smart New York restaurant was informed by his excited waiter that the table laid for three next to him had been reserved for Miss Mary X.

Miss X, as the daughter of a man whose name is synonymous for wealth not only in America but throughout the world, seemed to the solitary luncher worth observing from the standpoint of mere celebrity. He knew little about her except that she was joint heir to millions of dollars. He could not even remember having seen a newspaper photograph of her, as personal publicity has always been avoided by her family.

Therefore, when three young women were seated by the obsequious maitre d'hôtel at the adjacent table, he scrutinized them carefully, hoping his powers of deduction would enable him to select the heiress.

He found, however, as his discreet gaze traveled from one to another, that there were no visible signs in their clothes or jewelry which would distinguish them. All of them were dressed well, but not conspicuously; each wore a string of pearls of conservative size; and it was not until the owner of the restaurant hurried toward them with the menu, which he handed to the one who was perhaps less chic than her companions, that the observer knew that this was the famous Miss X.

Money for the Rich to Save

HE COULD not have avoided overhearing her conversation, so he settled down to a comfortable eavesdropping. The first event which amused him was the carefulness with which the hostess ordered. After her guests had made known their desires, which happened to coincide, she chose the same dishes for herself; but with the exception of the hors d'œuvres, she consulted the proprietor as to whether two portions of chicken hashed in cream and the accompanying vegetable would not be sufficient for three persons.

Without a second's hesitation the Frenchman assured her that it would, although the witness to this performance had heard the same man scornfully reject such an idea when presented to him on previous occasions.

Scarcely had the first course arrived before the topic of conversation turned to clothes.

"I might have known it," the man thought; "no matter who they are, all women are bound to talk about clothes."

For a moment or two he paid no attention to what they were saying, but in the interval before his demi-tasse had cooled sufficiently, he caught a phrase which renewed his interest.

"Forgive us for leaving you out of the conversation, Mary," one of the young women said, with an apologetic smile. "I know how ridiculous it must seem to you, but even if I get only fifteen dollars apiece, it helps me a lot."

"But it interests me tremendously," Miss X replied. From her hand bag she extracted a notebook. "Give me the address. I'd be delighted to get a little pocket money that way."

Her guests exchanged involuntary glances of amazement, for, as it was subsequently disclosed, they were speaking of a secondhand shop where one could sell evening gowns after they were no longer new. Miss X was plainly sincere in her delight at this information and declared she would go over her wardrobe that very afternoon and sell whatever seemed useless.

"I don't wear out my clothes very quickly," she added. "And I've never felt I could afford to throw them away just because they're not absolutely in style. Now that I can sell them, it's quite different."

On his way out, the man who had listened in astonishment to her statements stopped in the foyer to chat with the proprietor, whom he had known for years. This canny European, who has made a comfortable fortune through his knowledge of the New York socially elect to whom his establishment has become an institution, was, as usual, in possession of enlightening information.

"Miss X doesn't come here often. She thinks it's too expensive. And when she does, she orders as carefully as she did today. Of course, I pretended two portions were enough, and had three served to them. She will leave as a tip exactly 10 per cent. She is thriftier than almost any patron I've ever had. Of course, it's traditional in her family, and I don't believe she has any idea of money except that it's something to save."

Too Luxurious for Comfort

HE SPOKE of the differences in his clientele in this respect. "For instance, young Mrs. Y who is at that table is the daughter of a man who earned his money himself. Consequently, her idea is that money is something to spend. It's all in the way they were brought up."

Mrs. Y furnishes an example of a girl who had grown up in the midst of luxury far greater than that permitted in the X mansion. Her father had struck oil in the Southwest shortly after his marriage, and before the birth of their daughter he and his wife had moved to New York and built an impressive house on Fifth Avenue. They took naïve and genuine pleasure in their new riches. Their earlier years of frontier hardship had quickened their enjoyment of marble staircases, tapestried walls and servants in livery. The nurseries prepared for their only child, who was formally named Phyllis at an elaborate christening, were the height of pink-and-white expensiveness. Before she had learned to walk she had a diminutive winter coat of the finest ermine, and at the appearance of

her first permanent tooth a tiny string of flawless pearls was clasped around her chubby throat.

In due course she entered the most exclusive day school for girls, and although the head mistress promptly put an end to any display of jewelry or overexpensive wraps, her influence did not extend beyond the classroom. On innumerable Saturdays, parties were given by Phyllis for her small friends which outrivaled any entertainments they had ever attended.

Reports as to the total cost of her debutante party some years later varied from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars. Two hundred guests were invited to dinner before the dance, which was attended by several hundred others, to whom supper was served at one o'clock and breakfast at five.

At dinner, gold vanity cases were the favors for every girl, and cigarette cases were put at every man's place.

A Girl Who Had Never Learned Economy

THESE details are important only in relation to the astonishing performance of the father of Phyllis when, two years later, she announced her engagement to John Y, a young architect. She had drawn him as a partner in the mixed doubles of a tennis tournament at Newport, and almost immediately they had fallen in love. He was now twenty-six and had only recently returned from several years of study at the Beaux Arts in Paris.

Far from being received with parental approval, the match was vehemently opposed by her father.

"He's marrying you for your money," he declared. "What does he make a year?"

"He's just starting. He gets only three thousand, but he's got another three of his own."

All the pioneer prejudices of her father emerged from beneath his veneer of cosmopolitanism. "I won't have it! Six thousand a year wouldn't pay for your hats and shoes!"

"That's ridiculous, and you know it."

"Well, then, in that case how does it happen that you can't even dress yourself on the ten thousand that I give you now?"

"I'm not supposed to dress on it. It's my spending money. I've always charged my clothes on mamma's bills."

"You won't if you marry that whippersnapper! I'll see to it that every charge account we have is closed to you!"

Of course, being as quick-tempered as he, Phyllis made the only possible answer, and marched down to City Hall the next morning with the young man.

This act of defiance completely alienated her father. She had not even given him a chance to relent gracefully and she had deprived him of a wedding which would have surpassed all others. He notified her that from that time on, until his death, she would receive from him ten thousand dollars a year, and not a cent more.

The Y's total income of sixteen thousand dollars would have seemed a fortune to the majority of young married couples, but to a girl brought up as Phyllis had been, in surroundings where the yearly expenditure for the family of three exceeded the half million mark, it meant drastic adjustments. She had never heard the word "economy" mentioned in her own home. She had grown up knowing that some day she would inherit a great fortune, and as long as she could remember, she had bought whatever caught her fancy, without even inquiring the price. However, she was endowed with common sense and courage, and she promptly set to work to adapt herself to her changed environment. The architect, who was far from being a fortune hunter, insisted that her allowance be kept for her personal use and that his income provide their actual living expenses. She assured him that she would do just that, then went ahead according to her own plans. The apartment they rented, small and inconvenient and dark though its six low-ceilinged rooms appeared to one accustomed to big houses, cost three thousand six hundred dollars a year. A maid of all work added another twelve hundred. Which would have left a hundred dollars a month to cover food, laundry, her husband's clothes, doctors' bills and all the incidental expenses which pile up mountain-high over the novices' budget.

"That Represents the Price of Five Hundred Good Beefsteaks, and You're Going to Grow Up to Know It"

By exchanging as many as possible of their wedding presents, Phyllis managed to furnish half of their rooms. Much of the silver had to be put into storage, as one maid could not possibly keep it all clean and the dining room was too small to contain it

Likewise, the closets of her bedroom could not hold half of her wardrobe, so Phyllis sold what she could to the dealer of whom she told Mary X. Without a personal maid, for the first time in her life, to mend and press and clean, she found that most of her garments were too expensive to maintain. They had been chosen regardless of durability. But she found now that she needed a totally different type. She knew nothing about ordering food that would be both delectable and inexpensive, so she joined a cooking class that first winter.

Feeling the Pinch of Poverty

BEFORE their first child was born, a year later, she ordered an excellent imitation of the pearls her father had given her on her eighteenth birthday and sold the original string. For now, in addition to the actual cost of physicians, nurses and hospitals, it became necessary to rent a larger apartment, with a sunny nursery, and to install an extra maid.

It is said that on one occasion she took out of her jewel box the first little necklace she had ever worn and which she could not bear to sell, and dangled it before her six months' old daughter. "That represents the price of five hundred good beefsteaks, and you're going to grow up to know it."

Yet, with all her cheerful management and her good-natured joking about what, in her circle, was considered genteel poverty, she has confessed at times that it is a hardship to turn all the energy she once used in hunting or tennis or golf toward frantic efforts to live within their means

"How can I get excited about walking six blocks to the market in order to save three cents on a head of lettuce, when I know that it is only a matter of time when I'll have half a million a year? I don't feel bitter about it except when I'm tired, and then I can't help thinking that my

(Continued on Page 72)

When the Owner of the Restaurant Hurried Toward Them With the Menu, Which He Handed to the One Who Was Perhaps Less Chic Than Her Companions, the Observer Knew That This Was the Famous Miss X

FLYING BLIND—By Donald E. Keyhoe

WHEN the Transcontinental Air Transport plane, City of San Francisco, recently crashed into a New Mexico peak, killing its crew and passengers, a nation-wide wave of comment followed. This was caused mainly by the long search for the plane and by the fame of the so-called Lindbergh Line, with its veteran pilots, its up-to-date equipment, and its thorough methods. It has been established that the ill-fated plane was caught in a severe electrical storm of the type which arises quickly in that part of the country. In the thick weather, undoubtedly blinded by lightning and the downpour, the pilot lost his bearings and flew straight into the mountain he could not see.

Public confidence in air travel was temporarily shaken by that unfortunate incident. It was useless to point out that this crash formed part of a very small percentage of accidents in scheduled air travel, and that it should be considered in the same light as an unusual railroad wreck or a rare disaster at sea. The public insisted on knowing how it was possible for such an accident to happen on one of the most safeguarded air lines in the world.

And so at last the grim specter of the aviation industry has been forced out into the open—probably for the best, through a more speedy solution. That specter is blind flying in bad weather, the bugaboo of even skilled pilots.

If air commerce is to compete successfully with other fast transportation systems, its planes must keep to their schedules under almost any condition of weather. Aside from the peril involved, airplanes cannot wander aimlessly through fog and storm and still offer reliable transportation.

But getting lost is, for the flyer, only one small part of flying blind. The average pilot, on finding his world hidden by fog and no horizon with which to guide his plane in level flight, experiences a sense of panic and helplessness. The bank-and-turn indicator begins to show a deviation from the horizontal, and the compass starts to swing. If he does not understand the difficult art of instrument flying the pilot becomes frightened as well as confused. Unconsciously, he pulls back at the stick, in reaction to the vague fear that he may be headed downward. If the plane is in a steep turn, his movement will make it even steeper, without his knowledge, for the feel of a steady turn and that of straight flight are similar. The least error from then on means a spin.

The Fear of Fog

IF THE plane is level when he pulls back at the stick, a stall is likely to follow, with the same result—a tail-spin. If the bottom of the fog is far enough above the ground, the plane may emerge in clear air in time for the pilot to realize his position and regain normal flight. Otherwise, he will spin into the ground or water, whichever happens to lie beneath him.

The pilot who has been trained in instrument flying, or who has acquired that knowledge through long and perhaps painful experience, can watch the instruments before him and translate their readings into terms of lateral and longitudinal movement. He creates for himself an imaginary horizon, and with its aid he can race along.

But soon a new worry comes to him. Perhaps he is far off his course, while a side wind drifts him out over water or toward a hidden mountain. Lightning or rain or sleet may blind him. He knows he could never see an obstacle loom up before him in time to turn away. He cannot slow down to investigate, like the captain of a ship in a fog at sea, for speed is essential to the control of the plane. If he descends in a low fog he may strike a building or trees or poles, and if he is close to a busy airport there is the added danger of colliding with another plane, which may also be flying blind. Probably he cannot turn back because the fog has closed in from behind.

No human being can keep up such a train of thought for long without bringing on nervous exhaustion. Not even the decision to climb high above any possible danger brings comfort, for there is always the disturbing knowledge that when the fuel is gone the plane must come down. Small wonder that almost every pilot avoids fog as he would a plague, and that even skilled mail pilots have sometimes taken to their parachutes rather than try to land on a fog-bound airport.

The official report of Air Mail Pilot S. J. Samson, who was forced to jump under such conditions, shows the hazard of flying blind without better methods than those that are used on most airways.

Samson left Cleveland for Chicago early one morning, flying under a cloud ceiling of 900 feet, which only a mail pilot would consider fair weather. From Toledo on to La Porte the ceiling dropped until it was about 300 feet.

"By this time fog was rolling in under me," Samson's report continues. "Between Gary and Hammond the fog was quite thick, and it was impossible to keep in contact with the ground. I pulled up to two hundred feet and flew on. I came down once, but high tension wires forced me back. I could not locate Lansing, and when I started back for McCool I could not find the ground again. I then pulled on up in the fog and climbed to 9800 feet. However, I had not reached the top of it, so I came back to 6000 feet and flew south for 50 minutes, hoping to find some kind of a hole. Then I turned and flew northwest and finally came to a horizontal gap in the fog. I tried to keep in this cleared spot but eventually it closed in. Up to this time I had had some trouble in flying blind, but I always recovered. About 11:10 A.M., while cruising around at 5000 feet, I encountered some very rough air, and my flash light, which had been hanging on the flare release handle, jumped right out of the cockpit. Then the arm of the bank-and-turn indicator went hard over to the right. The ship was picking up speed at a terrible rate. In spite of all I could do, the instruments remained unchanged.

"I realized I was unable to meet the conditions, either because of being mentally fatigued or because of inexperience with blind flying in rough air, so I decided to jump. I managed to get out and I went over backwards. I found the rip cord, and the 'chute functioned instantly. I heard the ship hit about 20 seconds before I landed. When I landed, in a pool of water and mud, the ceiling was less than a hundred feet. The mail was recovered, though the ship was wrecked."

This is a fair example of blind flying, which has been the cause of numerous accidents, especially in the section where the transcontinental air-mail route crosses the Alleghany Mountains. Time after time, mail planes and others have crashed headlong into treacherous rocks hidden by the dense fog so prevalent there.

Flying blind caused the recent accident of Pilot Henry H. Tallman, who was killed when his mail plane crashed into Mount Lamentation, near Berlin, Connecticut. The crash occurred in a fog and rainstorm. When the plane went into the mountain, it cut a lane through the trees about 150 feet long and 40 feet wide.

Official reports of near-accidents show how easy it is even for expert pilots to lose in such grim battles with the elements. One case occurred on the Atlanta-New York night mail route. The northbound plane had just taken off at Atlanta, to run into low fog at once. The pilot climbed until his altimeter showed several hundred feet, and then began to swing around onto his course. Suddenly the dark surface of the earth appeared through the mists only a few yards beneath him.

E. T. Allen, Boeing Mail Pilot, With a Radiophone by Which He Can Talk With Ground Stations 900 Miles Away and 12,000 Feet Down

The Instrument Board of Lindbergh's Ryan Monoplane, Which Replaced the "Spirit of St. Louis"

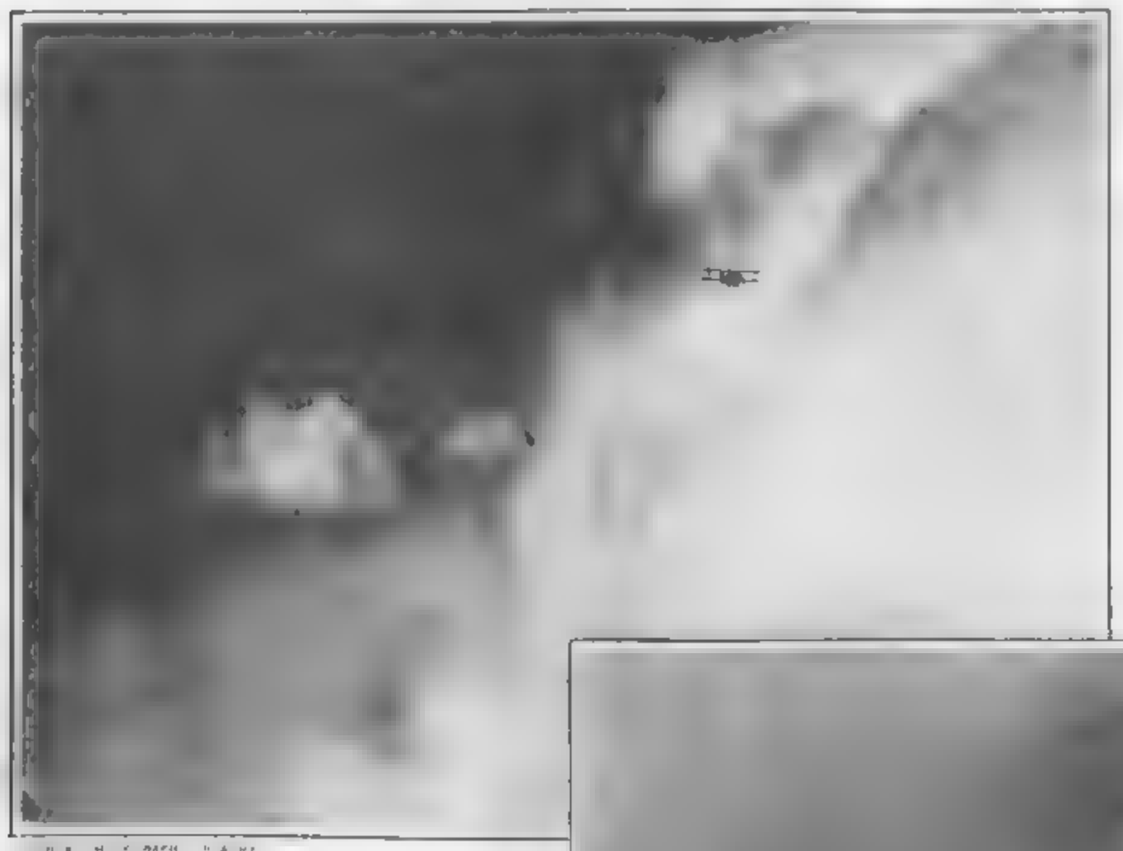
Landing on Stone Mountain

HE MADE a hurried landing, thinking his altimeter was completely out of order. Then he discovered to his astonishment that he had come down on the flat top of Stone Mountain, which protrudes abruptly from the surrounding country. Had he landed at any other spot on the mountain he would have run over the edge and plunged straight down. Had he been flying a few yards lower he would have struck it head-on.

Another pilot on the same line was circling cautiously over Washington, D. C., trying to find his way through a heavy fog that covered Bolling Field, when without warning the dome of the Capitol leaped out of the darkness straight in front of him. He zoomed up steeply and missed a crash by only a few feet, after which he wisely turned and went back to Richmond to wait for clearer weather.

Such experiences are not confined to the air-mail service. An equally disconcerting incident occurred to a skilled Army pilot not long ago. En route from Washington to New York, he ran into fog half an hour after starting. He continued the flight, as he was able to climb above the fog, flying just under a blanket of low clouds. He carefully followed the course which he thought would lead him to New York, but unknown to him the wind had shifted considerably.

After another thirty minutes the fog began to rise, closing the clear space in which he had been flying, and merging with the clouds. He was soon in a swirling mist so thick



An Unusual View of an Army Biplane Emerging From Heavy Clouds

that he could hardly see his wing tips. A battle with these odds finally destroyed his calmness and his faith in blind navigation. He decided to go lower and check his position. He descended cautiously until the altimeter showed less than 200 feet. Still there was no sign of a clear spot. He dared not venture lower for fear of striking a building or tower, so he flew at that level for a while. At last he saw a hole in the fog and darted through it. A gray something moved strangely underneath his wings. He stared and then pulled back at the stick just in time to keep from diving into the Atlantic Ocean. He found later, after a hurried westward dash for land, that he had been fifty miles from shore, directly east of Atlantic City.

Heavy snow is nearly as bad as fog. One pilot learned this when he lost sight of his airport during a sudden blizzard. He came down to an altitude of 100 feet and then spent half an hour zooming over trees, poles and hangars in the effort to orient himself. At last he decided he was headed in the right direction for a glide into the field. He closed the throttle and nosed down slowly. Five seconds later his plane rammed its way between two limbs of a big tree and stuck there. When the pilot climbed down from his precarious perch he found he had been headed away from the field, straight for a group of high-tension wires.

The very gravity of the matter has brought its solution nearer. The combined forces of the Government, the industry, and The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics have been at work, and favorable results have been obtained. The remedy will be applied first in experimental flights, then to scheduled air lines. The non-schedule operators will naturally adopt the methods of the others.

When Pilots are Caught in Fog and Snow

UNTIL long after the war, flying for any length of time without sight of ground or sky was impossible. There was no instrument to show whether the plane was banking or turning. The bank-and-turn indicator was later invented, but few understood how to use it properly and it was neglected until 1926. Then a few air-mail pilots began to talk of flying blind, each one using his own method. The older ones scoffed for a while at the instrument flyers. Rather than pull up into fog which had closed in on them, they would try to scrape under it. If the fog was not completely down on the ground, they would skim along hazardously close to trees, buildings and other obstacles keeping contact with the earth, and hoping at the same time for no more violent contact. If this was impossible, they would turn back, hanging far out of the cockpit and straining their eyes to see the ground they were just grazing. Only extreme skill and good luck carried them through.

Some of the mail pilots still cling to the practice of dropping down low and flying fifty feet above highways, familiar fences, and railroad tracks when the ceiling is near zero. That is one way by which the air mail has kept its brilliant record. But the danger of such flying is obvious. Several crashes have happened in hedge-hopping, and the stories of narrow escapes are legion.

One of the oldest pilots, William Hopson, had the reputation of being more skilled at flying underneath low fog than any pilot on his run. He did not believe in blind flying. Then one day Hopson pushed too far underneath a cloud layer, was caught when it closed down on him, and had to fly blind, or partly so. From this cause and the rough air, he crashed and was killed in the attempt to get through a winding mountain cut.

A Wind-Driven Siren Which Automatically Turns on the 24,000,000 Candle-power Flood Lights at the Newark Airport

Not long ago another mail pilot was hurtling along above the Union Pacific tracks during a thick night in the Rocky Mountains, when he suddenly came to a curve. Though his plane was speeding at 120 miles an hour, he managed to skid around and pick up the rails again. A minute later the ceiling lifted slightly. He peered ahead and was dismayed to see the tracks enter a tunnel. He pulled up in a swift climb, missing the rocks ahead of him, but before he could find his way through the mists to the other side of the tunnel he crashed against the mountainside.

On another night in the Rockies the eastbound and westbound planes nearly met head-on while both were engaged in flying the tracks in a dense snow which made the beacons useless. The lighted airways have their place in clear and moderately bad weather, but the high-power beacons cannot pierce fog, nor are the lighted intermediate fields easily found under such conditions. Some mail pilots have stated that better airways would consist of less powerful lights at intervals of a few hundred feet instead of ten miles, but such construction is unlikely, for this would still entail low flying over the lights, admittedly an unsafe procedure.

An incident which happened during the summer will show the difficulties that beset the air-mail pilot, even on modern lighted airways. A pilot on the eastern run of the transcontinental route was searching for a landing field during a thick fog. During a slight lifting of the fog, he saw below him an area bordered by a rectangle of lights. Naturally thinking it to be an intermediate field, he descended and glided in for a landing. In sudden alarm, he found that the lights were merely ornaments bordering a large reservoir, and that he had leveled off above the water. He just had time to open the throttle to escape a crash and a ducking.

Full credit must be given these men who have tested the various instruments and methods suggested by scientists. The invention of the bank-and-turn indicator was the first step. But the pilots who first used it tried different methods, without instruction in most cases, so that few became expert.

Turning to Science

THOSE who succeeded were able to go through fog or snow for twenty or thirty minutes and at the end of that time their strained nerves would stand no more. Sight of ground or sky became vitally necessary, to clear away the confusion that was swiftly taking control.

Two men are mainly responsible for progress beyond this stage. Ockers and Myers proved that this nerve strain was caused by the average pilot's disbelief in his own instruments, and a strong tendency to trust his own senses, which are always misleading. The Ockers-Myers method takes into account the three elements which give balance sense. These are sight, a certain muscle sense, or feel of the

(Continued on Page 190)

The New 32-Passenger Fokker Ship, Largest American Plane and the World's Largest Land Plane

I KNEW HIM WHEN—

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

THE money we give other people ought to go twice as far as if we spent it ourselves, shouldn't it, eh, Jackson? I mean to say, a hundred dollars may be dirt cheap for an overcoat for yourself, but if you give a hundred to some other guy to live on well, say! That's a whale of a lot of money and it ought to last 'em practically forever.

You get the idea, Jackson? Well, that was the keynote to the whole situation between Lila La Farge and Eddie Jones, her husband, and, boy, he realized it, even if the general public didn't. Of course, as a rule big stars like Lila marry the Vi-Count de Change or some such expensive guy, but Lila had gone and married this gimmick Jones way back at a time when he was making more money than she was. At that, he wasn't getting more than thirty a week, working in a radio shop right here in Hollywood, but in those days Lila'd had a big month when she got work as an extra for three days running and I guess Eddie's pay check looked pretty good to her. . . .

Did I know Eddie in those days? Say, I knew him when — but listen, Jackson, why don't you stick that long nose of yours into Eddie's business with Eddie himself present, instead of coming around to me? I suppose you think that as studio manager of Rausch Revelation Reels I haven't a thing to do but tell you pretty stories! What does the Movie Mirror pay you for, anyways, if not to dig up your own inside information, eh?

Eddie Didn't Waste Any Time, Once He Was at Home. He Kissed Her and Then Dug Both Hands Into His Pockets, Bringing Out Fistfuls of Money

Well, that's rather good dope, Jackson; I can see your point. Naturally, I know more about Eddie than he knows about himself, because I've been on the outside looking in, while Eddie has been too much mixed up in his own story to be an impersonal judge of it. . . . And can I tell you? Can I? Why, say, I knew that bird when —— Excuse me. . . .

What is it, Miss Daimler? . . . The man we hired the flock of pigs from says he wants two hundred dollars more for pork? Those were the pigs we ran over the hill in that comedy, weren't they? Well, my heavens, I can't help it if the pigs lost a little weight, can I? Tell him to sell the pigs' reducing secret to some of our stars, and he'll make more than the two hundred. Run along now, that's a nice little girl, and tell him something diplomatic about perfect swine. I'm busy. Can't you see I'm in conference? . . .

Well, as I was telling you, Jackson, I knew Eddie when he was nothing but a mechanic in a radio shop here. Yeh! In fact, I bought my first set from him. And for all he looked so dumb and quiet behind those big horn-rimmed cheaters of his, he could certainly twist a wicked dial. He was crazy over radios, although he'd never tell you so and you had to find it out by watching him work over one. He installed mine, and that's how I got to know him, see? Quiet? Say, he hardly spoke a word except yes and no. Terribly shy, too, and never one to push himself. But I mean to tell you he wasn't that way about his wife!

That was why I happened to be the one who discovered Lila La Farge, although, of course, Jake Rausch took all the credit. . . . Say, I read your piece in the Mirror about Jake Rausch, the Columbus of the Motion Pictures, where he told of picking Lila out of a crowd of extras and making a star of her, but listen, Jackson, she'd never have been in that crowd of extras if it hadn't been for me. Because one night Eddie, after swallowing his Adam's apple a couple times, got up nerve enough to mention his beautiful wife and her ambitions, and it was I who gave him the card to give to her to give to the assistant casting director, so I was really the one who was responsible for finding her. Jake Rausch never even saw her until the cutting of her first picture had been made. The way the old fool thinks he picks every box-office bet on this lot is a crime. Not but that Mr. Rausch is a very great producer, Jackson, and you may quote me on that in print, if you like. But—confidentially—you know what I mean.

Well, getting back to my knowing Eddie Jones. One of the first things Lila bought after she made her hit was a big mansion. You know the house; it's one of those enormous Spanish-type homes out in Beverly Hills on the regular sight-seeing route, where the feller with the megaphone yelled, "On your right is the residence of Lila La Farge," and so on. Of course, Eddie Jones lived there, too, but nobody thought of mentioning that fact through a megaphone. Say, what a change from the days when she was eating off his thirty a week, eh? And poor little Eddie didn't even have that any more. After Lila made good he'd tried, in a feeble sort of way, to hang on to his job with the radio outfit, but I guess the situation was too much for him.

After all, when your wife is getting five thousand bucks a week and giving you high-powered foreign roadsters for your birthday, it's pretty hard not to fall, as Eddie unquestionably had. But while Lila was soon giving him more toys than he could use, she was holding out on one important thing. I got the inside dope from what I overheard one night when I dropped by their house unannounced. I'd got as far as the entrance hall when Lila's voice came rolling out from the living room.

"But what did you do with all that money I gave you last week?" she was yelling at him. "Don't tell me you spent that hundred and fifty already!"

"I hadder buy gas for the car," said Eddie's voice sulkily. "And you let me pay that dinner check at the Ambassador. And I paid the installment on that big gold bed you bought, because you were out, and the collector got fresh about it."

"Well, things can't go on this way!" says Lila, stamping her foot. "You'll ruin me! You seem to think that you've nothing to do except sleep all morning and drink all night, while I'm slaving away at the studio! Believe me, if it was you had to earn the money, you'd think twice before you spent it!"

Well, say, Jackson, I coughed heavily about then, and came into the room. But Lila had got to the stage where she'd sooner share her troubles with comparative strangers than not, and when she saw me she kept right on.

"Hello, Tommy Wangle!" says she. "I'm glad to see you; my nerves are all shot, and I'm that worried I don't know what I'm doing. Eddie here drives me crazy the way he throws away my money. Honestly, it's something terrible! I wish you'd talk to him!"

Well, of course in those days sound pictures hadn't come in yet, Jackson, and I remember thinking what a lucky thing it was for Lila that her fans couldn't hear that voice of hers. Talk about spoiled—say, she'd got in the habit of nagging until every time she opened her mouth to say hello it sounded like a complaint. No, of course you wouldn't have heard it. Lila wasn't so far gone then as not to be able to conjure up dulcet tones for publicity purposes.

"Aw, Lila," I says good-naturedly, "don't drag me in on this. You can talk enough for two. And as for being broke, say, you like to be fashionable, don't you? Everybody in town spends it faster than they get it."

"Easy come, easy go!" said Eddie sort of foolishly. Then he pulled himself together with an effort and stalked toward the door. "Good night, Wangle, old boy," he says, with a big show of dignity. "Excuse me, but I got to shove off to a little poker game over at Laurel Canyon. Don't wait up for me, Lila." Then he went out and Lila burst into tears.

"There!" she sobbed. "Now you see what I have to put up with! He's got pl-platinum watches and—and silk underwear, and—why, that boy never even dreamed of having one-half the things I've given him, and yet what does he give me? Nothing—not even companionship! If we stay home, he's playing with the radio all night and won't talk to me. And if I drag him out for a little social life, he gets a skinful and starts throwing away my hard-earned money!"

"Why don't you make him go back to work?" I wanted to know.

"Work? Eddie work?" she said scornfully. "Why, he couldn't earn in a year as much as I get in a week!"

"Then why not make him your manager?" I says. "A man has to have responsibilities. Let him handle the money and invest it."

"Eddie manage my investments?" She laughed. "Say, if he was capable of handling my investments he'd be capable of earning them! Don't be funny!"

"What are your investments, Lila, if you don't mind my asking?" I says. She seemed to hesitate a moment, and then she smiled.

"Oh, we've got a coupla three good railroad bonds," she says, and then shut up on the subject. But I noticed the "we," on account of it being used for the first time that night. And I was glad to hear it, Jackson, because I had supposed she was using all her money as income, like most of 'em do, instead of realizing her salary was really her capital.

But when I went home that night I was mildly worried over poor little Eddie. I could just see how Lila was forever encouraging him to waste money one minute, and pouncing on him over some necessary expense the next.

Well, during the next two years of Lila's popular success Eddie apparently became a sort of de luxe bum. I hadn't spoken to him much, but from time to time I'd noticed him about town in the flashy clothes that Lila made him wear, driving his big yellow sports-model car, and I guess I had kind of accepted the general opinion that Eddie was just a bunch of tripe. Then one day, out of a clear sky, Eddie came to see me, here at the office; and when I met him face to face in this room, I sort of wondered if it was true.

Even the gray-striped suit and the jazz tie couldn't make Eddie look like a real sport. His round, mild little face behind the heavy cheaters seemed tired, and before he spoke three words I realized that the Eddie which was buried inside that loud shell still had a glimmer left in him of the boy who had been so darned efficient with my radio.

"Hello, big boy!" I says. "What do you want?"

"I want a job," says he.

Well, that didn't go over so big with me, Jackson, because it wasn't the first time I'd had to fight off the husband of some female star. As a rule, the first thing these dames do when they marry a nobody is to try and promote him with their own company. That's why you see so many handsome leading men who, I hope, are better husbands than they are actors. And one thing I had to hand to Lila was that she never tried to wish her husband onto us. Well, it didn't seem possible, if he had a mirror in his room, that Eddie could suddenly have got camera-struck. So, when he said he wanted a job, I figured that he'd decided to direct or possibly to run the scenario department for us. Consequently I got my regrets all framed before he sprang something entirely different.

"I want a job in the laboratory," says he. "I think I could be useful there."

He says it so earnest I kind of hated to argue with him, but I had to. "Useful as what?" says I. "As a sponge? Look here, Eddie, you know it's against the policy of the company to take on the star's family, and sakes alive, man, there's no money to be made in the lab anyhow! Even the head only gets three-fifty a week, and you spend that in a day."

"I know!" he says. "But sound pictures are coming in, and I understand sound. Don't laugh, Wangle. I know I'd be useful eventually."

"Dream on, little one," I says kindly, "but do it in the big gold bed, back home! Why work when you don't need the money? I guess you folks are pretty well fixed."

"Fixed? Sure!" he says. "I guess we are fixed, and how! Do you realize that we've bought almost everything there was on sale in Hollywood? On credit. I believe the ice box is now completely ours, but it's three years old, and that's about all we actually own. Gosh! Somehow I've got into the habit of charging things the same as she does, and with me I guess it's maybe just a case of Satan and idle hands. I ought to have to go to work regularly. I fitted up a little lab in our attic, but Lila found out and got sore. Anyways, it's not the same as a job. . . . What say, Wangle?"

Well, in the end I sent him over to see Zuchmeyer, the chief lab man, and wished him luck. Zuchmeyer was a boot-licking type who stood in strong with the chief. Jake Rausch had hired him in the first place, and nobody else liked Zuchy very much, because he had a nasty tongue and was always making trouble on the lot. But I thought, perhaps, after Lila he might be restful at that. I sure felt sorry for Eddie, the poor little sap, and it was all the same to me who Zuchmeyer hired. So Eddie thanked me and went over to the lab, and in about an hour he was back, boiling. . . . Excuse me a minute, Jackson. . . .

Well, what is it now, Miss Daimler? What? Gloria Devine has lost her gargle and can't go on with her cabaret scene? Well, what you think this is—a drug store? Send her throat over to the garage and have it greased. For heaven's sake, can't you see I'm in conference? . . .

Well, as I was telling you, Jackson, Eddie came back red in the face. It seems Zuchmeyer had said some pretty nasty things about kept men and had turned Eddie down flat. I was terribly sorry, but, after all, the lab is an entirely separate department, in which I'm not allowed to interfere except when they hold up production. I suspected right away that maybe Zuchmeyer had some personal reason for keeping Eddie out, because Zuchy only played favorites who could do Zuchy some good; but there was no use my saying that. So I tried to cheer Eddie up a bit, but after listening politely to what I had to offer in the way of condolences, Eddie walked out of this office looking like a crushed rubber rabbit. Then for a while I forgot all about him, on account Eddie was the type you aren't apt to remember unless you see them.

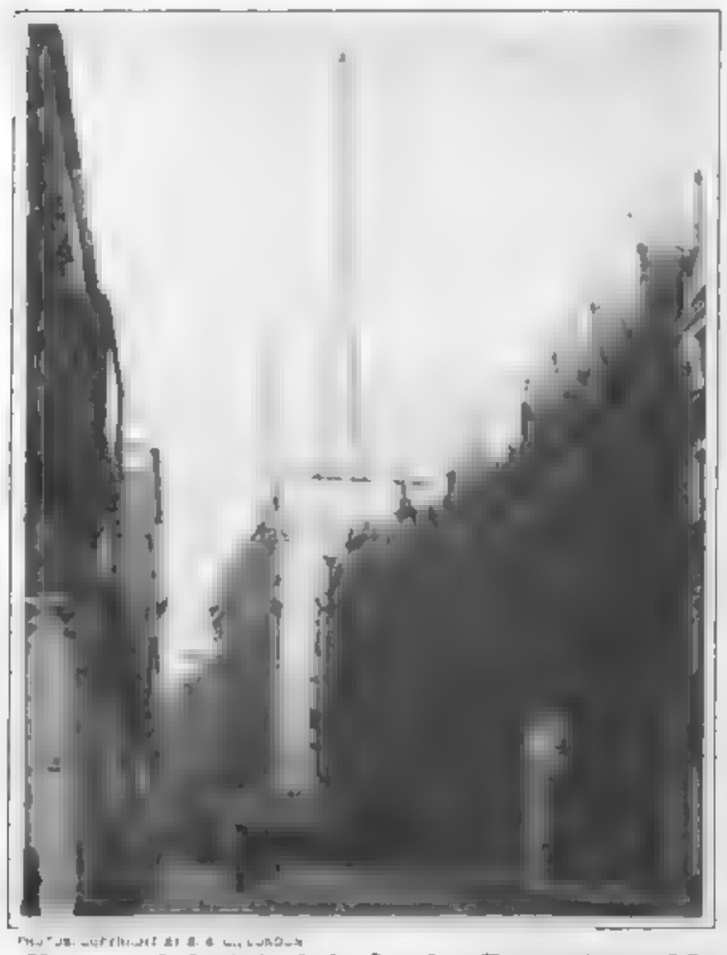
Besides, just then I had plenty of other things to think of. Durant, over at the Independent Studios, had been working on an all-sound picture. Rausch didn't believe in sound, and we all laughed at Durant and ordered our wreaths for the funeral when he flopped. And then he finished The Angel of Hell's Kitchen with Nancy Ambrose, and you know what happened. The overwhelming success of the Angel killed the old silent stuff deader'n a doornail as far as this studio was concerned, and, boy, that was when the panic started! Jake Rausch commenced building vacuum stages with ruffles on the inside of 'em, and the seat of every desk job in the building began to feel hot, including my own. But after the first week or so of riot I saw I would be kept because they could still wish all the dirty work onto me, like they always had. While Jake was busy telling you fellers of the press how he had always believed in sound pictures and had, in fact, personally invented the human ear, I was left to handle the race riots between the dumb ones who couldn't speak and the speakers who were dumb. It was a complete reorganization, right from the lowest electricians up to Zuchmeyer, the head of the lab, who resigned from his old job and talked Jake into making him sound man on our first all-talking

Continued on Page 108

"Well, Things Can't Go On This Way!" Says Lila. "You'll Ruin Me! You Seem to Think That You've Nothing to Do Except Sleep All Morning"

THIS IS LONDON CALLING

By Paul Schubert



Masts and Aerial of the London Transmitter 2LO on Top of Selfridge's, About a Mile From the Studios

Daventry at Night

Savoy Hill, the London Studios of the British Broadcasting Corporation

IF YOU were a historian a hundred years hence, writing in 2030 a history of England for your own great-great-grandchildren, you would discover something curious when your researches led you to the files of British newspapers issued between 1920 and 1930.

Dozens of editorials, letters, and casual references in news items would indicate that the Briton of that period was threatened with what he regarded as a catastrophe. It was called Americanization.

You would learn that this Briton, like his forbears, was a bulldog, and that he had tremendous powers of resistance. You would see him exerting all these powers to the utmost against an imaginary menace.

But let's get away from 2030 to the present, and look at cases. Kingsway and Regent Street, in London, are both prosperous thoroughfares, lined with magnificent new buildings. One of them is tenanted by various wholesale organizations; the other is the shopping rendezvous of wealthy and sophisticated women. They are as unlike America as anything encountered abroad, yet they are invariably pointed out as horribly Americanized. London editors pray for a revival of British architecture.

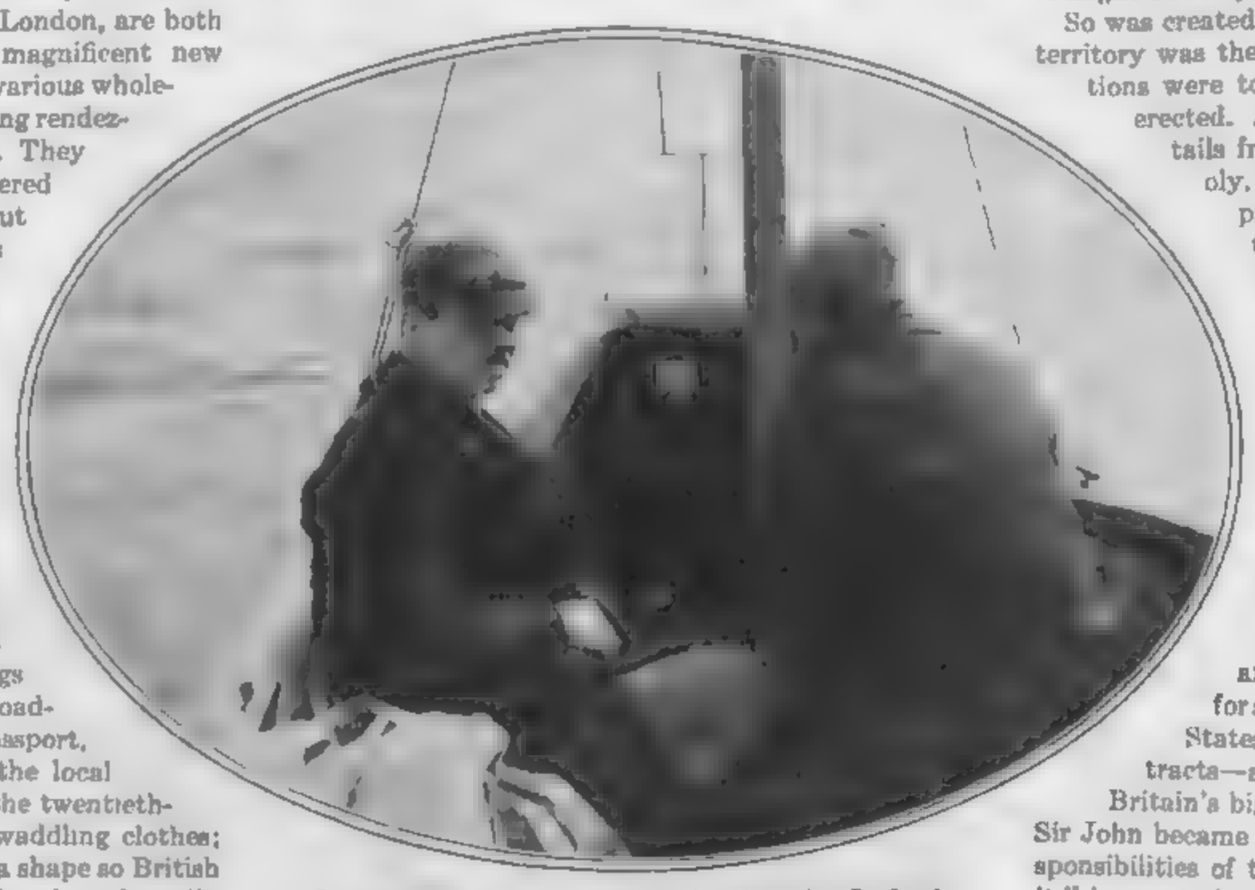
Mass production, the talkies, traffic lights, the parking problem, jazz, publicity, pep—each has engendered floods of printer's ink. Londoners heat their houses with open fires in tiny grates and shiver through clammy winters. The adoption of central heating would seem like an American invasion. Once a thing is stamped as typically American, its acceptance by the Briton is destined to be somewhat grudging. How about radio? Ah! Things are different when it comes to radio! Broadcasting entered Britain on a U. S. A. passport, and the menace at once existed, but the local citizenry got the jump on this newest of the twentieth-century arts while it was still wearing swaddling clothes; they took the baby twig and bent it into a shape so British that not even the most choleric, red-faced and easily aroused die-hard could recognize its origin.

Making the Listener-In Pay

IT ALL began in 1921 and 1922, when the radio boom was sweeping across America. Those were days when mushroom stations sprang up right and left in the United States—500 of them in twelve months. Britain wanted radio too. The Postmaster General, sole authority over the British ether, was besieged by would-be broadcasters, for the British radio manufacturers promptly learned of the prosperity accruing to their brethren in America as a result of the sale of home receiving sets.

Bringing broadcasting to tiny Britain presented no great engineering problem. The United Kingdom's 44,000,000 men, women, and children are crowded into an area smaller by more than 1000 square miles than the single state of Oregon. The erection of many competitive transmitters would speedily have jammed the air with interference.

The Postmaster General came to the conclusion that there was room for no more than eight transmitters. Whereupon, since he saw no fair way of deciding which of many applicants should be the lucky eight, he called the radio industry together and suggested an alternative scheme. They were to pool their forces and $500,000 in cash, to form one big coöperative broadcasting company, which would operate as a nonprofit, public-utility monopoly.



Commentators at the Mike During the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, 1928

By this time—it was well into 1922—more than half of America's brave pioneers had pulled down their antennæ, sadder and wiser men. Their place had been taken by a fresh 300, making the total greater than ever, but enough had been learned to indicate that broadcasting was an expensive diversion. In America it was a 50 per cent gamble as a business venture. These Britons wanted a sure thing. They decided to make the listener pay for the service, and the Postmaster General undertook to act as collector. He would require every receiving-set owner to take out a license, price ten shillings a year—$2.43. At first there were certain auxiliary fees, such as a tax on the initial cost of radio sets and parts, but these were soon abandoned in favor of the straight license fee.

Great Britain's Big Broadcaster

AS FAR as radio advertising went, its progress in America was to be watched. If it ever seemed feasible to introduce it into Britain as a means of augmenting the revenue, it might be adopted.

So was created the British Broadcasting Company. Its territory was the entire United Kingdom, and eight stations were to take the air as soon as they could be erected. Already it differed in two important details from radio in America. It was a monopoly. It was supported by its listeners. The pathways were destined to draw still further apart.

Mr.—now Sir—John C. W. Reith was chosen first general manager of the company. This man, still the executive head of broadcasting in Britain, is worthy of description. Just forty years old, he is tall, dark, histrionic in appearance. His eyes are set deep under bushy brows, his hair is Thespian, and his features are pronounced; he is obviously a person of superior stature and decided opinions. During the war he was Major John Reith, Royal Engineers, and when battle wounds incapacitated him for service at the Front, he came to the United States in charge of all British munitions contracts—a tremendous job. Since 1923 he has been Britain's big broadcaster.

Sir John became articulate concerning the ideals and responsibilities of the new radio system. "As we conceive it," he wrote in 1924, "our responsibility is to carry into the greatest possible number of homes everything that is best in every department of human knowledge, endeavor and achievement, and to avoid the things which are, or may be, hurtful. It is occasionally indicated to us that we are apparently setting out to give the public what we think they need, and not what they want, but few know what they want, and very few what they need. . . . In any case, it is better to overestimate the mentality of the public, than to underestimate it."

A certain example spurred him on. The motion picture, first of the century's mass amusements, was catering chiefly to what was primitive in man. Fiercely competitive, it was hardly being used at all for the higher things of

life. In his opinion radio must be kept under control to prevent such a happening. It must be guided idealistically, along different pathways, upwards.

Public reaction to the new system was gratifying, though small in volume as compared to America. Yet two years after the opening of the first station, the eight-transmitter plan had been expanded to one involving twenty, and there were more than 1,000,000 receiving sets in use. The system had been coördinated by wire links into the original of all networks. The Postmaster General extended the life of the monopoly for a second period of two years.

Experiments with radio advertising soon led to its abandonment in Britain. The company learned that it could not sell the air to two elements—the paying public and the paying advertiser—at once without a clash of wills. Instead, it embarked on a number of publishing ventures. A weekly program magazine, the Radio Times, grew until it had a circulation of 1,500,000 and a nice income from advertising accounts. Its sale was stimulated by judicious publicity via the ether.

In 1926, as the expiration of the second term drew near, the 2,000,000 mark was passed by the set licenses, and a twenty-first station, high-power Daventry-5XX, went on the air. At this juncture, broadcasting leaped into prominence with the general strike, and for ten days reaped universal credit as, with the paralyzing hand of inactivity laid upon the nation, newspapers ceased to appear and all Britain became dependent upon its radio receivers for news and guidance.

The London studios of the B. B. C. are at Savoy Hill, in an old, rambling, brown building of great charm and many rooms some of them still seem shocked at the modernist note introduced in their conversion to scientific chambers of the microphone.

The executive offices are in this building, too, and the control panels of the 2000-mile British network

though the London antennæ are a mile away on top of Selfridge's Store. At Savoy Hill, all during the strike, the staff stuck by its guns. By night the building was a makeshift dormitory; by day, a hive of activity.

Crowds, not always sympathetic, waited in the street outside, to watch celebrities come and go When it was learned that Premier Baldwin was going to broadcast, the entire route between his residence and the studio was jammed; to spare him from passing through this gantlet, a corps of technicians worked feverishly to clear and balance a wire line to No. 10 Downing Street. Once more people felt that sense of unreality at the miracle of one man's power to address a nation, heightened in this case by a feeling of internal crisis such as Britain had not known since Cromwellian days. Suppose the Lord Protector had been able to broadcast!

PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY B. B. C. LONDON

The Play "Grey Ash" Being Performed in the London Studios. The Microphone is on the Heavy Stand at the Left, Screened by Thin Cloth, So That the Performers Will be Less Conscious of It. This is the Usual British Studio Practice

Government-Operated Broadcasting

RADIO inevitably assumed an all-important status in the eyes of the government. It had become more than a source of amusement or culture or even knowledge; the B B. C.'s monopoly was suddenly discovered to be a rooted British institution.

A parliamentary committee of inquiry had just recommended that the state itself take over broadcasting, and so, with the expiration of the 1924-1926 license, the old British Broadcasting Company closed its books and ceased to exist.

Its place was taken by a newly formed public corporation the British Broadcasting Corporation—created under royal charter and with a board of governors nominated by the government. This organization took over studios, equipment and personnel intact. The only change was an invisible one—radio broadcasting came into the hands of civil servants whose duty to state and populace were as integral as those of the British Navy

What sort of broadcasting does a government-operated system, and one so surcharged with ideals and responsibilities as this, provide, anyway? How does it compare with the service that is presented to the people of America, gratis, through the medium of advertising?

As far as quantity goes, there is no comparison. American chain stations are on the air uninterruptedly from six in the morning until midnight or even later—from four to six hours longer, every day, than those in Britain. America, with eighty-nine broadcast wavelengths, has one station to every 240,000 people, while the United Kingdom, which can be spared only ten of Europe's wavelengths, has but one transmitter for every 2,000,000 of her citizens, and is to reduce this number—twenty-one—to ten.

The average American receiver—an expensive, sensitive instrument—is able to pick up, locally, some three chain programs and from two to ten local independent broadcasters, whereas available to the British set—seldom having more than three to five valves—tubes—are a maximum of three programs in the English tongue: One from the local transmitter—of which there are nineteen; they relay London about half the time and are part of smaller, regional networks the other half—a second from Daventry-5XX, sixty miles from London, which transmits at high power the same program as London 2LO and is designed to reach sections of the nation remote from low-power local transmitters; a third from Daventry-5GB-Experimental, which broadcasts a program largely originated in the London studios and put forth as an alternative for those not attracted by the regular London program.

Indeed, the announced quantity goal of the B.B.C. is merely an extension of the alternative program idea. The kingdom is divided into five radio regions, each of which will eventually be provided with twin transmitters. There will be five studios, and the regular program of one region will be carried by wire into the next, where it will be broadcast as the alternative. Since this work is being carried out one region at a time, on a pay-as-you-go basis, it will be several years in completion.

Obviously, then the British are not directing their attention toward quantity, and for the present are quite satisfied by the fact that more than 70 per cent of the populace can bring in at least one program with the cheapest of cheap sets. For those who want the thrill of DX listening and a wide diversity of programs, the crowded ether over Europe, just across the Channel, offers plenty of inducement.

When quality rather than quantity is considered, however, the shoe is on the other foot, for the British method of financing the art of broadcasting is one that results in a distinctly different editorial policy from the American.

The ideal radio program is a good deal like the contents of a magazine. Its very nature requires it to be more or less popular, for broadcasting is like any other medium of publication which caters to very large audiences. It must, moreover, present various appeals, both to avoid being monotonous and because large audiences have a great diversity of tastes. The juggling of these appeals is called program balance

The British program is balanced successively, in contrast to the American practice of balancing "inside the hour," for the British are free from the American mandate that the entire radio audience must be pleased by each and every item presented.

The Program for the Day

A TYPICAL London-2LO and Daventry-5XX day of broadcasting, chosen from program magazines at happens to be March 11, 1929—begins at 10 15, with a fifteen-minute nonsectarian religious service, addressed largely to shut-ins and invalids. At 10:30 comes a time signal and weather forecast, followed by a talk for women on a home subject, and at 11:00 by an hour of phonograph records likewise destined for the housewife. The luncheon period brings a ballad concert, at 12:00 half an hour of dance music by Jack Payne's B. B. C. Dance Orchestra at 12:30, and an organ recital broadcast from the old Southwark Cathedral located on the other side of the Thames, at 1:00

From 2:00 to 3:30 the ether carries educational broadcasts to schools specialized work, now in its fourth year. These are presented every school day, and have reached an advanced state of development after the expenditure of a great deal of thought and research. The subjects covered are elementary French, history, mythology, music, literature, biology, and so on. Some 2500 elementary schools all over the country listen

Continued on Page 68

The Largest of the Studios at Savoy Hill

MISFORTUNE'S ISLE

A Heart-Stopping Yell All Round the Junk, With a Mad Outburst of Gong Music, Showed How the Pirates Had Taken Advantage of That Bird's Advice

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CAPTAIN ARAD'S first glimpse of the Doña Delfina Crispo showed him a soul imprisoned. The rebellious eye, the rich mouth shadowed by black hair, the very pose of her slim body in the open carriage, were all eloquent of her captivity. She was the wife of Don Narciso Crispo, captain general of Zamboanga, but now resident in Manila—a little monkey of a man, yellow as a faded sunflower from jaundice, and with a limp acquired from a drunken fall into a tiger pit outside of Singapore. Ambitious and romantic, Doña Delfina had nothing to do but rise at eleven in the morning, take chocolate, hold her soul firm, and through a broken oyster shell in the oyster-shell window of her balcony watch the black soldiers, the cigar makers and ship captains filing past.

Half-breed women—those mestizas with the magnificent hair and the hint of China in their eye corners—could vary the monotony by leaning out occasionally to spit at a mark with betel-nut juice—say, for choice, the sombrero of a passing *caballero*. Doña Delfina, a woman of rank, had to content herself with French and Spanish novels, and an occasional cigar. She remained in advanced dishabille until four in the afternoon, usually. When an earthquake had moved the upper walls of the house on its beams—they stuck out four or five feet, so as to give what Arad called margin enough to veer and haul on—she had been perhaps the only woman in Manila who had not rushed into the streets beating her breast and crying, "*Misericordia! Don Jorge, misericordia!*" Her heart, no doubt, had stopped in her bosom, but she had only bowed her head and prayed to be engulfed, snatched bodily away from such a hateful destiny.

The satirical earthquake had contented itself with putting a queer kink into the cathedral roof, overthrowing the bull-ring parapets, and bringing down one of the eight arches of the iron bridge over the River Pasig. After that, everything was as before. The cathedral bells tolled at stated times, the clack of stone hammers beating out tobacco leaf was resumed in the tobacco factory, and at four o'clock, when the sea breeze revived, carriages in an endless chain began to revolve on the Calzada—the boulevard just outside the walls on the bay side of the town.

These carriages were called the shoes of the country—in fact, no woman of rank could walk so much as a hundred paces—and Doña Delfina's shoe was drawn by two gray Manila ponies, one bestridden by a postilion in shiny black leggings, a spur on his left heel, tight shorts, a spicy jacket, and a hat as hard and black as a japanned-iron coal scuttle. Doña Delfina would usually be looking past this individual's ears at the shipping in the bay. Certainly every size and shape and intention of ship was there, a quaint intermingling of chain, hemp, grass rope, coir and bamboo cables; and among these Arad's ship, the Water Witch of Salem, was not the least conspicuous, with her black hull and painted ports, her rigging freshly tarred and rattled down, and the house flag flying at her peak.

"They tell me these Spanish women wear no stockings," Arad's friend, Captain Michael O'Cain, was muttering in his ear.

Arad replied somberly, "How is a man going to tell? You shouldn't lean so hard on hearsay, Michael."

Orderlies in powder-blue uniforms, cocked hats and jack boots, with heavy carbines on their shoulders and long steel swords jangling at their sides, were riding up and down madly, keeping order. The sun was sinking now, and one of these orderlies blew a blast on a trumpet. As if by a flourish of magic, the line of carriages, headed by the captain general and the archbishop of Manila, stopped; the military band of black soldiers was hushed; and by common consent, all—gentlemen, orderlies, soldiers and servants—took off their hats gracefully to repeat a silent vesper prayer. Captain Arad saw that Doña Delfina still sat erect, unmollified. She was bareheaded, her shoulders narrowed under her black mantilla, the last gleam of the sun's upper limb reflected in her eyes. The fierce warrior's head of Jamboo, the interpreter, was just beyond her, fixed in an attitude of attentive worship, but his divinity was nearer, evidently, than the flaming skies.

Now the prayer was over and the slow movement of dished wheels on the yellow road was resumed. Doña Delfina passed Captain Arad so close that she might have touched him with that fan showing a picture of a fallen bullfighter; instead she masked her mouth with it, but her eyes smiled. Don Narciso was half asleep at her side. If that little yellow man should die, Captain Arad thought, Delfina, unlike the Fiji Island women, would not be found imploring his relatives to strangle her, so that she might follow him into the beyond.

By a queer chance, that very night Don Narciso was all but throttled in his bed by robbers, or more likely pirates, who had succeeded in swarming over the city walls. He was rescued just in time by the big halberdier stationed outside his door; but the pirates were in sufficient force to escape without loss of any of their number. In the morning the bay was peaceful, but the scandal of pirates actually attacking a town of these dimensions while it slept was

being discussed on every corner. Captain Arad waited in person on Don Narciso, sat with him beard to beard—as Narciso himself said—in the *sala* of his stone house.

"I am glad," the trader began, "to see that these rascals after all have done you no great damage, Excellency."

Don Narciso, sitting in a white nightcap, felt of his throat.

"A man who is afraid to die never truly lives," he muttered, with a miserable attempt at boldness, but he could not keep a tear from trickling over the lacquered surface of that famous glass eye, blown and colored and inserted for him by the celebrated Doctor Pablo.

"True," the Yankee shipmaster agreed. "But even if these pirates are run to earth, opportunities for dying will be plentiful enough for any man placed as Your Excellency is. If you let them run wild, in the end there's nothing they won't attempt. Here you are, for example, in a modern city, protected by a wall and ditch, drawbridges, gates, sally ports, soldiers, with a watch set every night; yet the beggars break in and all but choke the life out of you personally."

"Maledictions and fatalities," Don Narciso breathed.

"Fatalities. Exactly. A broadside of my thirty-two pounders in the middle of them will furnish fatalities enough."

"But they have escaped."

"Not without leaving a clew. My kind friend Jamboo, Yang-Po's interpreter, picked up one of their muskets on the shore this morning. An English musket with the Tower stamped on the lock. By a private mark I know it for a musket I traded myself to a pirate—Seriff Sahibe. I know his nest. It's a river mouth on the coast of Borneo. You'll know it by an island there with a queer Malay name, but the English of it is Misfortune's Isle.

"Misfortune's Isle. But that is the island—the island ——"

"Of the upas tree, you are going to say. Exactly. What harm? The stories about that tree are nonsense. It will neither singe the hair nor numb the faculties of those who lie under it. The Dyaks extract a poison from it, I admit, to tip their arrows with, and they worship the tree, naturally; but these other stories are pure invention."

"But I am told that the river's mouth is stockaded," Narciso objected.

"We can get round that. Lash whaleboats to the piles at low tide, and as the tide rises the buoyancy of the boats will pluck the piles out like so many radishes."

"But our arms. The weapons of my soldiers. Half the time our guns miss fire; the percussion caps are abominable. The least moisture, a squall or a fall of dew, and we are helpless. We are forced to make our own powder, since the government of Spain forbids the importation of powder into Manila."

"That reminds me of my friend Billy Sturgis," Arad laughed. "His owner furnished him with nothing but quakers—wooden guns, Excellency, painted black—but he smuggled aboard four actual cannon, with ball and powder answerable; and with these he beat off pirates in the China Sea and saved ship and cargo. His owner made him pay freight on the cannon both ways, when he heard of it."

"You jest."

"I am as much in earnest as those eight thirty-two pounders aboard my ship. I tell you, I have guns and powder enough to blast Misfortune's Isle out of the water, upas tree and all; but—I am only a trader. Ugly stories of tyranny could easily get afloat if I effected this without official coöperation. My owners wouldn't like it. They would argue that I had gone out of my way to unlatch those guns. I should be worse off than Billy Sturgis. Now, if I can say that you, señor, commandeered my services, I am on better ground."

"Who are these pirates?"

"A league of three forces, principally. There are Malays headed by Seriff Sahibe; there are Dyaks—head-hunters under Gapoor; and there is that misplaced band of Chinamen—convicts—who seized the junk in which they were being transported from Hong-Kong to Singapore. Jamboo tells me they are all members of the Illustrious Brotherhood of Heaven and Earth. Our friend Yang-Po—the Capitan China—is the head of that organization, it so happens. He tells me it was founded by him to set crooked things straight. Yang-Po owes his life to me. His junk is in the bay, and he agrees to pilot us into the shadow of Misfortune's Isle. My friend O'Cain, if you consent, follows us in my ship, the Water Witch."

"And do not forget, Don Narciso!" Doña Delfina cried—she had suddenly come on the scene, exquisitely girlish in flowered English muslin with a gardenia blossom in her hair. "We heard only yesterday that Spain will make any man count of Manila who will rid these waters of pirates."

"But suppose Yang-Po cannot persuade these Chinamen," Narciso faltered.

"Well, what are a few Chinamen more or less? Knock 'em down; they're only tea and rice. Set me ashore at that stockade with two loaded pistols," the trader said sternly, and with cunning grandiloquence suited to the Spaniard's needs, "have I not still an advantage? Do I not stake my one life against two others?"

"*Ah, Dios,*" Delfina murmured in a tone of worship, "*quel hombre!*"

What a man. This murmur turned the edge of all Narciso's arguments. He was in the miserably equivocal position of an arrant coward with a widespread reputation for courage and an ambition to maintain it. His restless wife had three times already, on the coast of Chile, goaded him into lucky undertakings. As he sat now, he was Knight of

(Continued on Page 116

"I Will Not Have You Killed Before My Eyes." Delfina Faltered, and Grew Heavy in His Arms

TOUCH

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"Can You Understand It, Inspector? The Note?" "Why, Not Yet, Ma'am," He Confessed

THE old inspector—he still wore that title by courtesy, though his retirement from the force was become a thing accomplished—lived in one room on the busiest street in town, but it was a room fitted to his tastes. There was a bed built into the wall, a little grate where a coal fire glowed, a private wire to headquarters for old time's sake, and a shelf of books. There was even a gas plate where he might make coffee when he chose. A checkerboard stood always ready for use on the table by the lamp. Here Inspector Tope dwelt pleasantly enough and took his ease; and here sometimes old friends came to sit with him. Young Charlie Harquail was one of them.

But Charlie was not apt to come in the morning, and his appearance at a little past nine this day was provocative of curiosity. Yet he ventured no explanation, so, after their first greetings, the old man angled for an explanation. He asked what Charlie had been doing lately.

"Looking for Doane," Charlie confessed. "You know, the Chattel-Loan man."

Tope nodded. Everyone knew that story. The headlines had sung no other tune for days. The Chattel Loan Company was a glorified pawnshop, patronized by high and low; and the disappearance of President Doane, with an appalling slice of the cash on hand in the vaults, struck at so many pocketbooks of every degree that the search for him was a major interest in the public mind.

"Found him?" the inspector asked cheerfully; and Charlie shook his head.

"Not a line on him," he confessed. "But Mr. Boetius pulled me off that this morning. Put us all to work on this other business. Everybody in the office except the stereotypers. You'll get a laugh out of this, inspector; and maybe you can give me an idea."

"Some other story?"

"No," Charlie admitted. "But it's a situation that will cost the paper a lot of money if we don't straighten it out pronto." He lighted a cigarette. "You know Lin Bracy?" he asked.

The inspector shook his head, and Charlie was surprised. "I thought everybody knew Lin," he commented. "He's an old-timer. The best reporter in town, when he's sober. If anyone can get a story, he's the man." He hesitated, as though with a sudden memory. "He's been sore because Mr. Boetius didn't send him out to find Doane," he added. "Lin knew Doane by sight. I suppose he'd pawned his watch down there sometime. But Mr. Boetius kept him in the office. Lin has been getting out the Sunday feature section, and he hasn't been drunk in three months. That's always been the trouble with him; but he married Lucy Blake, and since then he's been on the wagon. Lucy's wild with worrying about him now." His tone was full of sympathy. "You know Lucy. Does feature stuff for us. She's a good sport, and she's crazy about Lin."

"He's gone?" Inspector Tope prompted.

And Charlie nodded, chuckling. "Here's the layout," he explained. "They're starting rehearsals at the Opera House tonight for Flo Shulmann's big production of Bagdad—that thing that's been running for the past two years in London. Lin wanted to use some excerpts from the manuscript in the feature section yesterday, and he went to the press agent to get a copy of the book. But there was nothing doing. There was just one copy in this country, and that was the one they used in making the London production, with all the stage directions written in in ink, and so on. There hadn't been time to duplicate it, and Shulmann's office wouldn't let it out of their hands. Rehearsals were due to start today, with three hundred in the cast to be paid, and there couldn't be any rehearsals without the book. The answer was 'No.'"

He flipped the stub of his cigarette on the glowing coals. "Well," he said, "a blind alley like that is just routine for Lin. He talked the man into letting him have the book for three hours. This was Friday afternoon. He brought it down to the office, copied what he wanted, and left the office at eight o'clock Friday night to return the manuscript. He had it under his arm, wrapped up in brown paper, when he went out. And no one knows where he went, and no one knows where he left the book or what he did with it. And Shulmann has already fired his press agent, and now he's threatening to burn down the Journal office if we don't get the book for him by six o'clock tonight. The press agent hadn't dared report it was gone till Shulmann got to town today, and Shulmann's wild. His rehearsals will cost him a thousand dollars a day or better, and he can't rehearse without this blamed book, but he has to pay his people just the same. See?"

The inspector nodded, smiling faintly. "I know Shulmann," he agreed. "He'd tear his hair."

"So Mr. Boetius turned us all out to locate the book," Charlie concluded. "He's going to get out a paper with nobody but the office cat to help him, till the manuscript is found."

"How about finding Lin Bracy?" the inspector asked.

Charlie chuckled. "Well, the boss didn't specify about Lin," he confessed. "I guess Lin is through. Tough on Lucy too. She's so darned proud of him, you see."

"You think he's drunk somewhere?"

"He would be," Charlie reluctantly agreed.

"And he left no word?"

Charlie hesitated. "Why, a sort of note came in from him," the younger man confessed. "Addressed to the boss in pencil, and signed 'Lin.' But he was drunk when he wrote that, all right."

"Scrawled?" Tope inquired.

"No, it's typewritten," Charlie admitted. "But there's no meaning in it; just a jumble of letters, like pied type. Lin could work a machine like a streak, too; so he must have been mighty drunk when he wrote that."

"Have you got the note?" Tope asked; but Charlie shook his head.

"I saw it," he explained. "Mr. Boetius has it. But you can't make anything out of it."

Inspector Tope for a moment did not stir; then he sighed, and moved, and looked down at his feet in their

comfortable slippers. "Well," he decided, "I guess we'll have to go downtown, Charlie. I hate to put my shoes on. But I'd kind of like to have a look at this note of Lin's."

Charlie protested: "Shucks, there's nothing in that. I just thought you might have some idea."

"Well, I'm kind of curious myself," the old man confessed. "Come on, Charlie. Let's go see."

In the taxicab, the inspector led Charlie to tell him more about this Lin Bracy; and Charlie did so readily enough. 'He has been a world beater," the boy declared. "Still is, for that matter." And he chuckled.

"They tell about the first time he hit New York," he explained. "Someone in the World office told him the city editor on the Sun was an Amherst man; so Lin trotted up there and struck them for a job. The city editor asked about his experience, and so on; and Lin said something casual about Amherst. He never even saw the place, but after that it was a case of 'Oh, you're an Amherst man?' And 'Did you know so and so? And so and so?' And Lin said sure he did, and bluffed it through. Then the Sun man asked whether he'd ever worked in New York. Lin had come into town that morning, never been there before; but he said he knew the town inside out, so he got the job; and of course, once he was hired, he could make good anywhere. Lin could dig up police-court news in heaven. That's how good he is.

"He worked for the Sun three years. He used to have a girl up in New Hampshire somewhere; and he'd go up there Saturday night to see her, and come back Sunday night. One trip, when the train stopped in Providence, he ran across the street to get a drink and missed the train; so he sent a wire: 'Missed train, coming by next one,' and went back and had another drink. That was Sunday night. He didn't show up till Thursday, but they got sixteen telegrams from him, all reading just the same: 'Missed train, coming by next one.'"

"He Had It Under His Arm, Wrapped Up in Brown Paper, When He Went Out. And No One Knows Where He Went"

Charlie chuckled at the memory, and Inspector Tope asked curiously: "So they fired him?"

But Charlie shook his head. "No, when he did turn up, he had a big story," he declared. "Some society girl down in Newport eloped with her father's gardener, and Lin saw them get on the train and spotted them, and beat the world. No, Lin usually comes out of a jam all right. He's like a cat; he always lights on his feet."

"Yet he left the Sun?" the inspector suggested. "Or he wouldn't be over here?"

Charlie nodded. "He came into the office a year ago, just after the Michelson murder," he explained. "When every paper in town had been trying for two weeks to get a picture of the Mundell girl. He struck Mr. Boetius for a job, and the boss told him to go get the picture. Lin drew ten dollars expense money and came back in thirty-five minutes with two photographs of the girl."

Tope smiled in appreciation. "I remember," he agreed. "I didn't know who did it, but I heard the story. And he's a periodical drunkard, you say."

"Used to be," Charlie agreed. "Till he married Lucy. He's walked a chalk line since then. She's so darned proud of him; I suppose that stiffens him up."

"How long would it take him," the inspector asked, "to copy what he wanted out of this manuscript?"

"I don't know how much he copied," Charlie confessed. "But he'd do a quick job. He surely could rattle the keys. He used the touch system; never looked at the keyboard. Just pounded away, with his eyes anywhere. He's the fastest man I ever saw at the typewriter."

The other made no comment; and Charlie added, half to himself: "Honestly, this whole thing is a shame. Lucy Blake is crazy about him; and the boss kept Lin in the office, out of temptation, as much as he could. That's why he wouldn't let Lin get after Doane. Of course, Lin was miles too good for this Sunday job."

But the taxicab grated to a halt, and Tope said briskly: "Here we are!"

The office was, as Charlie had predicted it would be, almost deserted. "Even the art department has turned out to hunt the blamed book," Charlie remarked, as they came in. Only the copy-desk man, an office boy or two, and Boetius were in the city room; and Boetius rose to greet the old man courteously.

"Charlie dragged you into this, has he, Inspector?" he asked. "We're glad to have your help, certainly."

"The inspector wanted to see that note, or whatever you call it, that came from Lin," Charlie explained.

"It was on my desk here Saturday morning," Boetius told the inspector. "Brought by hand, sometime during the night. A boy handed it in downstairs." He was ruffling through the sheets of paper on the spike. "Here it is," he said. "It doesn't mean anything except that Bracy was drunk, I'm afraid."

"Likely not," the inspector agreed. "But I just thought I'd take a look at it, on the chance, that's all."

And he took the sheet of paper from the editor's hands.

It was ordinary office copy paper of the cheapest grade; it had been folded foursquare, and on one of the outside folds was written an address almost illegible: "City Editor, Journal." The inspector, while Charlie and Boetius watched him curiously, looked at this; then he unfolded the sheet. The perforations of the spike had somewhat marred the typed screed within; yet he was able, by folding the torn edges of the paper back into the tiny round holes, to make out every character.

Yet these characters were, as Charlie had warned him, meaningless enough. What he saw was simply this:

:rgy Nshfsf nppi eoyj nstyrmfrt sy Vsdru(d/ Drmf gpt oy/ Fpsmr yjrtr. fp½rf nu vto,½/ O yjoml jr gts,rf oy gpt o hryscsu/ :ppld ;olr noh dyptu dp O(. yshhomh s;pmh/ Vsn,r upi gotdy ½pty pg vs::/ Hry trsfu/

And below, scrawled in soft lead: "Lin."

The inspector stared at this hodgepodge thoughtfully, and he smoothed the paper in his hands. "Bracy ever use code? With you here? Have you an office code or anything of the kind?" he asked.

But Boetius shook his head. "No," he said sternly. "The man was drunk; that's all. Perhaps it was his idea of a joke. But it's an expensive joke for the paper, inspector. And it will be for him, too, by and by."

The inspector nodded without looking up from the sheet of paper in his hand. "Mind if I sit down with this a minute?" he asked mildly; and without waiting for permission, he crossed to one of the rewrite desks by the window, where a good light served him, and settled plumply in the chair there. The lowered desk top upon which the typewriter was placed interfered with his pudgy knees; so he pushed his chair back a little. Charlie stood at his shoulder, watching curiously, and Boetius turned away to plunge once more into the business of the day.

(Continued on Page 171)

Charlie Hesitated. "Why, a Sort of Note Came In From Him," the Younger Man Confessed. "Addressed to the Boss in Pencil, and Signed 'Lin'"

MAKING MUSIC

By Artur Bodanzky

In Collaboration With Donald Marshall

Men Preparing the Dragon for its Entrance in the Second Act of "Siegfried." The Two Hind Legs Watching His Partner, Who Has Already Entered the Body to Impersonate the Foreleg. The Three Men at the Ropes Guide the Monster in its Battle Against Siegfried

THE discipline of the opera, I said in my first article, far from being temperamental and haphazard, is like that of an army; I should have added: The conductor is its general.

The good conductor must have vision and will; he must know exactly what he wants, and then be a tyrant to obtain it. He must conduct, not with his baton but with his will; for if the general's soldiers do not obey he cannot win the battle. Good orchestra men, singers who are also musicians—and the greater the singer, the more amenable he is to leadership—understand this—that without one directing mind any work of music must be chaos. So, in the task of preparing an opera for the stage, the conductor's idea must permeate to every detail of the performance. Like the general, he has a large—and, at the Metropolitan, efficient—staff, but he himself is responsible for the whole; he receives the praise for success or blame for failure.

Let us go behind the scenes at the opera house, pass through the little Thirty-ninth Street door, to observe the mounting of a new production—an Egyptian Helen or a Jonny Spielt Auf.

Drilling Soloists and Choruses

WE STEP into a bare little lobby filled with the babble of foreign tongues; our greetings shift rapidly from English to Italian, French, German—for this is the most cosmopolitan building, I suppose, in the world, outside of Geneva. Singers of all nations are here—Italian, American, Polish, German, English, Swedish, French; in the orchestra Germans and Americans play the strings, Italians and French the wood winds and brasses; in the chorus are Italians, Americans, Germans. To get along at the Metropolitan one must know three languages at least; and do you wonder that a conductor learns to talk with his hands?

Passing through more doors and some shabby corridors, and down a pair of steps, we find ourselves suddenly on a vast barnlike floor, littered with odds and ends of battered canvas rocks and trees, sadly lacking in the daylight that glamour which we yet know will come with night and action and expert lighting. Out front the seats and the golden horseshoe are empty, but just below the footlights the orchestra men are coming in; they make ready their instruments for a rehearsal. No one is on the stage but a few workmen, for this is simply an orchestra rehearsal; the time has not yet come for the owners of world-known names to stand about this floor in their street clothes and learn the business of still another rôle. Today the conductor is putting the orchestra through its share of the score—but let us begin at the beginning.

First, of course, the conductor studies the score and the libretto. This he usually does in summer, during those months in Europe when the public believes the celebrities of the music world are doing nothing. If he has the opportunity, he discusses the work with the composer; there are usually cuts and changes to be made.

Returning to America in the fall, he gathers his staff about him to set the machinery of preparation going. First he talks over the staging with the stage manager and the scene designer. At the Metropolitan these were generally, for me, Von Wymetal, Thewman—who retired last spring—and Joseph Urban, all three

PHOTO. BY WHITE STUDIO, N. Y.

Rosa Ponselle and Caruso in "La Juive"

Viennese like myself. Then he takes all the assistant conductors and chorus directors into one of the big rooms at the opera house, sits down at a piano and plays through the whole score, explaining the tempos and any other points as he goes along.

Now the various groups set to work—the assistant conductors with members of the cast; the chorus master and his assistants with the chorus; the stage manager with the painters, costume makers, electricians and the rest, and the conductor with the orchestra.

Remember that the artists have already studied their parts before reporting to the company for the season, that the chorus begins its work eight weeks before the season opens, and the orchestra four weeks before. Remember, also, that to all these musicians a page of music is as plain and readable as this page of type to you. Some of the artists could sing the score at sight, the orchestra could play it; but to attain in the ensemble that perfection which is the composer's and the conductor's vision requires weeks and weeks of rehearsal.

Just as a company of soldiers is broken up into squads for the elements of drill, so each individual artist, each division of the chorus and the orchestra, is rehearsed separately. The assistant conductors take the soloists in hand, drill them until each part is learned; then try out the duets and trios. Meanwhile Setti, the chorus master, and his assistants are training the altos, the tenors, the sopranos, the basses of the chorus in their separate groups; then all together. Next the soloists and the chorus come together for ensemble rehearsals. All this is with the piano.

Siegfried Forging His Sword. Rudolph Laubenthal Rehearsing Act I of "Siegfried" With an Electrician Concealed Beneath the Forge Making the Wagnerian Sparks

Meanwhile the orchestra has been put through a similar process by the conductor. The first two rehearsals are for reading, cutting and correcting mistakes in the score. Then the music is studied in groups—the wood winds, the strings, brasses, and so on. All come together again; there are four or five rehearsals to get the detail, and a few for polishing; and finally we play the whole opera from start to finish to give the orchestra an idea of the architecture of the work. If the conductor sees that the men have not got the sentiment of the music he explains parts—but I myself do little talking at rehearsal; time is short, and the hands are much more swiftly expressive. After this the orchestra is left alone for three or four weeks—I refer to the new production in hand; of course it has plenty of other work to do—while the conductor sees what has been accomplished by the other groups.

The Business of the Opera

ALL this time not a single member of the cast will have seen the stage, but that great barnlike space has not been deserted. For even the scenery has had rehearsals—and with music too; for in many operas—Pelleas and Melisande is a notable one for rapid changes—the sets must be shifted in time to the music. There are lighting rehearsals, too; for lights as well as actors have their cues—certain notes in the music, as in the temple scene in Parsifal when the Grail is suddenly illumined by a light from above. Naturally the electricians are not expected to know the scores so well as to take their cues directly from the notes, though many of those at the Metropolitan become familiar enough with the operas to do so. To watch for the cues and give the warning is the work of an assistant conductor.

Now at last the stage is set and the music learned, and the cast is brought together for action. The stage manager begins. With a piano for accompaniment and most of the artists mock singing, he puts them through the entrances and exits and business of their parts. Each act is rehearsed roughly at first, changes are made in the music to fit the

score to the action, or vice versa, and at last come the general rehearsals, with orchestra, scenery, lights. There are six or eight of these, the last two in costume. And after all this preparation little changes are often made between the final dress rehearsal and the first performance.

At these last rehearsals, where everyone is keyed up to the final effort, and the conductor, seeing his vision so near fulfillment, is more than ever impatient of every flaw—it is here that you might expect those clashes of temperament and personality of which you hear so often. I assure you they are rare. I will confess that stupidity or lack of preparation or plain incompetence are hard for me to bear. It is not true that I ever threatened a singer with a fiddle or a chair, but I am afraid I do have a sharp and sometimes sarcastic tongue During rehearsal I am interested only in the work, there is nothing personal in what I may say; after rehearsal I have laid aside the work and forgotten whatever I may have said.

Inspiration on Schedule

THE great night comes, for which all this labor and minute attention to detail have been devoted. It is a nerve-racking thing. How will the public take it? And often enough the public will not like it at all; and I don't blame them for not liking most of the new crop of operas, though I do think that if they knew what sweat had gone into the production of the work they would be more lenient toward the performers. I don't know why critics don't allow for misprints in performances; we allow for them in their papers.

Just think. In every production of a great opera from three to four hundred people are concerned. If only one of them has so much as a cold it is bound to throw the performance off just a trifle from perfection. And the conductor, on whom all the rest depend, how can he be sure that just at the moment of the grand première his capacities will be at their best? Writers or painters work when they please; we cannot; that is what makes our profession so nerve-racking and exhausting; we have to do our work on a fixed schedule, we must be at our best by time-table. The Metropolitan gave 260 performances last season; illness forced only two changes in announced operas. This is a remarkable record, but I refer now to those minor ailments which temporarily prevent a person's attaining his full powers. A conductor ought to have the right to an occasional headache or a sleepless night, but he is never granted that right to human frailty. That is why, as I explain at some length later in this article, I look forward to the future of the sound movie, the movie opera, as a means of attaining perfection in a musical production.

The truth of the matter is that in every performance there are many slips of which the audience is not aware. I have told how Caruso wept because he once dropped a few bars in Le Prophète. That sort of thing happens every night, and it is what makes the Metropolitan orchestra the most flexible in the world. No one would believe how easily they can adapt themselves to the trips of a singer. Once we had to skip twenty bars in one second; there was a woman on the stage who sang like a flea—she skipped pages at a time, and the orchestra had to keep up with her.

It is naturally part of the conductor's job to carry the orchestra past these mistakes. At orchestra concerts you will have seen the leader turning the pages of the score on his desk and, perhaps noticing that he scarcely glanced at it, wondered why he bothered with it at all. The reason, at least with me, is to have it in emergencies. If you have ever memorized the Declaration of Independence or recited the Creed in church, you will know that it is one thing to know the words straight through from start to finish and quite another to start in the middle or to pick up after a break.

A Voice in the Distance. Miss Edith Fleischer Singing Back-Stage in Act II of Puccini's "Rondine," Accompanied by a Piccolo Player. An Assistant Conductor Peeps Through a Hole in the Scenery and Relays the Beat of the Orchestra Conductor

That is why I have the score in front of me, particularly at the opera; any good conductor has the score in his head, but when a mistake is made he needs the printed pages so that he can see quickly what has happened. The score is divided into sections—A, B, C, D, and so on so when a singer skips, the conductor, glancing quickly at the page, speaks to the orchestra: "Four bars after A," or "Five bars before C." Or, if it is only a few bars, he hurries the orchestra like a race horse to catch up, or slows it down if the mistake is the other way.

Sometimes mistakes are made backstage or accidents happen; then the conductor is warned by a light on his desk that something has gone wrong. Too, too often he can see for himself—and so can the audience—that the trap has failed to spring or the light to go out. Then he must carry on amid titters as best he can.

When I conducted Parsifal in Covent Garden in 1914 it was a tremendously gala occasion, with the King and Queen present—the panorama stuck for three eternal minutes. Then out of a dead silence came a hoarse cockney stage hand's voice: "Not so fast, Billy!" That gave me the idea to abandon the panorama; something always happens to it.

An almost equally painful incident occurred during a performance of Le Prophète with Caruso in New York. All had gone well up to the climactic moment when the castle was to be blown up; I gave the signal for the explosion—there was intense silence. The curtain descended ignominiously. But determined electricians were at work; as I entered my dressing room I heard the belated "Boom!"

Some things are beyond all covering up. What would you do if, during a stately procession of knights across the stage, one of them should lose his iron trousers? That is what happened during a performance of Liszt's St Elisabeth back in 1918. And worst of all, instead of going on, this distracted super stopped to pull his armor up again, halting the whole procession and almost halting the performance.

Michael Bohnen Taking a Last Puff Before He Goes Downstairs on the Stage to Appear as King Henry the Fowler in "Lohengrin"

Comedy Relief

AT SIGHT of a knight in underwear the audience went into hysterics. Gatti-Casazza rushed down from his box, quite in a mood to shoot the poor fellow. So was I, except that I was laughing so. The super hid in one of the traps under the stage, afraid for his life, until Gatti had disappeared.

Such incidents, being out of the routine, are amusing and easily brought to mind, but they should not cause you to lose sight of the routine itself, of the conductor's real work, which, after all, is not to cover up mistakes, but to bring out a

Continued on Page 63

Madame Jeritza Making Friends With the Horse in the New Strauss Opera, "Die Aegyptische Helene"

TOUR CONDUCTOR

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

They Were Carrying Bags, Cameras and Hat Boxes, and Upon Each Countenance Was the Excited Glow That Identifies the Inexperienced Traveler Walking Up His First Gangplank

LIFE is certainly very strange and it is odd how things turn out. Four months ago I thought I should be working for the Pacific & Eastern Line the rest of my natural career, and now I know otherwise. Four short months ago I hurried up the gangplank of the Narobi in San Francisco harbor, followed by twenty-one worried tourists, ten gentlemen and eleven ladies, who were going around the world under my personal guidance. They were carrying bags, cameras and hat boxes, and upon each countenance was the excited glow that identifies the inexperienced traveler walking up his first gangplank.

The Pacific & Eastern is a large, famous line with many ships, employing eight or nine tour conductors, and of the lot I am easily the foremost and best, due to my experience, knowledge of human nature, diplomacy in handling restless spirits in moments of emergency, and many other natural gifts. Some of the other tour conductors are capable fellows, but I am the Babe Ruth of our organization, as anyone will tell you, unless it is one of my enemies.

The twenty-one globe-trotters paddled around behind me like lost goats, and the Narobi blew a blast or two and prepared to steam across the blue Pacific; and after assuring a maiden lady named Schwartz that she would have access to her trunks within the hour, I mounted to the top deck to smoke a well-earned cigarette in solitude, for a tour conductor is not permitted to smoke on duty, as it might give offense to ladies. This is an old rule.

One minute after lighting my cigarette a strange gentleman approached, wearing an air of inquiry.

"Ronald Carter?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said politely, dropping my smoke.

"In charge of the special tour?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Henderson," he explained, and I recognized him as one of the officials of the line, whose photo I often noticed in the booklets.

"This is Mr. Carter"

"Dan Smith is going with you, under your supervision."

"Pardon me," I murmured, feeling I had not heard aright, for Dan Smith is president of and largest stockholder in the Pacific & Eastern.

"You're to have charge of Dan," he pronounced—"young Dan. He's somewhere on board now. It's a special request from the president's office. You are to keep an eye on him and see that he behaves himself. He will travel as an ordinary member of your party, with no privileges."

He paused and I gave a comprehending nod, realizing that even before the Narobi steamed from her dock, I had already fallen in with my first bad luck. Tour conducting is a precarious business and full of pitfalls. Passengers write letters of a scurrilous nature. Something disagreeable is forever happening to cast shadows into the life of the conductor and make him toss in sleepless misery, and I did not need young Dan Smith any more than I needed Japanese gumboil. Being an employe, I could scarcely say to Henderson in a firm way: "Daniel Smith is absolutely not going in my party."

I assumed a smile and stated it would give me pleasure to include young Mr. Smith with my charges, which is what is meant when psychologists ask what kind of a lie is ever justified. Dan was the sort of rich young wastrel that gets into the Sunday papers, along with photos of the wrecked roadster and the actress who is suing him for thirty thousand dollars for driving in a state of inebriety and breaking both her legs. His last venture was hitting a hotel doorman on the chin for not letting him park on the hotel veranda. Both went to jail and the doorman was discharged.

We conversed further and Henderson handed me official instructions, the situation being perfectly clear. President Daniel Smith, apparently worn nervous by his son's energy, had determined to rid America of the youth, hoping foreign climes and the charm of travel might appeal to the lad's finer nature and make a citizen of him that would not have to be bailed out each Saturday evening.

Henderson made several suggestions, and glanced toward the upper-deck tea room as a figure emerged, a middle-sized youth, carrying a banjo and a Boston dog. He saw us and came forward.

"Good morning, Daniel," Henderson said. "This is Mr. Carter."

I bowed and Daniel stared at me.

"They tell me I'm going places with you," he remarked.

"So I hear," I replied, scrutinizing him, for I am a wizard at judging human nature almost at a glance. He was ruggedly built, a sort of outdoor person, with a dark red tan. His hair was curly and black, and there was a look in his roving eye that boded no good for any tour conductor.

"How about a little shot?" he inquired without delay.

"Thank you," I said. "Not for me."

"Oh, you're that kind, are you?" he asked, and I merely laughed lightly and said some people went in for little shots, while others did not. Mr. Henderson presently shook hands, wished me a successful voyage, said I would do well to use diplomacy with Dan, and went ashore. Mr. Smith took his banjo and bulldog below, and a distressed lady member of the tour party came to me with news that there must be some mistake, in as much as she had been assigned to share a cabin with a Chinese gentleman going home for the summer.

For the ensuing hour, I smoothed out difficulties for excited passengers, and before I finished, the Narobi was at sea and America was a blur behind us. I saw nothing of my newest charge until we were fifty miles out. He hurried along B Deck, still carrying the banjo, but dogless.

"You see that girl with the blue hat?" he asked in excitement, pointing to the prettiest young woman on board. I followed his gaze and nodded.

"Know her?"

"Sure I know her."

"In your party, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed. That is Miss Monica Stevens."

"Why don't you introduce me?"

"Hadn't got around to introductions," I replied, a trifle annoyed. "But come along."

We moved down the deck to where four people were playing shuffleboard and interrupted the game. They stood with politely poised pushers and steamship smiles.

"Miss Stevens," I said, "permit me to present Mr. Daniel Smith."

The young lady nodded pleasantly and named her three companions, and the game went on, with Mr. Smith getting in the way and conversing. That was the beginning of the Smith-Stevens affair. Night and day thereafter, in sunny weather and in the rain, Dan tagged along. Wherever Monica ventured on land or sea, Daniel followed close, and the entire ship chuckled and said they certainly made a handsome couple.

The Narobi steamed into the setting sun and paused at Honolulu, where I herded my people into motor cars and escorted them about the charming island of Oahu, showing them plenty of green scenery. I purposely assigned Miss Stevens and her mother to the first car, which is always the tour conductor's machine, as he naturally leads the parade. It was my intention to seat Mr. Smith in the fourth car with the Peckham family.

"No," he demurred, standing on the dock. "You're all wrong, Ronald. I'm riding in Car Number One."

"I thought ——"

"Never mind what you thought. Put somebody else in the fourth car."

I did so without further controversy, for our time was limited, and the first car started with Mrs. and Miss Stevens, Mr. Smith and myself. As we passed swiftly about, I indicated historical spots and conveyed general information, which interested Mrs. Stevens and her daughter, but bounded over Dan's head. He stared fixedly at Monica during the first trip, disregarding the palace of the former queen, and I saw that his hop around the world would enhance his knowledge in no great degree. He definitely annoyed me.

I may as well come right out with it, here and now. The minute I laid eyes upon Monica Stevens, I fell in love with her, and thereafter was not my usual self. She was as beautiful as the dawn and grew steadily more lovely; and whenever I looked at her, I commenced to shake inwardly and burn up with a sort of fever. I knew I was in love, and that there was very little I could do about it, except keep my mouth closed and assume a nonchalant manner when near the girl.

The P. & E. has a special rule for the guidance of its tour conductors which says: "Special representatives"—meaning tour conductors—"shall maintain a uniform attitude of courtesy and consideration toward tourists comprising special parties, and shall under no circumstances favor individual members thereof. Frivolous conduct on the part of agents will be met with instant dismissal."

The intent of this rule is that tour conductors must remain impersonal, and certainly must not fall in love with any young woman going around the world, and if a conductor does accidentally so fall in love, he is supposed to conceal his pitiful condition from everyone and pursue his affairs with a calm bearing. This was where I found myself, due to no fault of my own, and my misery was increased by the constant presence of Daniel Smith, who spent most of his time trying to hold Monica's hand. If you wish to know the depths of perfect wretchedness, just fall in love with a winsome girl like Monica Stevens, and then watch some dodo like Dan Smith, while he assumes airs of proprietorship and gives the girl little love taps on the arm.

"Ronald," I said to myself, "you must be sensible about this tragic situation. You have a job with the P. & E., but after all, you are a nobody, an ordinary tour conductor on small salary, and have no right to be falling in love with any nice girl. Dan Smith is a rich young man with a powerful father. To them that hath shall be given. Forget the whole thing and devote yourself to your duties."

After I said this to myself, in Honolulu, I felt a little better, but it was still painful to sit up with the chauffeur and try to avoid hearing low-toned conversation between Dan and Monica.

We remained ashore for two days, giving my people opportunity to digest the wonders of the balmy isles, and my special charge, who had behaved decorously, drifted back eventually to his natural state. Coming on board the Narobi at her dock, I noticed Dan at the rail and saw he was slightly steamed up for the first time, and was throwing money overboard to Honolulu boys in the water. This is a favorite recreation of tourists in Hawaii. Ordinary passengers throw dimes and quarters, which are retrieved by the diving natives with great skill, but of course Daniel was tossing silver dollars. Brown boys dived from lofty parts of the ship, and one large brown boy annoyed Mr. Smith by grabbing too many of his dollars.

In a commanding voice, he warned the offender not to do it again, which was wasted advice. The next time the diver climbed aboard, Dan met him with a swift punch on the nose, and immediately five of the brown brethren pitched in and my special care disappeared beneath a waving tangle of wet, bare legs.

Remembering orders from the home office, I stepped forward to end the brawl, and did so, and in the course of action, struck some hard object with my head. Officers and deck hands put a stop to the fight, threw the brown boys back into the harbor, helped Mr. Smith to his feet and expressed regret. Nobody helped me to my feet. Feeling about the ship was that if I had remained out of it, there would have been no trouble. I had a black eye, cuts on my chin, and my cravat was missing.

"First time anything like that happened on this ship," said the first mate, looking hard at me. "I bet it won't happen again."

"If it does, I won't be in it," I stated, regarding my soiled raiment. That ended money tossing for the day. Passengers melted away from the railing and Monica Stevens appeared with her mother, both of them looking surprised. Mr. Smith joined them, broke into voluble description and pointed laughingly at me as I descended to my quarters. At dinner, Mrs. Stevens remarked to Mrs. Sutherland that it was all the more surprising, as I seemed a rather quiet type of person.

We presently pulled out of Honolulu, pointed for Japan, and I stared unhappily down at the ocean and thought how easy it would be if a person leaped into the blue waters. No more troubles of any kind. Just a short jump and then peacefulness forevermore.

This was my first love affair, one-sided as it was, and I never before suspected that love makes a person feel so

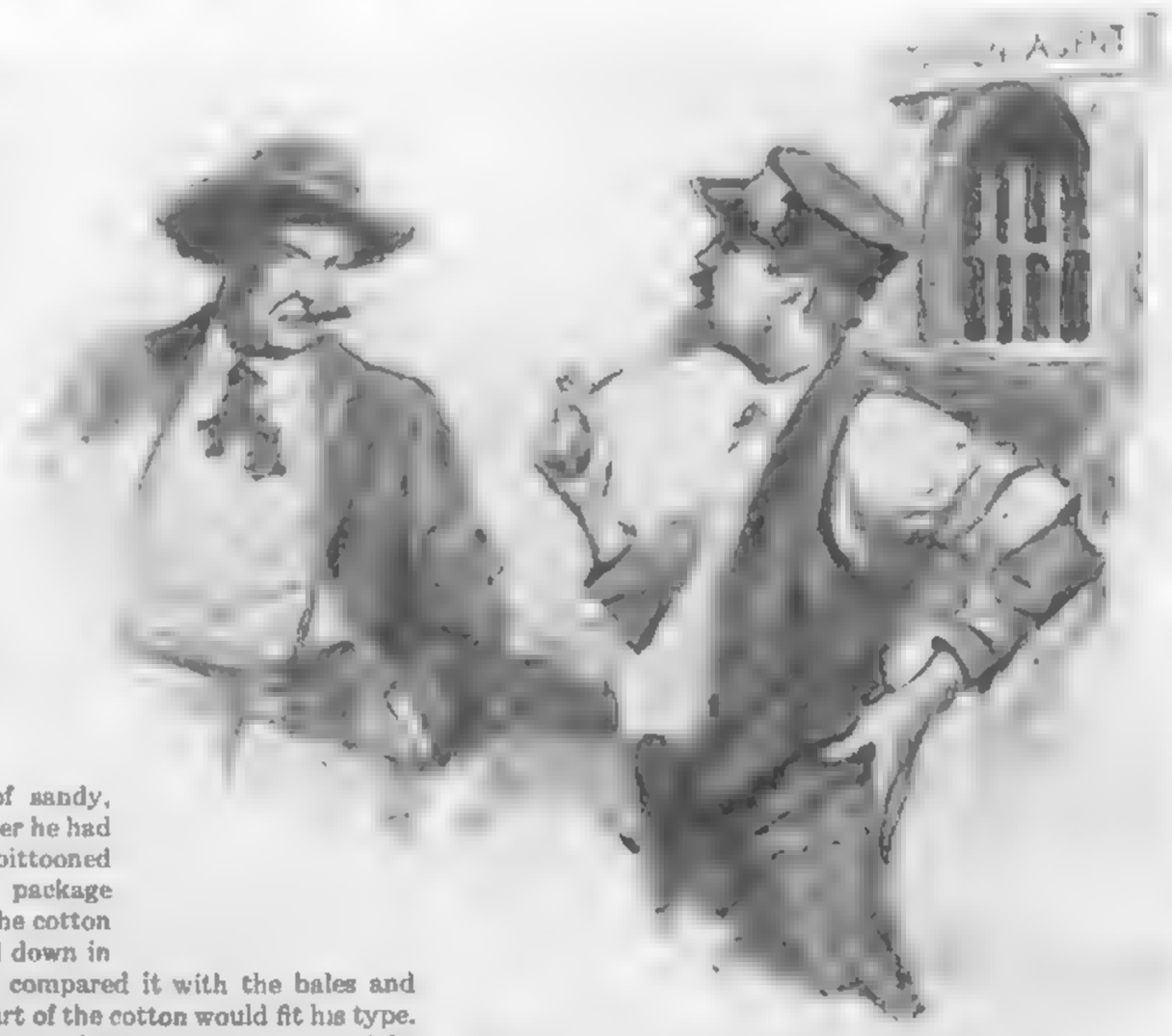
(Continued on Page 178)

I Chanced to Stroll Along the Boat Deck and, as Usual, Passed Two Chairs, Close Together

CLOSED MARKET

By Kenneth Foree, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL



"Maybe So," Old Dave Responded, "But I Never Have Been to My Own Funeral Yet"

SO, UNLESS I buy cotton from you fellows I get run out of town." Dave Beach, his heavy-set old figure filling the round chair by the pot-bellied hotel stove, summed up his conversation with the angular ginner.

"Naw, nuthin' like that," grinned that fishy-faced and unshaven individual, "but our farmers don't like to sell to an outsider; an' then, you might think this part of West Texas was a healthy country, but the altitude makes it bad on the heart. Most of 'em don't stay long—that is, them that intend to buy from the farmers—but we'll sell you plenty of cotton if you've got a good price. We been gittin' eleven cents for red bollies. . . . I got to git on back now. Better come down and see me in the mornin'." He had risen during his last few words. "I'm down at the Farmers' Gin."

His long, angular form went out the door into the chilly night. A howling wind clutched at the door and attempted to snatch it from his grasp, but he succeeded in closing it.

So, Old Dave Beach decided, a closed market. Unless you bought cotton from the ginners or local buyers at their own particular prices, whereby they made ten dollars a bale on you, you failed to get any cotton or were run out of town. He had encountered such markets before. Usually the local buyers quickly ran up the street price, so that you were unable to buy any cotton from the farmers, and after a week or so the customary buyer became disheartened, left town, and the next day prices went down. Dave Beach chuckled. They didn't know Hord. D. O. Hord & Co., for whom Dave Beach was one of the most trusted buyers, did not, in the least, play that way. When Hord wanted cotton of a particular kind, and he located that cotton, he simply bought it. Competition made little difference; Hord bowed his neck, like the bull that he was, and bought it. But the ginner had never heard of Hord.

"Who'd you say you buy fer?" he had asked, when Beach told him the name of the firm he was employed by. "Don't think I ever heered of 'em."

"Aw, I Dunno as He Runs 'Em Out. They Jest Don't Stay Long"

D. O. Hord customarily did not buy West Texas cotton on account of the comparative softness of fiber, filling his commitments to Liverpool with the harder-bodied cotton of Central Texas, but this year was one in which West Texas had received sufficient moisture at the proper time, and Chillet had the cotton that Hord wanted.

Two days previously Dave Beach had been lazily reclining in an old swivel chair in his home town of Wilton, several hundred miles away, regretting a very poor season, due to a short crop from almost unprecedented weevil activity that had followed a showery period during which the insects had multiplied manifold. The Wilton crop was a third the usual size, and as Dave was a "four bitter"—a commission buyer who was paid fifty cents a bale—the season was disheartening. He had bought barely three thousand bales in the Wilton territory, but vistas of a decent season had been opened when D. O. himself had called him on the telephone.

"Dave, how would you like to transfer yourself to greener pastures for a few months, where you can make some money?" he had asked.

"How'd I like for a rich relative to drop dead and leave me a million, D. O.?"

D. O. had laughed and then told him that Chillet, far out in West Texas, was receiving red-tinged, low-grade cotton of hard fiber that Liverpool could buy, would buy, and as a matter of fact, had bought.

"Dave, we have sold them plenty at a big price, and I want you to go out there and get it in. You never have been in West Texas, have you?"

Dave informed him he had not.

"Then you had better keep your eyes peeled, for there are some stem-winders operating on a shoestring that are not too well civilized. Watch them on samples and weights, and if f. o. b. cotton is not satisfactory, buy farmer cotton. I'll send you a sample type of the cotton I want and mail it to you at Chillet, so that when it arrives you will be ready to go. And, Dave, if you can buy that cotton at ten cents, there will be a bonus at the end of the season that will give you St. Vitus's dance. Now, Dave, make tracks."

Dave had made tracks. Within an hour his wheezy old car was rambling westward. Gradually he left the timbered red hills of East Texas behind, and by night he had passed through the heavy black-land belt and was on the broad, treeless prairies of West Texas. The second afternoon he had parked his car in front of the Chillet House, a drab wooden structure that seemed to take on the color of sandy, windy West Texas. Later he had gone to a fly-specked, spittooned post office, received a package containing a sample of the cotton Hord & Co. wanted, and down in the cotton yard he had compared it with the bales and found that the greater part of the cotton would fit his type. There was considerable cotton in the yard—seven or eight thousand bales Old Dave estimated with a practiced eye, and the unpicked fields along the red clay road promised more. And there was not another town in forty miles. Chillet was ringed about by a broken, hilly cow country, and roads for hauling cotton to Sager, the nearest town, were difficult.

It had all the earmarks of an answer to a cotton buyer's prayer to Old Dave until the ginner had appeared at the hotel, and that worthy's conversation, Dave decided, constituted the catch in the joke. Upon the departure of the ginner, Old Dave hoisted himself out of his chair and went over to a corner of the drab lobby, where the lank proprietor—named Jordon, but pronouncing it Jurdon—and two commercial travelers were noisily engaged in dominoes. He sat in the game for a few hands, and upon its break-up engaged his host in conversation.

"Who was that ginner I talked to?" he asked.

"Jim Flaig," responded the lackadaisical owner as, with toothpick, he sought a troublesome particle of food that had become lodged somewhere in the recesses of his tobacco-stained molars. "He owns that big gin next the cotton yard. Double stands, and some says it's worth sixty thousand dollars. I dunno. When he come here fourteen year ago he drove up in a one-lung lizzie."

"That was when they started running cotton buyers out of here, wasn't it?" Old Dave asked.

The proprietor shook his head. "Nope, wasn't any cotton here then. Must 'a' been several year after when Jim built that gin."

"How many has he run out of Chillet?"

"Aw, I dunno as he runs 'em out. They jest don't stay long. I never usually git more'n a week's board an' room out of 'em. They're not like school-teachers. Now, school-teachers are the best yet. When they move in I know they're good for eight months, but I can't make any money outa cotton buyers. I remember the last one here." He snickered. "He was a slick-haired dude with white shirts and a shiny automobile, and 'stead of saying 'Howdy,' he was always a-sayin' 'How do you do, sir?' He come a-runnin' in one afternoon with a face whiter'n his shirt, galloped up them stairs, packed his Gladstun—as he called his grip—paid me fer four days, an' that big car went down the Sager road a-hellin'. Don't know what his excitement was."

"What happened?"

"I couldn't imagine an' I never heered nobody say."

"What happened to the others?"

"I Met Will Flaig in the Hardware Store White Ayo," Bivens Rumbled. "He Was Gettin' Some Cateridges"

"I dunno. They usually left somehow. One of 'em turned his car over and kilt hisself. He had a hole in him. Some said it was caused by part of the steerin' wheel an' others said it was too round a hole, but I dunno. I never seen it. One of 'em got kilt by Big Tom Bivens, who owns the Three X. Got mixed up with his darter, so they said. The gal didn't take the stand, but they waved her skirt an' they let Big Tom go. Tom used to run lots of cattle an' he didn't have much use fer a cotton buyer. He put in a hundred acres in cotton last year, an' I hear he ain't got much use fer a cotton buyer yet. This year he's got three sections in cotton an' he oughter raise nigh onto a thousand bales. But I'd hate to buy his cotton. He's tough."

Old Dave reflected. "So they run the price up on new buyers here, or won't sell them cotton; and if that isn't hard enough, they plug 'em or they get killed mighty mysteriously in automobile wrecks?"

"Aw, I dunno as I'd say that. They jest don't stay here."

"Well," replied Old Dave, "I'm getting along in years and I am not as spry as I used to be. Then, I am too heavy to run very much. I reckon I will stay."

"But that car of yourn can run, can't it?" asked the hotel owner.

"It's old, like me," Dave answered.

"Wal, I hope you an' your car bunk here till the last red bean is et. I need business. And if you need anything like a weepon, I've got a rifle 'bout here somewhere."

"Much obliged, but I'm peaceable."

Next morning Old Dave prospected around with a sort of shuffling gait to see, as he styled it, the points of interest of the municipality of Chillet. He found that the business section was along the general lines of a single-barreled shotgun. Four or five gins and a field devoted to a cotton yard constituted the butt and most of the stock of the gun; a few brick stores, mostly one story, centered around the breech, and the remainder strung out in a scattering line down the barrel of the gun, ending in a few wooden shacks devoted to Hamburgers and gasoline and the station of the once-a-day Trans-Plains & Eastern. By noon he had rented from a fat grocer a cold, dusty, barnlike space, cluttered with boxes and some implements, above his landlord's place of business. It was reached by an outside stairway that hung over part of an alley and

creaked and echoed against the adjoining wall, but the room possessed windows permitting the entrance of the muchly desired north light for the proper classing of cotton. At a furniture store he had rented the few secondhand articles necessary—desk, table and cane-bottomed chairs.

After a meal at the hotel that centered around beans that were red and beef alleged to have been roasted, topped off with a near relation of peach cobbler, Old Dave decided that it was time to make the necessary banking arrangements and wandered back the three blocks to the red brick building that housed the Farmers' National Bank

The sole occupant of the bank was a young teller, who appeared behind his wicket after banging the coal scuttle at the red mouth of the bank stove.

"Yes, sir?" inquired the clerk civilly.

"I want to see the cashier," Old Dave replied.

"He's home to dinner right now," the teller explained, "but he'll be back soon. Have a seat and wait?"

"Believe I will. What's the cashier's name?"

"Mr. Flaig—Mr. Will Flaig."

Old Dave narrowly missed the chair in seating himself. "Related to the ginner?"

"Yes, sir. Brother."

Old Dave slumped back in the chair. "Wow!" thought he. "Brother to the man that told me I could buy my cotton from him at a cent higher than I can pay or get out of town. But he'll want a hundred dollars a bale margin on a bale that won't cost fifty. No wonder the ginner was so confident. Closed market? No! No market at all." He spent a few minutes speculating on the situation.

When the banker appeared Dave knew him from the faint resemblance to the ginner. He also was tall, though somewhat heavier, but there was nothing of a shifty nature in his dark face. On the contrary, it was bold, molded along lines that might have indicated pioneer or highwayman. His clothes—evidently well-chosen city purchases—set off his tall figure to no disadvantage.

"Man to see you, Mr. Flaig." The teller indicated Old Dave.

Dave felt a quick, measuring glance. "Come in," the banker said, holding open the small swinging gate. "Sit down," he added, motioning to a chair at the side of his desk. Old Dave accepted the proffered seat, removed his hat, showing a crown of graying hair. The banker looked inquiringly at his visitor.

"I may do some business in Chillet," Old Dave told him, "and I will need banking facilities. I like your cotton here and think I'll buy some of it. You, being the only banker in town, I suppose, handle cotton accounts?"

"We handle what few there are here," the banker responded doubtfully. "There are only three. Two of the gins buy, and an independent buyer; but it seems to me that we have enough buyers here now, and I don't know that we need another. Also, my directors have instructed me to be very careful about cotton accounts, as, a few years ago, banks in West Texas lost heavily."

"This is largely a farming country," countered Old Dave, "and of course the bank is interested in the welfare of its farmers. More buyers, more competition, higher prices."

"Our farmers have always received good prices and are content, and I am afraid I would not care to accommodate you."

"I could put sufficient margin to satisfy you. Ten dollars per bale is customary where I come from, although I seldom if ever put up margin."

"Don't what?" asked the perplexed banker.

"Don't put up margin. You see I buy for D. O. Hord & Co., at Dallas, and I ship out the cotton each night and draw a draft for the amount I have paid out during the day plus the bank's interest and exchange."

"Well, I don't know D. O. Hord & Co., and I don't know you, and, further, I don't think I'd care to take on your business. As a matter of fact, I'm sure I would not, margin or no margin," he ended positively.

"Well, what am I going to do?" Old Dave asked childishly. "I was sent out here to buy cotton. How am I going to buy it?"

"You can buy it under bill of lading from the local buyers and attach your draft to it. I'll take a chance on your company being reliable. If they don't pay the draft they don't get the cotton."

"Yes, but my company buys cotton where it is cheapest, and I figure in this case it would be cheaper to get it from the farmer. I'll put any margin here that you want."

The banker stiffened in his chair. "I can't accommodate you. I don't want any more cotton accounts. I don't care what kind of a margin you can put up. You can't buy cotton in this bank. That's all I have to say."

Dave replaced his hat on his square old head. "Well," he drawled, "if I were you I wouldn't say so positively that I'm not going to buy cotton at your bank at all. I might. Besides, I sure would hate to have to organize a bank just to buy cotton here in Chillet"—he grinned at the exasperated banker—"much as I am charmed with its paved drives and public parks."

The banker rose with a hardening of the lines of his face. There was nothing of pioneer or explorer indicated. It was too deadly.

"I don't like you or your humor," he coldly stated. "Get out of my bank."

Old Dave went out chuckling. "Tough town, all right. The wild and woolly West where men are men and women are darters that get cotton buyers shot up. Tough, ain't she?"

On the corner before the bank was a knot of overalled, coated farmers. One was carving on the telephone pole that another was backed up against, and two had samples of bales of cotton under their arms.

Old Dave approached them. "Gentlemen, can a man that was vaccinated for a cotton buyer, but which didn't take, have a look at your cotton?" he asked.

The group grinned and turned. "Shore can," replied a young farmer who was wearing an army overcoat. "Wish it had took. We need some cotton buyers here." He extended his sample.

(Continued on Page 95)

It Had All the Earmarks of an Answer to a Cotton Buyer's Prayer to Old Dave

TOUCHDOWN TECHNIC

By LOU YOUNG

Head Football Coach, University of Pennsylvania

As Told to Charles Gilbert Reinhart

TWO theories of collegiate football prevail in America today. One is romantic, one accurate.

Advocates of the first still believe in coaches who direct their teams with alternate outbursts of blistering invective and impassioned oratory. They believe in players who rely solely on brawn and pugnacity, using their heads principally as groundwork for helmets, and in linesmen whose only duty is to act as bulwarks for swift and handsome halfbacks, charged with the entire responsibility of victory or defeat.

Lou Young

Advocates of the second realize that coaches, to produce successful teams, must be calm and sympathetic leaders, teaching candidates the game slowly from its fundamentals up, and watching their health, their morale and their academic standing with the solicitude of devoted parents. They know that the average player is a keen-minded bundle of nervous energy who must be handled with diplomacy and care, and that the forwards may be as brilliant and responsible performers as the fastest open-field runner, and just as necessary to the concerted team play which assures winning scores.

The first and traditional concept is, of course, a holdover from an earlier period of the game, preserved, in part, by a now-passing school of fiction writers and scenarioists. The second and true one is the outgrowth of three developments: Changes in football rules; changes in scholastic requirements for players; and, finally, changes in the entrance requirements established by most of the larger universities which limit enrollment to students of undoubted mental ability.

It is my belief that if more spectators knew exactly what each man on a team—in the line as well as in the backfield—has been trained for and is attempting to accomplish, they would find greater enjoyment in watching a game; that if schoolboy athletes understood thoroughly just how a modern college player is taught to handle his position and to protect himself from personal injury, they would not only become better players themselves but would escape many of the hurts which now mar the sport. For these reasons the present article is written.

Head, Heart and Heels

A COLLEGE football team is at one time a tightly organized unit and a group of separate individuals, each with his distinctive temperament and abilities, which must be understood and developed. Year after year new candidates attempt to find places on the team, either to fill vacancies or to displace veterans who think their positions secure. Mentally, these candidates are the pick of the country's youth. Physically, they are splendid specimens. In addition, the great majority may boast of football experience on high or preparatory school and freshman teams.

Yet from this selected group the college coach and aides must make constant culls. At many universities, including my own, the first selection of material occurs during the short spring-training period. In response to the coach's call, approximately one hundred men will appear and go through a course of fundamentals and a bit of scrimmage. During this period the entire squad is studied closely by the coaching staff, on the field and off. Three qualities are sought: Intelligence, aggressiveness and physical equipment. The first is not so difficult to find as many persons appear to imagine. As I have inferred, a man must be above the average mentally these days to pass the entrance requirements of recognized universities, and also to last through the double ordeal of adequate scholastic achievement and rigorous football training. And intelligence of a high order is particularly valuable in the modern open game, with its passes, its trick plays, and its sudden shifts demanding a constant and understanding alertness.

The second quality—aggressiveness—is rarer, for by it is meant not only physical courage but the actual will or urge to play football. This is almost an essential, although there have been brilliant players without it. But the man who will go through three grueling years of college football needs more than the instruction of his coach and the cheers of his fellow students to make him enjoy it. He must have an actual love of the game, with all its conflicts and hardships. Many of the former college men who go into professional football take that step not so much because of the money it pays as because of this urge to play. Oddly enough, the quality is frequently more apparent in a player during his sophomore year than when he is a senior. This is partly due, I suppose, to the fact that he must fight harder for a permanent berth as a novice than as a veteran; partly to the fact that as he grows older his interests broaden.

The third quality—physical equipment—is not limited to height and weight. More important than either are speed and coördination—the ability to respond quickly to any situation. Briefly, the qualities studied, in the order of their importance, may be listed as those of head, heart and heels. With these qualifications in mind, the coaches may select approximately sixty men who look promising enough to be invited to the early fall training, either on the home grounds or at seashore or mountain camps where cool weather prevails. At the end of two weeks the list of possibilities can be cut again, reducing the squad to about forty men. From this final group the coach will develop the team on which the hopes of student body and alumni center for eight thrilling and expectant weeks.

Then begins, for coaches and players alike, the hard grind of a football season. Among the candidates competition for positions on the first team is hard and unremitting. Frequently I have been asked how a youth who has advanced this far should act to assure himself a permanent berth. The directions are simple. He should be modest in statements of his ability, unassuming in manner, and eager to learn. He should be a good listener, both on the field and at blackboard talks. He should demonstrate the seriousness of his ambition by doing a little more than is asked. If a blackboard talk is scheduled for nine o'clock, he should be there at 8:55. When a coach explains certain methods of play, he should practice and analyze them constantly, until the required action becomes not only natural but subconscious. If he has been a high or prep school star, he should remember that advanced methods are used in college instruction and that coördinated team play is a requisite, and should determine to make himself a valuable, though possibly obscure, working part of a highly organized group. High-school experience, though helpful, falls short of preparing a man for college play. The first reason is that such teams are usually coached by one man, who, however serious and able, simply hasn't time enough to drill each player in the full requirements of his position, as a staff of college coaches can do. Another is that men must learn positions and methods of play which conform to the college team's system. This means that all candidates for the team, whether experienced or not, must begin with fundamentals. It represents a lot of hard and tiresome work, but the justification is seen in successful playing as the season advances.

Practicing Football Before a Mirror

WATCH any experienced back tearing through the line or down the field against successive impacts, yet only in rare instances losing the ball, which opponents try constantly to knock from his grasp. He learned to do that by running time after time through a long gantlet of his own players, each of whom tore at the ball, but could not dislodge it when it was held tightly, with one end in the palm of the hand and the other tucked in the pit of the arm and the elbow clamped down hard.

Watch any experienced man getting off a punt with an opposing team attempting to block and only two seconds' leeway between the snap of the ball back from center and the thud of the kick. He developed that ability by learning, through unremitting practice, to impress on his mind a photographic reproduction of the field, the position of opposing backs and the point to which he wished to direct the ball. Then he was able to give his entire attention to the ball itself, to the swing of his leg, the proper position of his kicking foot. One of the best punters I know, after practicing how to catch, hold and place the ball under instruction on the field, spent ten minutes before a mirror every night rehearsing the swift, graceful swing of the leg with extended toe, which is necessary for a sure and accurate punt. Like all punters, he had to learn to hold the ball away from him for a low kick if the wind was against him; to hold it close, insuring a high kick, if the wind was at his back; to send the ball straight down the field if the opposing safety man was an indifferent player; to kick it out of bounds if the safety man was extraordinarily fast. With all these things to consider, it is obvious that constant practice is necessary to perfect the technic of the actual kick until it becomes almost subconscious action.

Captain John Utz, Tackle, University of Pennsylvania

Watch particularly the linesmen with their intricate steps and body movements on offense and defense. This, incidentally, is one of the most difficult things to observe accurately in football. The eye naturally tends to follow the ball and the player who carries it, and a definite exercise of the will is necessary to study the men who make an advance possible by opening holes in the defense.

A linesman must be drilled continually in four elemental rules: To keep his head up, with eyes open, so he can see

A Long Pass

Open Field Running

where he is charging; to charge with neck and back stiff, for power and for protection against injury; to start his charge from the back foot, to assure power while his body is low; and to block opponents with head and shoulders instead of with arms and legs. Failure to observe any of these rules ruins him as a football player. His proper position before a play starts is a crouch, with the weight on the balls of both feet and the shoulders higher than the thighs. Thus he can charge in either direction, while shoving from the ground up, which is the only effective thrust. If he is to run interference he keeps his right foot back, since 60 per cent of all plays are to the right. Most players are right-handed and think and play that way. That is why so many teams place their strongest men on the left side of the line, which is, of course, the opponent's right side.

Some Advice to Linesmen

REMEMBER always that the object of the linesman is to get under his opponent and shove him out of the way. Sometimes the opponent is so built that he can play closer to the ground. In that event, a linesman should put his arm down at such an angle that when the opponent charges, he slides up it until the offensive linesman gets his shoulder into the groin or hip and thus forces him aside. If the opponent lies down, the offensive linesman can simply go on top and thus cover him. If he plays a standing game, the linesman strikes him in the groin with his shoulder. When playing as an interferer, the linesman must remember to step back to clear the other men who are holding the line; then to take one long step for speed and one short step for power as he turns into the play. A chart of his steps on different plays might look almost like a diagram for a ballet movement. The steps and movements vary with different problems of offense and defense; yet all must be learned and performed almost instinctively, if the team is to operate as an efficient machine.

Fastest of all linesmen is, or should be, the center. That is because he must first snap the ball and then get into the play. He must learn to keep his body well over the ball; to hold the ball lightly for a short pass and tighter for a long one; to attain accuracy by keeping his hand on it as long as possible before the snap, and by drawing the shoulders in for a longer thrust. On the defensive he follows much the same rules as the other linesmen, although his position may vary, depending on the plays run by the opponents.

Like other forwards, the effective end usually plays, on the offensive, with the foot back that is nearest his opponent, so it can be used in blocking. In modern play, big, fast men serve best in this position. Their work is to put the opposing tackle out of the play; then, if possible, to go after the secondary defense.

If the end makes a practice of charging toward the defensive halfback, the latter doesn't know whether he's out to hit him or to get a forward pass. The Navy made its winning score against us last season by just such a play. Our own halfback, after having been hit by the Annapolis end on almost every play, side-stepped to get inside, only to see the Middy pull down a forward pass for a touchdown.

On defense, all linesmen use different foot movements than when their own side carries the ball. The end usually takes two steps in, with head high, so he can watch the ball; then turns to make contact with the interference. The tackle and guard stand between, not opposite, their opponents. The offensive man knows, of course, which way the ball is coming, and can push his opponent out of the way if he is too close. As a matter of fact, an experienced defensive linesman can usually tell, from the first touch of contact, the direction of the play, by noting how the opponent is attempting to shove him; and should fight against the resistance immediately and instinctively. After a long season many men rely on instinct to a far greater degree than they realize. This has been proved by the fact that players, stunned so seriously by blows on the head that they can never recall what is happening, have continued to play as effectively as though they were in full possession of their faculties. The subconscious mind, which had grasped the essentials of play as the result of constant practice, was functioning for them.

The backfield player represents the actual scoring power of the team. For that reason his position is a difficult one, and his need of careful training, endurance, and mental and physical agility is great. In both offensive and defensive play he is constantly in action and faced with the necessity of making quick, important decisions. On the offensive, the candidate for a backfield berth must learn to assume a crouching position with the feet on a straight line, parallel with the line of scrimmage. This has several advantages. It enables him to start swiftly in any direction by turning on the balls of his feet, and conceals the intended move.

Players That are Hard to Throw

WHILE signals are called the back should keep his eyes directly in front of him and wear a poker face. A quick side glance can easily give away the play. In carrying the ball he should run with knees high for power and to step over obstacles; with body bent parallel to the ground, to conceal the ball and to hit harder; with head and neck stiff for effective thrusts and self-protection. Never should he yield to the temptation to close his eyes just before contact. It may cost him the opportunity of plunging through an unanticipated opening.

Backfield players must practice constantly this form of running and charging, as well as tight gripping of the ball. One method of training, which can be almost as effective in a boy's back yard as on the actual field, is to stretch a string the proper height from the ground and try running under it at full speed with body bent and feet pounding like pistons.

Once through the line, the ball-carrying back should, of course, straighten up and cut to the outside, either following his interference or resorting to "juking"—a form of side step—dodging or changes of pace to escape tacklers. The change-of-pace player is probably the hardest to throw. A dodger can be caught off balance and spilled, but a pace changer is difficult to time and, because he uses a sort of flat-footed run, is solid when

(Continued on Page 160)

Linesmen Developing Power and Technic Against the Charging Machine

THE THIN EDGE OF TRUTH

"Hear You Got a New Old House," Noah's Friends Would Hail Him. Some Ventured. "Got You a House and Nothing in It, Eh, Noah?"

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

HOUSES are helpless creatures. They spread their roofs over any and all who seek their protection, they close down around all who need their shelter, but they themselves can resent neither injury nor neglect. They simply stand, if allowed, until they, too, molder to the earth from which they sprang.

The house on the outskirts of Heitville had sheltered three generations of Wingeroths. Amos Wingeroth had built the house staunchly and had treated it kindly. Amos the second had been indifferent to its needs—his regard was all for his barns. Amos the third had bound up the broken places and renewed its youth as best he might. But the house in his day, though still staunch and kind, belonged indubitably to a generation with a simpler, more candid taste; it looked out upon the world from windows reticently narrow; it received its guests through a door set rigorously in its exact middle. Within was no subterfuge; stairs started upward starkly, square room opened frankly into square room. In the fifth month after the death of Amos the third, Loretta Wingeroth, his daughter, walked forth from the house and instructed a real-estate agent to get what he could for it.

"And what do you think that had ought to be?"

"Three thousand," said Loretta.

The agent shook his head. "Them old places ——"

"It could be old, but it's strong yet. It's strong even towards the new ones," interrupted Loretta crisply.

She was a crisp-looking young woman as she sat straightly upon her chair. Her hair was the hue of the yellowing maple leaves outside the window—the duller gold ones with the undertones of brown. Beneath her green hat her direct eyes also toned to the autumn coloring; tawny, they seemed, with a hint of green. Their coloring scarcely mattered, however; they were set and spaced beautifully.

"I could get mebbe twenty-five hunert, but ——"

"Get what you can, but I ain't taking no less than three thousand," said Loretta. If Amos the second, who loved his barns, could have heard her then, he would have smiled; her tone was so precisely his own.

Loretta looked at the agent inflexibly; he looked at her with perplexity. He laughed suddenly; so, then, did she. She rose.

"I guess I could come out, anyway, and look a little around." His eyes widened upon her, then almost closed, as though to hold within the pleasant sight of her.

Loretta did not miss that subtle compliment. It made her for a moment breathless, for the next instant angry with herself that she had noticed it.

"I guess you could then," she said indifferently. "I give you good-by."

"And then we got the old times to talk over," he added.

Loretta did not turn. She had an instant conviction that his eyes would widen and close upon her if she did. Did he know that they widened and narrowed, or did they just—widen and narrow? Loretta walked stiffly, again vaguely angry with herself. Why had she even thought such a thing? Well, only, she excused herself, because she didn't want to be held in admiration behind the eyelids of Levi Zarfoss.

And old times? She remembered the Zarfoss boy only as a thin, sway-backed stripling who had been in the school for not more than a year, as it seemed to her now; a boy who had seemed always to obtain the coveted privilege of getting the bucket of water in the midmorning, and—yes, she recalled now how he used to slop the chill liquid upon the legs of the little girls as he dipped the communal dipper up one aisle and down the other. Old times? If he tried to reminisce with her when he came to look over the place—Loretta smiled dryly—she might remind him of those odious splashes of water.

And when would he come? To herself she said that he might possibly come within a week or two. Within herself she knew that he would come that afternoon or that night. Loretta was like that; she could unconcernedly tell herself something which she did not believe at all. Most people go through life unconsciously defending themselves against themselves; Loretta did so with a bland consciousness which might have been amusing had it not been tinged with the tragic.

Her gate did click twice that night. It clicked first in the early twilight, and Loretta rose hastily from beside a packing box. Noah Ruhlmann was coming up the walk in his loitering way. Noah always loitered, looking this way and that, as though the world were an exceedingly pleasant place of which he could never quite get his fill. He stooped, picked a sprig of jasmine, smelled of it, and drew it through his buttonhole. Then he came on up the steps.

All this time Loretta had stood by the box, her eyes in stormy indecision upon him, her fists at bay and slightly behind her. When his feet reached the porch she launched suddenly toward the door, but she opened it only a little and stood midway as though to screen the room.

"Why, it ain't your evening!" she challenged.

"Not?" parried Noah, and laughed hugely. He was a huge man and his laugh befitted his size. "Whose was it then? Yourn?" And as Loretta made no move, he continued with some awkwardness: "Well, it just come into my mind this after a'ready that Conference comes in November this year, and I was thinking ——"

"Ain't it coming always in November?" said Loretta.

"I was thinking I didn't want no other feller getting in front of me and plaguing your company off me." He clapped his hat suddenly against his knees, doubled and laughed. "Ach, well, a poor excuse could be better than none, mebbe."

Loretta smiled also, a very little. "Did I ever go on Conference by anybody else? Now go ahead off. I got to work something."

But she had said the wrong thing after all. "Work? Ain't you got your work all away a'ready?" For the first time his eyes lifted from her. "What fur box is that? Could I fetch it somewheres fur you?"

As one who lets down all barriers, Loretta threw open the door. She flung her hands to her narrow hips. "Look, then! Yes, you could pack it fur me, till I get it full, all."

And as his eyes slowly turned toward hers: "I'm leaving away. I'm selling this place."

She could be, when it suited her, as direct as any, more direct than most: that was one of the puzzles of her. It accounted perhaps for the direct gaze of her eyes. There must have been, considering the eyes, a fundamental strain of honesty in her.

For a moment Noah said nothing at all. He stepped in carefully, as into a strange place, and carefully sat down upon a chair. She stood.

"Leaving?" he repeated.

"I'm going closter in town fur to live. I'm going to get me work mebbe by the factory." And after a breath: "Well, what's a matter? Was you going to faint, or what?"

"But ain't your Aunt Mattie willing to keep on stopping by you?" He cocked his head upward. "That's her crutch now, ain't?"

"You don't see!" cried Loretta. "I'm fur selling, don't you understand? I'm fur selling."

"But this place has belonged always to Wingeroths," fumbled Noah.

"Well, I'm the last of them and it ain't belonging to them no more. Not if I can help fur it," said Loretta Wingeroth.

Noah Ruhlmann's eyes slowly traveled the room; her own eyes followed his—followed his around the walls, from which she had removed the crayon enlargements of her people, past the cupboard, from which she had removed their dishes. The walls looked blank, as though the Wingeroths were already a long distance away; the cupboard stared glassily, like a huge, unwinking eye. The room seemed suddenly large to Loretta—unbearably so; she seemed to be standing with Noah Ruhlmann in vast, unfeeling space.

"Oh, don't you see?" She flung her hands toward him. "It ain't that I feel fur doing it. I just—just have got to, that's all."

Noah's lips had parted to frame in some wise his amazement and his protest; they remained open after her words, but for a moment they framed nothing at all. He sat hugely in the poignant dusk, while consternation, pity and kindness flooded his round face.

"You've got to? Sell, you mean? And the factory? Why, I didn't know—it never come into my thoughts that you ——" His words stopped, but he still sat motionless, his hands upon his knees, staring at her. He had a man's instinctive delicacy toward talking finances with the woman he loves.

Loretta made a quick shift of her feet; it took the place with her of a nervous laugh. But since he had misunderstood her words—well, she loved pity and she loved Noah Ruhlmann, perhaps, as well as anyone in the world. She loved very much, at least, the stupid solidity of the pedestal upon which he had placed her, and she loved his own solidity which maintained her there.

"You ain't to think it don't make me feel, well, all-over funny," said Loretta softly. "It does now, and that's the fact."

Curiously, above her blue dress and in the shadowed light her eyes looked no longer tawny, but blue—blue-gray, at least—and deep in tone. They were chameleon to that extent.

Noah Ruhlmann went to her and drew her gently by the wrist to the door. "I got something fur to show you." She went with him reluctantly; she had heard that odd shaking in his voice before. Upon the walk between the up-edged bricks he stopped and pointed toward the letters dim beneath the precise gable. "You know what it reads up there?" he pleaded huskily.

"Why, yes," said Loretta, and escaped his grasp.

"'Amos Wingeroth and Hannah Wingeroth built this house in 1801,'" recited Noah portentously. "Ettie, I ain't no Wingeroth, but I thought a many times that that there Amos and Hannah wouldn't mebbe care to mind if I come here sometime to ——"

"Ach, don't make so solemn!" Loretta spun on her heel. "Now listen on me, Noah." Her words tumbled over one another. "Ain't I got it solemn a-plenty that I have got to shut down on this old place? Make hurry now and take yourself off. I got to think things out a little."

But tonight he did not move, as usual, at her behest, and she divined why that was too. Before, when he had made his attempts to propose, he had been pleading for himself; now concern for her overshadowed even that. That stupid misunderstanding —— Should she explain that she was merely tired of the old house and that she just thought she might like the restless gayety of the factory about her? Oh, no, she couldn't do that! For then where would be this dear commiseration for her? Besides, he wouldn't understand; he might even despise her motives! She swayed before him in the perfumed dusk, her face upturned like a little thirsty flower, drinking in the dew of his kindness, his pity.

"I got it in bank a little"—he was feeling his way, his eyes upon the house, which had always been beautiful to him in its square simplicity—"and Uncle Enos is making always the good investments fur me. But if I would need ever anything exter, he would draw it out fur me, I make no doubt, and ——"

She clutched at anything—at Uncle Enos. "It wonders me he ain't coming to Heitville ever! But Heitville is too little fur him, ain't, tonylike what he is? What fur looks has he—big like you?"

Noah smiled. "If you could see him! But no, money he has got a-plenty, but no big feelings over it. And he could be coming, this year oncet mebbe; he wrote me off such a something in a letter; for a day only, though, he is that busy. But, Ettie, this house "

"Ach, go on now." She pushed him. "I—I have tired."

"I guess you have then," he said compassionately. "But don't be telling nobody what you have got it in your mind. I got something to speak to you before you make any more thoughts about it."

Had he delayed at the gate two minutes longer he would have collided with Levi Zarfoss.

Zarfoss was better looking than she had thought him in the daylight, Loretta decided. He sat neatly upon his chair, not sway-backed any longer, merely unusually erect; his mustache, unlike any which the Heitville men wore,

(Continued on Page 128)

"To be Sure," She Said, Her Eyes Upon Her Hands in Her Lap, "it's a-Plenty Around Here Wouldn't See Why I Wanted to Live Up-to-Dater a Little"

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

By Katharine Brush

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IV

TIP FERGUSON did not quit the Star. He kept on writing his column, at a salary increased to equal, even to exceed, the salary offered him by another paper. Toby and Bill Hastings talked it over privately and agreed that they should have shot the fellow. "There's no other way," Hastings said. "He's got to go."

They were cheerful, with a cheerfulness that deceived neither of them. Each was privately bitterly disappointed. Each had hoped for the column, against the other. Now that the matter was settled, and neither was beaten, though both had lost, they could admit their rivalry; they had carefully avoided any reference whatever to it while it existed. Now they discussed it and argued as to which of them would have supplanted Tip, if either had. "You'd have got it, of course," each assured the other. "I didn't have a prayer." And, "Go on!" the other snorted. "Didn't have a prayer, my grandmother! Why, listen ——"

Toby was a little disgusted with both of them. "Just a couple of smashed cakes frosting each other!"

She Sat Erect in Her Chair, Her Eyes Blazing Again, Her Body Shaking With the Tension of Her Fury

Well, that was that. Forget it. Stop reading Tip's column every day with an eye to improvements and changes, cut out the post-mortems and worry about something else. There were, he assured himself, enough other things to worry about.

There was money, for one thing. November was almost over. The amateur football season would end on Saturday, and Toby had written the last of the daily football articles By Barry Brent. This left him freer, and richer by a wrist watch, inscribed from Brent to himself, and a case of beer. For the use of Brent's name on the stories, of which there had been some sixty, the Star had paid four thousand, five hundred dollars. Brent said, "They tell me it's 'unethical' to offer you any of this dough. Sorry about that, Toby. I'd like to have split it with you."

Not a word had been heard from Cabaret Lady. It had been mailed four weeks ago, but nothing had happened. This might or might not be a hopeful sign; Toby didn't know, and dared not ask. Of the two articles begun in October, one was dying on Page 7, the other was dead, cremated and forgotten.

Except for his salary, he had made no money at all in November. Ann, of course, had made four hundred dollars extra, but that was Ann's. The financial condition of the family was Toby's financial condition, and this was not better by so much as a penny than it had been at November's bad beginning.

He was really worried. He knew he should be, and he was. As the first of December approached he said to himself, "Now listen here. In a week or so you're going to need fifteen hundred dollars, and how! Now what about it? What're you going to do?"

The first thing he did was lose ninety-seven dollars in a dice game.

Ann was not informed. She would be distressed, and he doubted his ability to justify to her his participation in the game to begin with. In imagination he could hear her: "But To-by! Didn't you know you had just as much chance of losing as you had of winning?" Sure, he had known that all right. Or rather, he had known that there was some chance of his losing. Maybe not as much. He had always been pretty lucky with dice. "Well, then!" Ann would say, ignoring the amendment. "Why did you risk it? Toby, how could you? When we owe everybody!"

He couldn't explain. The explanation was simple, and clear enough to him, but it took a masculine mind to understand it. Charlie Sully, of the Bulletin, had owed him thirty dollars since last Decoration Day at Indianapolis. In the back room of a little bar next door to the Bulletin office he had happened upon Charlie and others from that paper, shooting crap. Charlie was a heavy winner. Toby, seeing three lost ten-dollar bills return from limbo, had cleared his throat and said—apologetically, for he always hated saying any such thing—"Say, Charlie, that reminds me."

Charlie had lent a reluctant ear. He had been able, with some assistance, to recall his indebtedness and the circumstances surrounding it.

"You're right," he had agreed at last. "I remember now. I borrowed it to butter a house detective."

He had handed Toby the thirty dollars, at the same time moving over to make room. The whole circle, on its several pairs of hands and knees, had moved over. It had been taken for granted that Toby would join the game. Hadn't he just been handed thirty dollars?

This was the part that Ann wouldn't understand. She wouldn't see, and probably couldn't be made to see, that nobody but a heel could have pocketed the thirty, said "Well, toodle-oo" or something, and gone off. "Nobody but a heel or any woman!"

But even Toby himself couldn't see why he had lost so heavily. He should have quit when the thirty dollars was gone, at the very latest. The thing was that, in the beginning, it had not gone, it had increased and multiplied; he had been more than two hundred ahead during the first half hour. Then, when his luck turned, he had somehow felt sure its defection was temporary—a belief to which he was clinging still when somebody said, "What time is it?" and the Bulletin's staff decided it was time they were getting to work.

He went forth fuming, enraged at himself. He said bitterly to Hank Lehmann at the office, when he reached it, "Behold the village idiot!" And he bowed low, with his hand upon his heart.

Lehmann surveyed him impassively. "No caption is needed," he said. "I know you. But—I mean, why? What now?"

"I just lost very near the whole of next week's salary, that's all."

"Oh, is that all?"

Toby was removing his coat and hat, and trying to hang them on an overloaded peg. The coat stuck, but the hat dropped twice to the floor. When it fell the third time he kicked it under a desk.

Bareheaded, his hands on his hips holding his suit coat back from a waistcoat with three pencils and a fountain pen in the pocket, he confronted Lehmann.

"No," he said, "it isn't. At the present writing, I owe the world one thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven dollars—and if you say 'Is that all?' to that, I'm going to smash you!"

Lehmann gazed dreamily off across the room. "I won't say it," he promised. "As a matter of fact, I don't believe it is all, my dear boy "

He meant something. "What do you mean?" Toby demanded.

"I mean," said Lehmann, "it pains me to mention this, but does that one thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven dollars include, by any chance, the twenty smacks you borrowed from me before the fight in Philly? Ah, I thought not!"

It was that sort of day. Every slight misfortune that could possibly come to pass in a few short hours came to pass in the few hours that followed. Toby's story went badly; it took him two hours to do it, and when it was done he couldn't find the first page anywhere. After fruitless profane minutes spent in spreading out the crumpled sheets that almost filled a giant wastebasket, he abandoned the search and rewrote the page as well as he could from memory. At some point in these proceedings a hidden nail beneath the desk at which he sat caught the knee of his trousers and tore a quite unmendable three-cornered rent. The trousers belonged to his newest suit. There was only one pair.

Before he left the office the sports editor, Mose Fitzgerald, summoned him to his elbow to tell him that every paper in town had scooped them on certain salient points of the Army-Navy story. Mose had a cold and was unusually irascible. "What were you doing all of yesterday?" he wanted to know. "Snoozing? Taking little shut-eye? Doing your Christmas shopping early, maybe? Or are you trying to drink America dry again?"

"I am not," said Toby to that. He thought grimly, "There's an idea!"

On his way out he paused at the copy desk long enough to ascertain from Pop O'Neill that the chances of getting back all or any smallest part of the two hundred dollars he had lent Pop in October were, for the present at least, just as slim as he had feared; then he went home, via a crowded shuttle and an equally crowded Subway train that was stalled for fifteen minutes somewhere between Forty-second Street and Thirty-third.

"Toby McLean," wailed Ann when she saw him, "you've torn your suit! Your new suit!"

He glared at her. "No! Not really?" Ann's silence was like a gasp. "I'm sorry," Toby muttered. "But you didn't have to tell me." He had left the door open behind him. He went back now and slammed it shut. Turning, he cast the rolled-up newspaper he was carrying into a chair, and confronted Ann as he had confronted Lehmann, feet planted wide. "Would you mind," he asked her, speaking very distinctly, "if I got cockeyed?"

It was curious, he thought in the next few seconds, what your wife's steady glance could do to you; how foolish it could make you, how little and how limp. No other eyes in the world could so explode you, as if you were a blown-up paper bag, a flimsy, thin one. You wanted to say, "It was just a mistake." You wanted to cry out, "I take it back!" You wanted the telephone to ring insistently so you could get away and go and answer. The telephone didn't ring.

"All right," sighed Toby at last. "You win. I won't. Only don't look at me like that."

Ann's expression softened. She remarked, after an instant, that of course he hadn't meant it literally. "You didn't really want to get cockeyed again tonight?"

"No, not really. Of course not."

("Liar!" he said to himself. "Coward!")

He told another lie to Ann that evening. To buy their dinner, he had to borrow money from her; and Ann, lending it willingly, nevertheless seemed to wish to know what had become of "all that money —Saturday's salary," that she had glimpsed in his wallet today at lunchtime.

Toby was writing a check for her, under date of next Saturday. Now he waved the check to dry it. "I paid some insurance," he said. "It was overdue."

This was the first deliberate, downright lie he had ever told Ann. He was surprised to find that it was almost easy.

For a week thereafter he busied himself with divers attempts to raise money. These attempts were alternately hysterical and half-hearted, frenzied and listless. Sometimes he thought of his debts as one debt—as sixteen hundred dollars—more than he could hope to borrow or gain or scrape together. "Why, Je-ru-salem, there isn't sixteen hundred dollars!" Facetious phrase, but true. For him—for Toby McLean—there wasn't. And whenever he realized this he grew discouraged, slackened his efforts, stopped trying to collect what was owed him—a drop in the bucket anyway—and went and had a long rye highball.

At other times the sixteen hundred divided itself in his mind, the whole became the less terrifying sum of its parts, and he determined to gather together as much money as he could and pay as many bills as he was able. With any luck at all, he could pay the very urgent ones. The rest could go over till January—and why not? They always had.

His enormous generosity was known to many men, and many had taken advantage of it. Upon these, in this more sanguine mood, he called, feeling mean, feeling guilty, feeling like a cross between a miser and a thief. He had a very ancient, very dirty pocket notebook in which their names were jotted, with the dates of the transactions, and the amounts, which ranged from two to two hundred dollars. In the preliminary survey of the pages of this book, he had drawn quick pencil lines through some of the entries. Scotty Clark was dead, poor old boy. What a story that was Scotty wrote on the fight at Shelby! Johnny Ryan was running a weekly paper somewhere down South. Perkins was with the Paris Herald, Legendre was in San Francisco. Nobody seemed to know where Jim Lewis was. Chris Hanley had tried to borrow more, just a few days ago.

When all such obvious impossibilities were eliminated, some sixteen or seventeen gentlemen of the press owed Toby, among them, five hundred-odd dollars. Of this, he

(Continued on Page 139)

"Don't Go Home Yet! It's Early"

THE WAY OF A MAN

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

JOHN MATHER returned to the dining room with a smile wide upon his face and a twinkle deeper in his eye. He joined at table his daughter Peggy, Tommy Marmon and diffident Richard King. The young men rose as Mather seated himself.

After they were all seated again, Tommy said, "I guess we can go after tarpon on the morning tide, can't we? . . . How about it, Peg?" he asked, turning his attention directly to the girl. "Feel like horsing in a diamond-button fish this year?"

"I'd certainly like to try," Peggy admitted vehemently. Then, as an afterthought, she turned to King: "A diamond button is given to anyone landing a fish weighing over one hundred fifty pounds," she explained.

"One hundred fifty?" the slight King asked. "That seems like a tremendous lot of fish!"

"And game fish too," Marmon interjected. "I've caught a lot of fish in my time, but George H. Tarpon is the gamest thing I've ever struck!"

"That's why I love to fish for them," Peggy said. "The way they fight—fight right down to the last flop in their tail. And then, when you let them go, the way they sink slowly into the sea, their silver sides heaving and glistening. . . . Have you ever noticed how quickly they recover, dad? Exhausted as they are, they never sink more than a few feet before they sense their freedom, fight their way upright and swim off."

Mather laughed, and there was the edge of anticipation in his voice.

"There's no fish like a tarpon," he agreed. "But how about that morning tide? It'll mean a call at 3:30 in order to leave the dock at four. Douglass assures me we can use the cruiser if we wish."

"I'm for it," Peggy nodded. "I can't get a line into the water soon enough."

"Perhaps we'd better use the cruiser if it's available, Mr. Mather," Marmon suggested. "You see, Dick here has never caught a tarpon. We ought to be with him, I think."

King flushed uncomfortably. He saw Marmon's eyes shift toward him and wondered if the young man were deliberately accentuating his deficiencies before Peggy. He knew the keen rivalry that existed for the affections of the girl, and he knew, too, Marmon's superiority to himself in all things commonly reputed to attract such a girl as Peggy.

"I guess I am a pretty weak sister," he smiled wryly.

"Nonsense!" Peggy Mather protested. "You'll handle a fish as well as anyone. Everyone has to learn how."

"I thought," Tommy Marmon went on carefully, "that Dick could get the knack of it a little more quickly if one of us were with him when he hooks his first fish."

"We'll use the cruiser," Peggy announced somewhat stiffly, "but not because Dick needs it. I just think it'd be heaps more fun if we all went together."

"So do I," Mather hastened to add.

They rose from the table and Mather paused to talk briefly with another guest at the inn. Peggy and the two younger men strolled out into the lobby.

"It'll be wonderful on the piazza," Marmon suggested. "We might see if there's a breath of air stirring there."

"We'll probably be eaten alive by mosquitoes," Peggy laughed, "but we can try. If we're getting up at three, though, we'd better be off to bed soon."

She caught a hand through the arm of each and they started for the door. Mather joined them as Marmon paused to light a cigarette.

"Just talking to Judge Whelton," the father explained. "He's been here a week and hasn't missed a fish on a single tide. He says it's the best season they've ever had."

"That suits me to a T," Marmon laughed happily. "Peg, I'll make you a side bet of a dollar on the first fish."

"Done," the girl agreed.

They turned again toward the piazza. Mather reached out suddenly and caught King by the arm.

"Come along with me, Dick," he urged. "I've got to walk down to the pier and tell Douglass the plans for the morning."

Somewhat reluctantly Dick turned away. The others bade him good night on the score that all must retire soon in order to be awake for the morning-tide fishing.

"Don't forget," Peggy called after them as Marmon led her toward the moonlit piazza, "come to the inn kitchen as soon as you are up. We'll have an egg and some coffee there before we start out."

"These tarpon," Mather began as he led King toward the pier, "are he-man fish. They pull like all out-of-doors and they fight right to the last gasp. Once they strike, you've got to keep a taut line on them or they'll leave you as quick as they took hold."

"I've never done anything of this sort, Mr. Mather," Dick answered. "I'm planning on looking and acting the fool."

"Not at all! I know dozens of men who landed the first fish they ever hooked. Again, you'll see the best men out there losing fish every day, Dick. There's an old saying that one in five is a good average to land."

King maintained a dubious silence. The air was soft with warmth and fragrant with the odor of pine and palmetto. Royal poincianas were in bloom and freighted the night with a scent that was vague but restful. All the world about them was etched in shadowy black upon a silver screen of moonlight. Their heels crunched on the shell path.

"In the morning we cut right out that way," Mather was saying. "The tarpon feed on a running tide, Dick. There's a narrow pass out there where the tide rips back and forth from the Gulf. We drift through that pass with line over. . . . You're going to love this sport."

"I'm sure I will," King muttered.

Mather found in the tone of his voice cause for brief laughter. He threw his arm around the younger man's shoulder.

"Cheer up," he urged. "Just like everybody else, you'll get the hang of it. When we get to the boat I'll give you a lesson."

They found Douglass busy shipping swivel chairs in the stern of the cruiser. Perspiration was heavy on his bronze face, but he greeted them smilingly.

"Everything'll be all set, Mr. Mather," he promised. "I'll have three chairs mounted here inside half an hour. There's plenty of tackle already made up and Jolly has gone for a box of crabs. There'll be nothing missing, sir."

"That's the stuff," Mather commended. "Get yourself some sleep tonight, Douglass. We're shoving off for the pass at four in the morning."

Then he stepped into the stern sheets of the cruiser and motioned King to follow. He seated himself in one of the swivel chairs and called to Douglass for a rod.

He Watched, Fascinated, as the Line Straightened From a Downward Tangent Upward

"This is the way we fish," he explained to King, slipping the butt of the rod into a socket made part of the seat of the chair. "When the fish strikes, hit back at him. And hit hard. Break his neck if you can." He smiled broadly. "There are those who will tell you that a tarpon hooks himself," he went on. "But for me, I'll set that hook plenty. The fish haven't any teeth, you see. They live on crabs and clams and such things, and they have only two ridges of bone, one on each jaw, for crunching shells. You've got to set your hook into that bone or behind it. Once he's on there, start pumping him."

He turned then to Douglass. "See that Mr. King's reel is set with plenty of drag," he ordered. Then to King: "What I mean by pumping is to pull your rod up against the resistance of the fish, then lower it, and as you lower it, reel in." He demonstrated several times, finally insisted that Dick hold the rod and repeat the maneuver.

"That's the stuff," he nodded approvingly. "You'll get wise to it all right. You know, both Peggy and Tom are excellent fishermen, so you'll have to grit your teeth and make a showing for yourself."

"I hope I can," King answered slowly. "It's mighty important with Peggy."

"Convince yourself you can," Mather snapped. "And remember, these tarpon jump. They leap right out of the water and shake their heads like a terrier with a rag doll in its teeth. Either you keep a tight line on 'em then, or you lose 'em!"

Somewhat dubiously Dick passed the rod to the smiling Douglass. They stepped out of the cruiser onto the pier. The night was soft and silver about them and the water lapped gently at the hull of the cruiser and whispered there in enchanting tone.

"Be ready at four sharp, Douglass," Mather admonished for the last time.

"Very good, sir. You'll find everything ready, Mr. Mather."

They turned away and walked up the shell path and so onto the piazza.

"Well, get some sleep, son," Mather warned Dick. "You're going to need it. Leave a call for 3:30. Good night."

"Good night," Dick returned. "Good night, Mr. Mather."

He paused then and glanced along the silver shadows of the piazza. Here in this inn where tarpon fishing was the pièce de résistance, people retired early. The glow of a cigar was the only sign of life on the piazza, but Dick strolled its entire length around two sides of the building. Peggy and Marmon were nowhere to be seen. He drew satisfaction from the knowledge.

He was vaguely sorry now that he had ventured on this trip. He feared his own shortcomings as pitted against the superior strength and skill of his rival. There was comfort, however, in the knowledge that, had he declined the invitation, Marmon would have had the field to himself during the fishing excursion.

"

DICK reached the kitchen of the inn about quarter of four the next morning. His eyes were heavy with sleep, but he managed an air of anticipation. Peggy seemed vibrant. Marmon and Mather were much the same.

The older man was rubbing his palms together and the younger gulping coffee and muttering between mouthfuls bits of gossip he had picked up about the fishing.

"Oh," Mather chortled, "they're biting all right. Have no doubt about that. They caught over forty fish in the pass on last night's early tide!"

"It'll be hard for them to bite too fast for me," Marmon smiled.

"You bet!" Peggy exploded happily.

Mather laughed gently; there was pride in his voice

"What's the matter with you, Dick?" Peggy asked. "Can't you get waked up and inoculate yourself with a little of this enthusiasm?"

"I've never caught a tarpon, you know," King answered. "One has to be bitten before he gets the fever, doesn't he?"

They joined in the laughter. "That's well put," Mather avowed. "Once a tarpon takes your hook, Dick, you'll find yourself bitten with a vengeance."

"I'll be pretty punk at it," King admitted. "The lucky tarpon will be the one that bites my hook."

"A lot less trouble getting away, eh?" Marmon laughed.

When they reached the pier Douglass was alongside.

"Everything ready, sir," he reported as the four seated themselves in the stern sheets. "There's no way you could rig four fishing chairs, sir. Three's more'n a plenty."

"Three fishing at once'll be plenty, sure enough," Mather rejoined emphatically. "By the way, Dick," he explained then, "just as soon as anyone in the boat gets a strike, everyone else immediately reels in his line and gives the stern sheets over to the person with the fish."

"Yes, sir. I understand," King nodded. "It seems to me," he went on, "that you three ought to fish first and let me stand by."

"Nonsense! There'll be fishing enough for all, I'll wager," Mather interrupted. "You three youngsters take a chair and drop over a line. Let age and experience stand by to ferret out your flaws."

"Perhaps," Marmon cut in, "Dick is right about learning. Why not let him watch someone else play the first fish? It'll mean an easier chance for him, and a fairer one."

"Yes, why not do that, dad?" Peggy agreed.

So Mather agreed and King heaved a sigh of relief. He felt increasingly that he stood at a frightful disadvantage. Nomenclature was a complete mystery to him, while Marmon was able to call the various contraptions by their correct names and so converse expertly and with high interest. The subject matter being what it was, this meant that Marmon usurped without effort most of the girl's attention

Douglass shoved off and the soft purr of the twin-motored power plant swept across the still night. To the west, where a shore line would appear with dawn, the shadows of night hung tenaciously. Toward the east, though, a faint weakening of night's curtain tinged the world with gray.

As though Mather sensed Dick's thoughts, he said, "It'll be light enough to see by the time we get out to the pass. Takes thirty minutes to make it."

King nodded. Words seemed futile to him. On all sides the twinkling lights of guide boats could be seen. Those ahead showed but a single white light, the reflection of which disclosed, hazily, fisherfolk in the open sterns. Those behind showed red and green running lights along with the single white. Penciled reflections lay bright across the calm water.

(Continued on Page 203)

Toward the Surface of the Water. Then, Sixty or Seventy Feet Away, He Saw the Fish Leap

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 Issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 Issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles, $4.00 the Year—52 Issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela, $4.00 the Year—52 Issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $10.00 the Year—52 Issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 9, 1929

The A B C of Brokers' Loans

WHEN the country has the results of the inquiry into brokers' loans which was called for by resolution of the American Bankers' Association at its annual meeting in October, it will be in a much better position to understand the absorbing and intricate problems of credit and finance which have developed in the past few years. Although the growth of brokers' loans appears to be a phenomenon attending our expanding prosperity, it has proved to be a most troublesome one, largely because, as the bankers' resolution said, it is not yet thoroughly understood. The mysterious is always disquieting, but with the research abilities available these days it should be possible to make clear to all interested parties the meaning of the brokers' loan account and the measures which should be taken, if any, to assure the continuance of a fundamentally sound credit structure. The Federal Reserve authorities, in coöperation with the Stock Exchange and the bankers, will be able, we feel sure, to make as lucid an exposition of these questions as did the monetary commission headed by Senator Aldrich in its reports, publication of which paved the way for Federal Reserve legislation.

To what extent the mounting brokers' loan account has represented changing methods of financing business and to what extent it has evidenced speculation, either justified and useful, or unjustified and harmful, are matters of almost acrimonious debate. In a sense, the expansion of the whole country is reflected in the brokers' loan account in Wall Street. In recent years there has been a slower growth of commercial bank loans and a more rapid growth of loans against securities. To a certain degree, such loans carry business enterprises whose needs were formerly cared for by the banks through commercial loans. But likewise, the vast public interest in stocks, foreign as well as domestic, and the rise in the prices of many stocks, have played parts.

What the country at large and especially the bankers need are clear-cut principles and yardsticks in the new circumstances. The bankers as well as the Federal Reserve are responsible for credit conditions, and there has been too much tendency, as the retiring president of the bankers' association stated in his speech at the annual meeting, to pass the buck to the Reserve System. Neither the Federal Reserve Board nor the Federal Reserve banks own the banks which make up the system. The bankers themselves should have some idea of what the momentous changes in credit structure and methods mean, and not leave all the thinking on this subject to others. Fortunately, this need is recognized by the responsible leaders of the profession.

Here is a case for dispassionate analysis and not for rash judgments or happy solutions from directly interested parties. Persons with speculative commitments are hardly in a position to pass on the subject without prejudice. Nor are the patent-medicine solutions of politicians who like to keep their names in the forefront of affairs any more likely to be sound. It is not a case for pro or anti Wall Street leanings. The need is for facts upon which to base a sane program. It is fatal to attempt to check progress or be blind to essential changes in financing methods. On the other hand, it is just as fatal to blind oneself to the teachings of history. On numerous occasions in the past, international exchanges have been upset and domestic credit dangerously strained by speculative excesses. The real problem which the brokers' loan account suggests is how adjustment may be made to new financial conditions without overdoing the adjustment process.

America's Compliment to Britain

IT IS gratifying to find a journal as representative of the best thought of Britain as the London Spectator hailing with unaffected pleasure and appreciation the virtual doubling of the British quota brought into effect by the adoption of the national-origins system of selective immigration.

In a lengthy article, entitled as above, Mr. P. W. Wilson, whose long residence on this side of the Atlantic enables him to write of our people and their reactions with intelligence and discernment, says: "It is not often that any nation is so blissfully unconscious as Great Britain appears to be of a compliment paid to her by the United States which probably is without precedent in history." The new departure is so recent and was brought about so slowly and after so much tiresome bickering and so many tedious delays that we ourselves have scarcely become accustomed to it. It is small wonder, therefore, if Britain is not yet fully conscious of our radical change of base and has not yet completed her appraisal of the beneficent social, political and economic effects which it is bound to have upon her.

If England sends us her best, or anything like her best, we shall have strong reasons for rejoicing in our altered policy. Of our ability to absorb and assimilate sixty-odd thousand sturdy young Britons a year there can be no possible doubt. If they are willing to adapt themselves to their new surroundings and will work as hard as we have to work to keep going, they will thrive, and they will reap rewards no less generous than our own. Nearly all hard-working young Englishmen who come with a proper equipment for earning a living here, do well and are made to feel at home. They amuse us, and we, by turns, amuse and amaze them; but there is an underlying bond of mutual respect and racial sympathy between us which reconciles a thousand minor differences of outlook and points of view, and makes for lasting amity.

The writer we have been quoting cannot restrain a sly dig at his own people, but we cannot disagree with him when he observes that "the Briton in America is popular because America is the only place in the world where the Briton has to behave as an equal and look pleasant about it." Nor can we dissent from his assertion that "there is not a nation in the world that would open its gates to sixty thousand immigrants a year from another nation unless it had decided in its own mind that its policy would be friendship."

President and Congress

IT IS not to be expected that the President and Congress should always be in complete accord on all subjects. The framers of the Constitution wisely provided for a government of checks and balances. On the whole, it has worked well, and we should not be surprised or annoyed when the check-and-balance feature makes itself manifest. Gradually, through an evolutionary process, the President has come to be more of a representative of the whole people than is Congress. Speaking broadly, we feel that in most issues between the two constituted authorities, public sympathies range with the President. Thus far, Mr. Hoover is no exception to the rule. One would naturally expect that his experience and training would command widespread confidence.

But the whole scheme of government would go awry if any President sustained only victories over Congress. This does not mean, however, a loss of leadership on the part of the President. It is difficult to see how any man in this position can fail to hold his leadership unless he wrecks it by foolish, headstrong and repeatedly unwise actions, or loses it through weakness, indolence or timidity. Surely Mr. Hoover possesses none of these latter qualities, and an impressive multitude of his fellow citizens decided in November of last year that a long record of constructive public service was one of his outstanding assets.

The President has the veto and appointing power, and under our custom he is the head of his political party. Thus there are very definite limits beyond which Congress cannot thwart his will. In addition, few Presidents have addressed themselves more directly to the actual machinery of party affairs than the present incumbent. There need be no fear that he will lack initiative or fail to display the quality of leadership which people expect of him.

Leadership may be exercised in more than one way. It need not be dramatic or spectacular. It does not involve a constant appeal to the public, an incessant "going before the country." The President's duty is to keep in close touch with Congress, to understand its personalities and their motives, to work with the legislative branch as far as possible, and to express his views of essential questions without setting up projects of his own in such a detailed way that his political enemies may riddle them. We do not mean that in emergencies the President should refrain from appealing to the country when he feels that Congress is on the wrong track utterly, and we know that Mr. Hoover would make such appeals if he considered it necessary.

The country does not want a weak or docile President, but, on the other hand, it would fear a dangerously headstrong incumbent or one with highly dictatorial tendencies. Congress possesses far too much power and is altogether too jealous of its prerogatives for a President easily to become overcertain of himself.

Many people think of Mr. Hoover as having entered the White House from his Belgian Relief experiences, and they blur over his more than seven years as head of one of the largest organizations in the country, which deals on an extensive scale both with business men and with politicians. As Secretary of Commerce he was in close daily touch with Congress for more than seven years, and by quiet, skillful and diligent work he was able to secure unusually large appropriations for his department. It is to be presumed, therefore, that he knows something of the congressional mind.

It is true that men of the managerial, executive type have an ill-concealed impatience with Congress as an institution and with political methods. The administrative idea is to get things done, rather than to talk about them. But men of this sort have a saving grace which we would be surprised to find lacking in the President. They recognize facts as stubborn things and rarely cry over spilt milk. If blocked in one direction they turn quickly to something else.

It is fair to say that during his long years in the Cabinet Mr. Hoover served an extensive apprenticeship. He thought and planned on the grand scale, and now that he is translated to the highest office, his program assumes ambitious outlines indeed. He is like a man setting up in business for himself, free to experiment, out on his own. The very largeness of his plans and his obvious eagerness to accomplish things commend themselves to the country. If he makes mistakes, which certainly is possible, and if he suffers defeats, which is almost certain, there will still be no good reason for popular disappointment.

The New International Alignment

By DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE test of experience in international affairs since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles in 1919 has produced a radical change from the world's prewar and immediate postwar opinions regarding the sufficiency of armed force to preserve the peace and maintain the security of nations.

It is, therefore, desirable, in the present period of exceptional opportunity for progress toward a better international understanding, to be reminded of the state of public opinion which immediately preceded and which immediately followed the Great War, and to review the causes which have brought about the state of mind in which the civilized nations of the world now find themselves.

There should be no difficulty in a general agreement that the most characteristic prewar state of mind, not only in Europe but throughout the world, was the conviction that national security against insult, injury, invasion and conquest depended mainly upon the armed superiority of a nation over its neighbors, supplemented by such special and often secret alliances with other nations as secured to it the benefit of their combined forces. This state of mind rested in part upon the experience of previous centuries, and in part upon the estimates of human nature which had been arrived at by reflection upon that experience.

What rendered this conviction imperative was the fact that, with few exceptions, all nations were then striving to outdo their neighbors in enlarging and strengthening their armaments. In this expansion of militarism the great powers were the most active and the most immoderate. But the military consciousness of the small nations was not less intense. Without exception, they felt that, unless they were in some way protected by armed force of sufficient importance to cause their neighbors to reflect before action, their rights and interests would not be respected.

The conferences called to meet at The Hague in 1899 and 1907 were primarily convoked to avoid the conflicts which were seen to be latent in this rivalry of armament. These conferences clearly exposed to the intelligent public of the whole world the dangers that lurked in the existing state of public opinion. In their efforts to induce a different state of mind, these conferences encountered the opposition of powerful interests, and especially of the political conceptions which at that time underlay the whole theory of international relations as they were then dominated by the great powers. As a consequence, this situation was extremely disadvantageous for the smaller states, whose safety could be obtained only through their willingness to act as satellites of their neighbors of greater power and magnitude.

It was, in truth, this complex of circumstantially enforced alliances which had created an apparent but extremely unstable balance of power, in which, as in an iron network, the fortunes of the lesser nations were wrapped up with the destinies of the greater, and all Europe was thus involved in the meshes of the two rival groups of powers.

When at last the inevitable shock of interests came, the entire European system was affected. Neutrality, an idea that had long been recognized as an inherent right of national sovereignty, appeared to both sides, in the mighty conflict that supervened, to be an intolerable incubus. Each side being in its own judgment the representative of the highest human interests, all neutrals, it was felt, should join in its support or be ostracized as unworthy of friendship.

It was in the conflict arising from opposing views regarding national neutrality that the postwar psychosis had its root. In America particularly, which had always stood alone since the formation of the Union, and had never since sought or accepted an ally for its defense, the United States had consistently maintained its right of absolute neutrality, which it believed to be justified by its geographic isolation, its original and traditional principles of human government, and by its permanent interests as a friend of all other nations found worthy of its friendship.

As a purely national question, however, neutrality had a double aspect. Legally it was justifiable in all circumstances. Morally it was subject to a higher principle. When the application of this principle appeared to be

(Continued on Page 157)

STEALING THE THUNDERBOLTS

ON THE ROAD

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

A Few Days Later Callahan Caught Olson at the Railway Station Just Starting for Home With a Soldering Outfit That Had Come From Kansas City

XIII

THE Atlantic Works abandoned active promotion of its farm lighting plants in the spring of 1917. The reason formally given out for this decision was the entry of the United States into the European War, but I am convinced that the decision would have been the same in any event. In the first place, there was a narrowing market because local electric-light companies everywhere were carrying service farther into rural districts. And in the second place, the management of the Atlantic Works was following a doubtful policy in marketing such a product through jobbing houses.

Farm lighting plants really did not fit naturally into the functions of an ordinary jobbing house. To sell them, considerable technical knowledge was necessary. The problem of servicing them after they were sold was also serious. Even if a jobber was equipped to give this service, his profit was too small to warrant doing much of it. In the case of Mr. Kaufman and his unfortunate partnership with his neighbor, Ed Shirley, I suppose the Denver jobbing house spent three times its profit in sending men to fill the gasoline tank and to put in new fuses.

I knew, as early as January, that the Atlantic Works contemplated a change. I was in Texas when I received word from Roger Weeks, instructing me to meet him at the corporation's Chicago office. He had been elected president shortly before this, and at our meeting he told me what had been decided on.

The Farm Plant Division had never earned any money. The only chance to get it on a profitable basis, Mr. Weeks stated, would be to organize a nation-wide selling force and send out our own canvassers from our own branch offices. But it would cost a great deal of money to do this; and in view of the narrowing market and the practical certainty that the United States would enter the war, the directors had decided against it. The corporation would continue to make farm lighting plants and fill orders from jobbers, but in the future would spend practically no money on promotional work.

This let me out of my job as special sales commissioner of the Farm Plant Division. Mr. Weeks told me, however, that he had me slated for another position. About the same time that the corporation had gone into the farm-plant business it also began the manufacture of electrical household appliances, and this department had proved enormously successful. The corporation sold appliances direct to some department stores and other large retailers, but its principal customers were wholesale hardware and electrical houses, and Mr. Weeks wanted a man to call on the latter in the more important cities, making two coast-to-coast trips each year. He had me in mind for the position because of my early pioneering work in the appliance industry and because of my familiarity with the problems of the wholesale trade.

On the occasion of this meeting with Roger Weeks in Chicago I had opportunity to get on a more companionable basis with him than ever before. Since our first interview, when I confessed to him that I had not been a success as manager of Blake-Ogilvie's branch house, he had taken an interest in my desire to fit myself for an executive position, and nearly always when we met he would ask me half humorously how I was getting on in my campaign of self-education. I supposed he himself was a born executive; his great physical size and his quiet, authoritative manner conveyed an impression of such tremendous reserve power that I had no idea he had ever been obliged to overcome any deficiencies of temperament. But I was mistaken. Just before he left Chicago we had dinner and spent the evening together at his hotel, and he told me he was nearly thirty years of age before he had acquired any administrative ability whatever.

It was a strange story. His trouble, he told me, came from a sort of inferiority complex. He was born in a Chicago suburb. As a youth he was bigger than others of his age; people expected him to act like a mature man when in reality he was only a callow boy. Because he could never come up to what was expected of him, he became extremely bashful. As he grew older he realized his bashfulness made him appear badly, and he endeavored to cover it up by assuming a sort of nervous jocularity toward people. He tried, as he said, to joke his way through life, with the result that no one ever took him seriously. He said he didn't especially want to be a professional joker, but it was the only thing he could think of. He went to work in the Chicago office of the Atlantic Works as stock clerk when he was eighteen; at twenty-one he was put in charge of the shipping room and made a fizzle of the job. He could not manage people. He was so constantly trying to be a good fellow that the help resented it when he exercised any authority.

Eventually the manager of the Chicago office tried him out as a salesman, in which job he called on small suburban dealers with the Atlantic's cutlery line, and after a year or so he was given a territory in the Northwest, where he made the villages and crossroads communities. This seemed to be about the limit of his abilities. He was, he said, a fairly good order taker, and by dint of hard work earned one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

An incident that changed the current of his life took place in Watertown, South Dakota. Watertown was too important a point to be on the list of a second-string salesman, but it chanced that Mr. Weeks was near there and went in to spend Saturday night and Sunday. He arrived at the hotel about the middle of Saturday afternoon and ran into three or four salesmen acquaintances in the lobby who were getting ready to go upstairs for a session of five-cent ante. They asked Mr. Weeks to join them and he said he would. There was another man in the lobby,

Continued on Page 40

Here's a soup your appetite never forgets

Like the best book you've ever read. Like the best movie you've ever seen. The flavor of Campbell's Tomato Soup is a delight you always remember—and want to enjoy again and again. You can't say that about many of the foods you eat. And of course it is why Campbell's Tomato Soup is the most popular soup in the world. 12 cents a can.

Your grocer will supply you

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

Our home will be happy
And sparkling and gay,
For there's nothing like Campbell's
To brighten each day!

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

(Continued from Page 38

evidently a salesman, whom they also invited. He declined politely, saying he had some reading to do. He had a book under his arm, and one of the salesmen, a confirmed humorist, read the title, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; the humorist laughed uproariously at this and asked the stranger if he was a college professor doubling as a traveling man. The stranger made some humorous rejoinder and the gamesters went upstairs. Mr. Weeks was interested enough to stay behind for a talk with the literary salesman, who turned out to be the high-salaried representative of a Cleveland machinery corporation.

The talk lasted the balance of the afternoon. The Cleveland man's reading was a part of his philosophy of life. He had figured out years before, he said, that the greatest drawback to his traveling job was the idle time he had on his hands. He checked up and found he seldom averaged more than a couple of hours a day in actual sales work. The rest of the time he was waiting around to see buyers, riding on trains or sitting idly in hotels. All this was infinitely boring; and partly to relieve the boredom and partly because he had an ambition to be a well-read man, he got into the habit of taking some books with him on his trips. He chose books that were not at first easy for him to read, like historical and philosophical works, because he thought they would be a training in discipline, and after a while he found he actually liked them. Not only that, but as time went on he found his knowledge gave him a poise and sureness he had not had before. It was not, he said, that he ever aired his knowledge, but it just came about that more and more he got to doing business with the heads of corporations instead of being referred to subordinates. He mentioned casually that his earnings were in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars a year.

This interview made a tremendous impression on Roger Weeks, who was past twenty-eight years of age and worrying a good deal about his future. He was particularly struck by what the Cleveland man said about poise, because he realized it was the lack of that quality which had held him back since he was a boy. Being desperate enough to try any cure, he asked what sort of reading program his friend would suggest. The latter recommended as a starter Emerson's essays, particularly the one on self-reliance, followed by Plutarch's Lives and Carlyle's French Revolution. After these had been digested, he added, a man ought to be able to choose for himself what line of reading he wanted to specialize in. "But don't get the idea," the Cleveland man concluded, "that your reading is sort of a correspondence course in salesmanship. If you do, the chances are that you won't be much good as a salesman or a student either. What you are trying to do is to develop yourself into a bigger man. If the knowledge you imbibe happens to increase your earnings, well and good. But if not, you're a winner anyhow, because you've got an interest in life that will keep you from being bored."

Mr. Weeks never saw the literary salesman except the one time. He did, however, embark on a course of heavy reading and found it actually helped him attain the poise he needed. People began to take him seriously. He said the whole thing might sound a bit like a Horatio Alger story, but he dated his rise in the Atlantic organization from the chance meeting in the hotel lobby in Watertown, South Dakota, and the years of study and self-discipline that followed.

A thousand times, particularly during these postwar years, when it has become the style to depend on easy methods for attaining success, I have thought of this story, related to me by the president of the Atlantic Works. Not long ago I chanced to attend a session of the class in salesmanship sponsored by a prominent Eastern university. The subject of the day was, Breaking Down Sales Resistance Through Correct Approach; and the students were told that correct approach was to "take off overcoat and carry it on the arm, with hat in same hand, gloves in other hand."

Far be it from me to criticize, but from a good many years of selling and from talks with men of more sales ability than myself, I would say that such instruction does not amount to much. Salesmen who expect to make a second call do not try to break down anyone's resistance, and if a man has not enough native politeness to know how to approach a prospect without being told what to do with his hat and overcoat, he had better adopt some other trade. When all is said and done, good salesmanship consists in just two things: First, to know the product you are selling well enough to explain it intelligently. Second, to have a personality that inspires confidence. You don't get either of these things by learning quick and easy formulas.

XIV

FROM spring, 1917, to November, 1918, the Atlantic Works turned practically all of its facilities over to the Government, manufacturing only enough of its commercial products to maintain contact with the trade in different lines. Catherine and I took an apartment in New York and twice each year I made a Coast-to-Coast trip to call on the jobbers who handled our electrical appliances. I could promise very little in the way of shipments, however, and my visits were largely in the nature of social calls to maintain goodwill against the time when we would again be on a regular production basis.

In January, 1919, began the most amazing period in American business history, and perhaps the most amazing of all was the situation in the electrical-appliance industry. We could not begin to supply the demand. For a dozen years the use of electrical goods had been increasing by leaps and bounds, and the curtailment of manufacture during the war served to make the demand more insistent. I left New York directly after New Year's day, 1919, and was in Seattle the last day of March, when I received a telegram from Roger Weeks, instructing me that I should accept no more orders until further notice, as enough business had already been booked to keep the factory going day and night until the end of the year.

This hectic demand for goods was not a healthy state of affairs, as indeed no state of affairs is healthy when one element of business gets the upper hand. Manufacturers in many lines, assuming the extraordinary demand for goods would continue indefinitely, were tempted to increase their plant facilities beyond what sound sense should have dictated. Other manufacturers, and many wholesalers as well, were inclined to become dictatorial in the matter of credits. Merchants who were in position to pay their bills in ten days got their orders shipped, while others equally worthy, but who had to ask usual credit terms, were

(Continued on Page 165)

The Humorist Laughed Uproariously at This and Asked the Stranger if He Was a College Professor Doubling as a Traveling Man

HOMES ARE
SPOTLESS IN
THE CITY OF SUNBRITE

Ask any modern woman why she prefers Sunbrite Cleanser. The answer invariably is: "It saves time; it doesn't hurt my hands!" The reason—Sunbrite's quick and easy "double-action." It purifies as it scours. Less cleanser, less rubbing, less effort are necessary in each cleansing process. It saves your hands, just as it saves time and cost. You can use Sunbrite in every room in the house. Order a supply of Sunbrite Cleanser for household cleaning today.

Quick Arrow White Soap Chips for baby's woolen things.

Swift & Company

THE EYES OF THE SHIP

By Will Levington Comfort
Written With E. A. Lucas

Captain H. A. Hoskins, of the Empress of Russia

Rupert, the George, the Charles, the John—all Princes; but mere names do not alter the invariable sex of ships. "The Rupert—she's the finest of the Alaskan run," you will hear, or "Take the Charles. You'll find yourself like one of her family, the second day aboard."

It is possible to navigate the first two hundred miles of the passage between Vancouver Island and the mainland entirely with the tide. A vessel leaving Vancouver Harbor at the beginning of the flood and traveling six hours to Cape Mudge, which is approximately halfway, will begin to ride out with the ebb for another six hours as she keeps on in the same direction. This is because the great tidal volume floods in from the ocean around both ends of Vancouver Island, both meeting and receding from the halfway point.

Prince Rupert, British Columbia

CAPTAIN SNODDY observed that for the most part the ship's master would make the mistake of his life to dispute with the pilot in case of extremity, but granted that there have been cases where the captain took back his ship from the hands of the pilot, and other cases when he should have done so because the pilot was astray in his own waters. He cited the classic case of the wreck of the Great Republic, which was later looked up in the records.

In the early days, the Columbia River mouth was considered an especially stubborn and intricate entrance. It was called the "mysterious river of the West." In 1879, the old China liner, Great Republic, the largest steamer up to that time to enter the river, with five hundred and fifty cabin, and three hundred and forty-six steerage passengers, arrived off the Columbia bar at midnight, taking aboard one of the best-known pilots. The night was clear and the liner crossed the bar in safety. Captain Carrol, with his first and third officers also on the bridge, was first to see Sand Island, and reported it to the pilot.

"Better haul her up," he said.

"I don't think we're in far enough," the pilot answered.

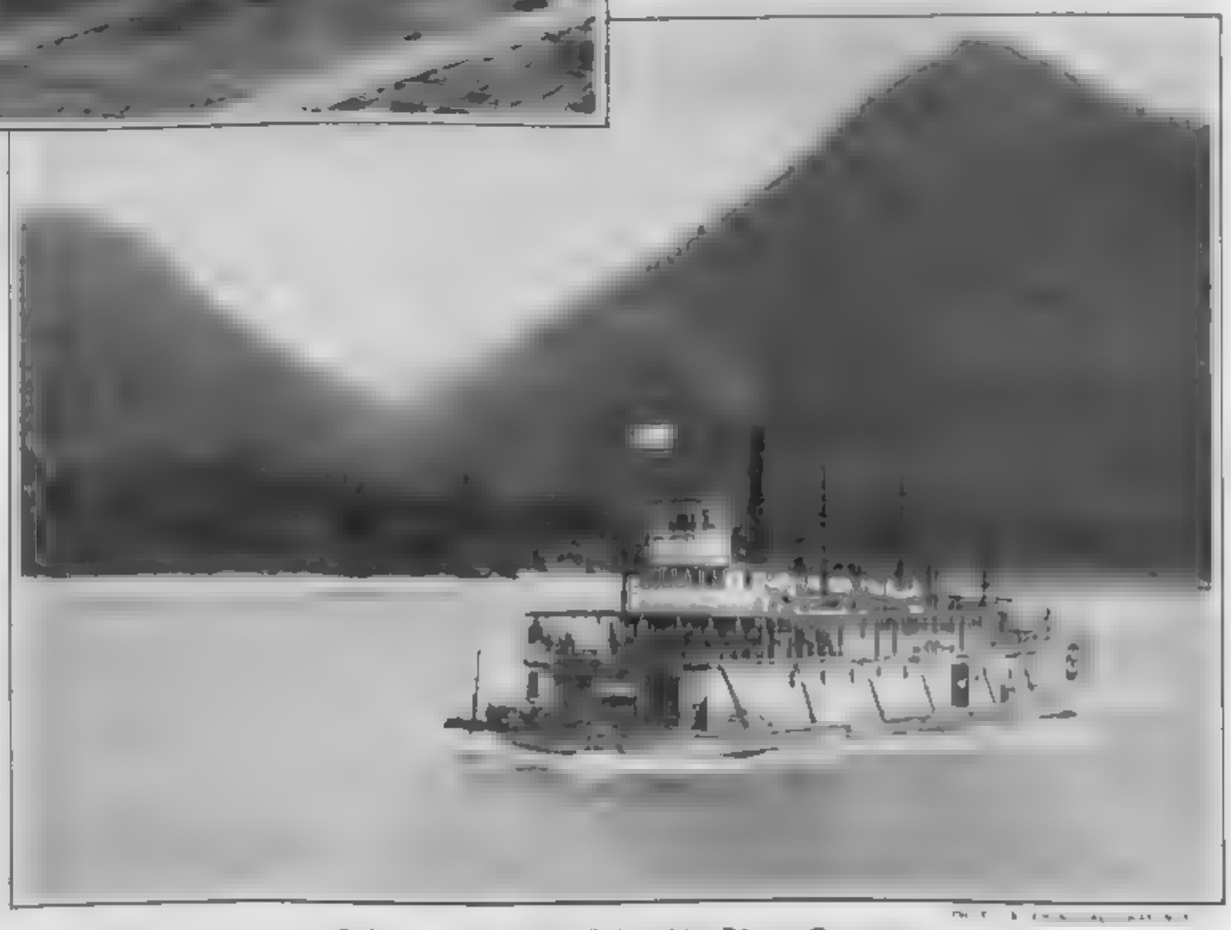
A minute later, Captain Carrol called again: "Port your helm and put her hard over. We're getting too near!"

Bucking Through the Channels

THE pilot didn't see it that way, and held his course for several minutes longer; then suddenly ordered the helm hard aport. The vessel answered, but the ebb tide caught her starboard bow and sent her on the spit. The Great Republic was a total loss, but all her passengers except ten of one boatload were saved. The pilot's report was straightforward in error. "The tide striking her on the starboard quarter had set her down at least a quarter or a half mile from where I thought I was on my course."

Professional last words. None more pathetic than the fallen master's "I thought" after disaster.

The Big Ditch to Skagway—not time quite for that, but enough to reach, even to cross, the Alaskan boundary, "fish-wise and fish-strong" as Captain Tracy might say. The Canadian National Steamships greet one another in passing with an individual siren whoop that has come to mean Canada herself in these northern harbors, for the company is government backed, and is part of the longest and most northern railway system in North America. The Passenger ships, traveling on schedule regardless of tides, must have considerable speed to buck through some of the channels; slower vessels have to wait for slack water. Seymour Narrows, mentioned by Captain Tracy as one of the most critical points of the Alaska run, is not only narrowed down and fouled in the center but it is close to Cape Mudge, the halfway point, where the tides meet, boil and rip apart.



A Steamer on the Columbia River, Oregon

The Prince Charles reached this passage in earliest daylight, leaving Vancouver the night before. Captain Neil MacLean, famous as a pilot and also for making all sorts and conditions of passengers feel at home, confessed that it was a novelty to carry a passenger who hoped for fogs. Two of his officers were on duty with him. The weather was clear. Copper Cliffs were passed; the turn was being made into a pass less than two-fifths of a mile wide, the channel of which was again cut in two by the notorious Ripple Rock and furthermore complicated by furious lateral currents that whirl around an island whose name is Maud. Captain MacLean nodded to his first officer, who took the wheel from the helmsman. On the port beam now showed baleful circular patches of glaze.

"Just there, the monster lies," he said. "In the spring tides seventeen knots speed is often necessary to drive through. Now we begin to feel the set toward Maud. . . . Yes, you have to have a handy ship, quick to answer her wheel. You can see the broken water over the rock, even at night. In a fog — "

When the Rupert Scraped Her Plates

HE PAUSED to look overside and back along the bulge of his hull for a full sixty seconds. "Knowledge not to be imparted," thought the passenger. It would seem to require the sensitiveness to sound of one born blind and the computing genius of Pythagoras to get through this passage with the curtains down.

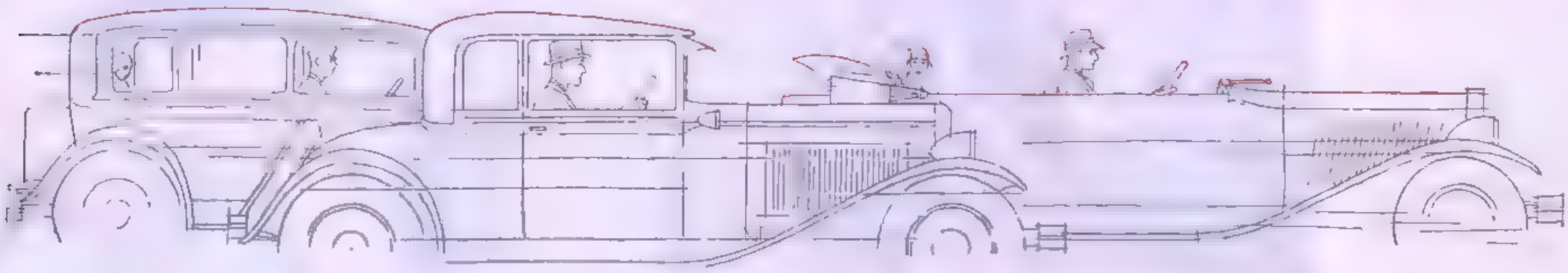
"In a fog," resumed Captain MacLean, "it's mainly fingering our way through with the horn, but no pausing to consider. These shores are high and rugged and steep too; they tell the story. Maud on one side, the Rock on the other, the set of the current alternating. By what grace there is, we've kept our plates clean so far—you see me holding fast to the wooden rail as I speak—but not so with many. The Rupert had a bad brush one night when the set was toward the Rock and Maud was kicking overstrong. . . . By the way, Mr. Bailey, the company's top engineer, was at the engines that night when the Rupert struck. He's on board, as you know. You can ask him about it."

Which was done at breakfast time.

"We weren't off the Ripple that night," said Mr. Bailey. "We were on it, fifty thousand dollars' worth, in a fog you could drink. It ran out of your ears. There were three crashes. Yes, I was down there where the concussion was noticeable. Both screws crumpled. They're bronze, you know. Shaft twisted, engines jammed. A big rip astern, but she stayed afloat. Nobody lost or hurt, though lots of people thought so at the time. You'll see her tomorrow at Prince Rupert, the town she was named after. That wasn't the worst night of her history either. You heard

(Continued on Page 47)

Scientific instruments and run-of-the-road motorists



both tell the same story

the New Mobiloil lasts longer

In our tests on the Atlantic City Speedway, specially-made scientific instruments wrote an amazing story about the New Mobiloil.

When this same New Mobiloil had been distributed to all parts of the world and used by motorists under practically every driving condition, we began to question its users.

Our investigators traveled thousands of miles. They talked with motorists in cities, villages and on farms. Everywhere they found that the story our scientific instruments told was being told again by speedometers on the road.

"The New Mobiloil lasts longer," motorists said.

This ability of the New Mobiloil to last longer under all driving conditions may seem unimportant to you. As a matter of fact, durability is the most important single indication of oil quality. For, in comparing oils of similar "body," engineers have proved that the oil which lasts longest also lubricates best.

There is a Mobiloil dealer near you with the grade of the New Mobiloil especially refined for your particular type of engine. His Mobiloil Chart tells which grade you need —which grade will keep the first-year feel in your engine for at least 30,000 miles.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Mobiloil

Keeps the first-year feel in your engine

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

You need only see today's Pontiac Big Six, and be told how little it costs, to realize that here is a car far more desirable than any other which its price affords. And you get this impression largely from its smart, luxurious Fisher bodies—bodies which enable Pontiac to offer—

Big Car Style—Along with cars of the highest price, the Pontiac Big Six commands the unstinted admiration of discriminating people. For its bodies by Fisher have endowed it with a rare grace of line, harmony of proportion and beauty of color which entirely transcend price, and center attention upon quality alone.

Big Car Comfort—Deep, luxurious cushions and beautifully tailored interiors contribute immeasurably to the comfort of motoring. Prominent among the conveniences found in Pontiac's bodies by Fisher are easily adjustable drivers' seats and instantly regulated Fisher clear vision and ventilating windshields.

Big Car Durability—Every Fisher body for Pontiac has a framework of selected hardwood. Joints are mortised, glued and bolted or screwed together and, wherever strain is exerted, strong steel braces are employed. Panels of heavy gauge steel are mounted over and reinforce the sturdy framework. Heavy felt is placed between the wood and steel to assure utmost body quietness. And, finally, the body is upholstered in materials selected for both appearance and durability. At every step in its construction, each body is subjected to the most rigid inspection.

PONTIAC

Big Car Quality

typified by smart, luxurious

FISHER BODIES

The quality which marks every detail of Pontiac's bodies by Fisher is typical of the big car quality to be found throughout the remainder of the car. And this quality enables the Pontiac Big Six to provide—

Big Car Speed—The highest top speed and the fastest acceleration available in any low-priced six—proved by the "fifth wheel," the most accurate speed measuring device known to automotive engineers.

Big Car Power—Sixty horsepower at 3,000 r. p. m.—the highest power offered by any six so low in price, developed by a 200 cubic inch engine at the moderate speed essential to reliability and long life.

Big Car Safety—Provided by non-squeak, dirt-and-weather-proof internal-expanding brakes—hardwood and steel body construction—full tread axles front and rear.

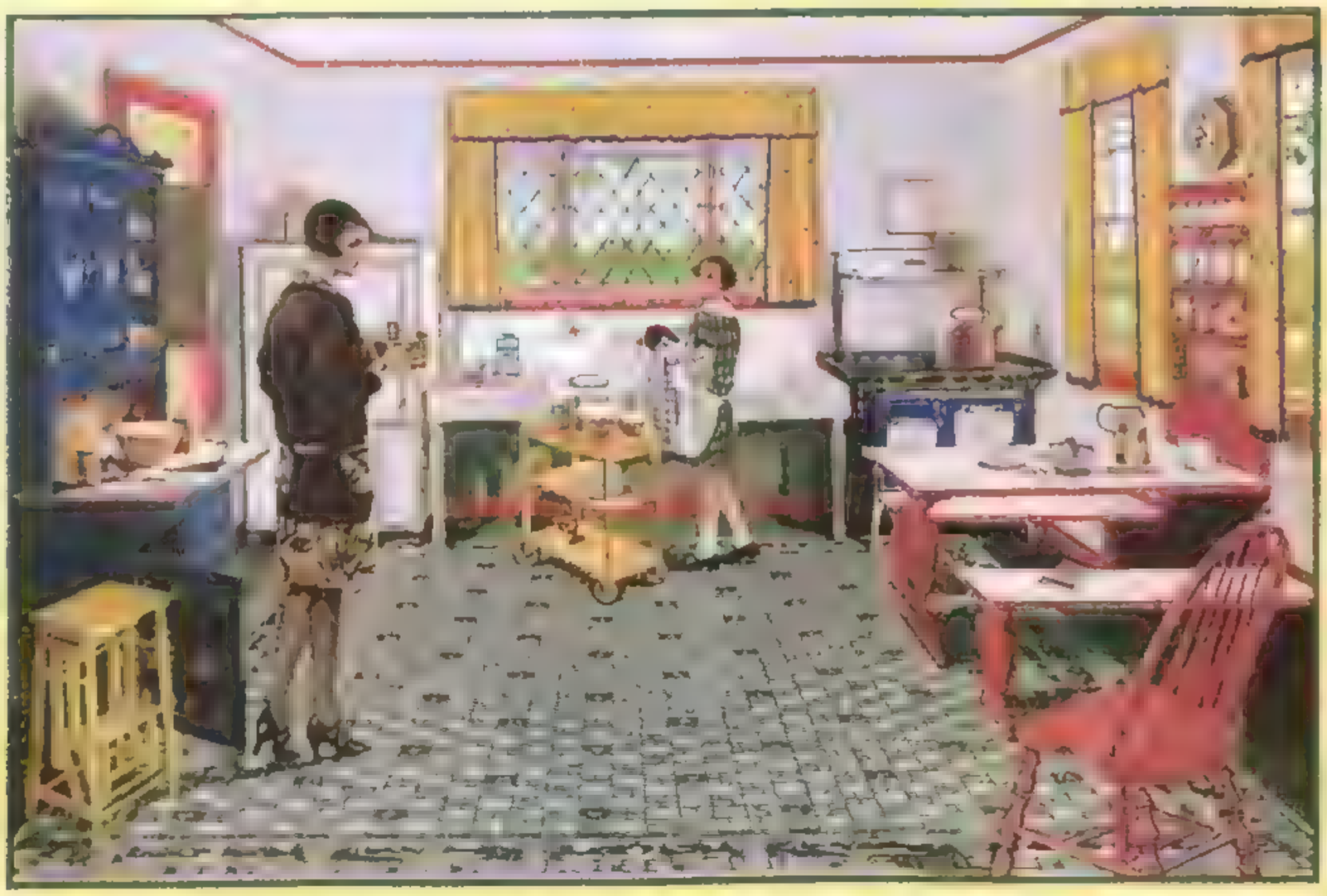
Big Car Reliability—Assured by such features as the Harmonic Balancer which counteracts crankshaft vibration—crankcase ventilation which maintains the quality of engine oil—force feed lubrication for correct oiling at any speed.

With all its big car quality—with all its big car advantages—today's Pontiac Big Six can be owned and operated at costs which rival the economy of the smallest cars on the road. Let the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer show you how easily you can buy a Pontiac Big Six.

Pontiac Big Six, $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., PONTIAC, MICH.

BIG SIX $745 AND UP



THE *distinctive design shown in the gay kitchen is* "WINDSOR" *an ingeniously designed, lattice-work pattern exclusive with Congoleum. It is Rug No. 602.*

To complete the colorful kitchen *a cheery, work-saving* Congoleum Rug

BRIGHT color at the windows . . . in the fixtures . . . on the woodwork . . . and smiling up from the floor, a cheery Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug.

No wonder such kitchens are so much in vogue. For they are pleasant to work in—and so easy to keep immaculately clean. Even if grease or spilled things do go spattering down on the rug there's no harm done. For just a few swishes of a damp mop will make its smooth, sanitary surface as fresh as new again.

Patterns for Every Room

Throughout the house in every room, Congoleum Rugs are the favorite floor-covering of the busy housewife. For they bring new style into the home . . . new beauty . . . and welcome relief from tiresome sweeping and beating.

There's a distinctive note in the design of every *genuine* Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug—something different—away from the commonplace. Whether you choose a rich Oriental pattern, a dainty floral effect or a trim geometric motif, you'll delight in its refreshing style. And its beauty will be a never-ending source of pride and enjoyment.

You'll appreciate, too, the way Congoleum Rugs withstand wear. The exclusive *Multicote Process* gives them remarkable durability.

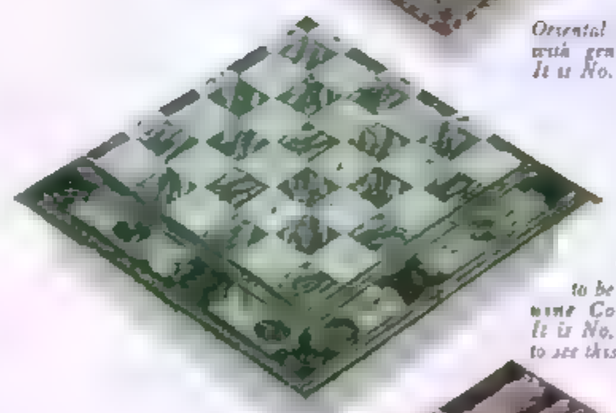
When you buy a *genuine* Congoleum Rug you know you have spent your money wisely—for you have the very finest labor-saving rug that is made.

No other similar floor-covering offers so much beauty, durability and dollar-for-dollar value as Congoleum Rugs.

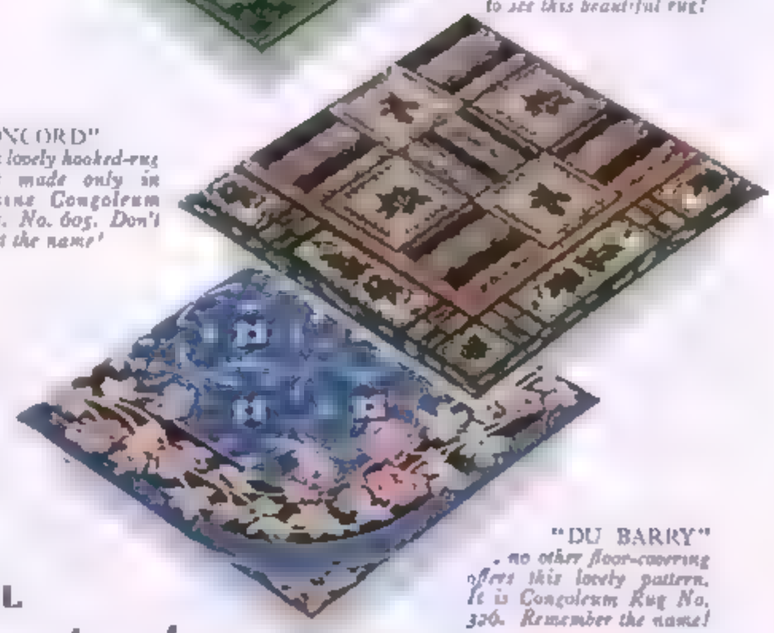
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *Gen'l Off.*, KEARNY, N. J.

New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh Dallas Atlanta Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis New Orleans Detroit Rochester In Canada Congoleum Co. Ltd. Montreal

"PERSIAN" *a charming Oriental design, exclusive with genuine Congoleum. It is No. 612. See it!*



"PALMETTO" *to be had only in genuine Congoleum Rugs. It is No. 604. Don't fail to see this beautiful rug!*



"CONCORD" *. . . a lovely hooked-rug effect made only in genuine Congoleum Rugs. No. 605. Don't forget the name!*

"DU BARRY" *. . . no other floor-covering offers this lovely pattern. It is Congoleum Rug No. 326. Remember the name!*

CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This GOLD SEAL *protects your purchase!*

You'll find this Gold Seal *only* on *genuine* Congoleum Rugs. Don't be misled into buying some inferior brand. For years of satisfactory service—for high quality—for biggest value—insist that this Gold Seal appear on the rugs you buy!

Free OUR BOOKLET "WINDOWS" . . . Name . . . Address . . . S. E. P. 77

(Continued from Page 42.

about the other—Swanson's Bay? We pass Swanson's Bay sometime tonight without going in. The Rupert used to call several years ago.

The commanding figure in Prince Rupert harbor the next day was the Rupert herself, as she whistled for her passengers, now scattered over the town. All Canada looks to the future of this port, two days nearer Japan than Vancouver, and the natural coast outlet of the greatest grain and mineral potentialities of the world.

A Signal From the Rocks

THE fog-seeking passenger was softly kidded, fore and aft, the present trip of the Charles being through the finest weather of the year so far. Not until Grenville Channel was entered the third day did talk cease and work in earnest begin. A low-hanging mist grew thicker at dawn, the channel less than a mile wide, the echoes whipping back to the bridge. From out the white wall ahead, sad and muffled, two short blasts. A ship was saying, "I am passing to the right of you."

"We can't let him do that. We're away over on his port beam now," the third officer of the Charles criticized.

Captain MacLean moved over to the whistle cord and pulled one single, no uncertain blast which meant, "No, I am passing to your left."

Two sharp ones shot back much closer. The voice of the lookout: "Two blasts on your port hand, sir."

"That fellow's ears are in his armpits," said the mate

Captain MacLean reiterated a single solemn blast. Two seconds of tense silence, which seemed ten, then sounded a single long-suffering wail of giving in. The argument was over; the steamer passed on the port side of the Charles, not visibly but to be heard in her several functions.

Shortly afterward, another whistling stranger sounded ahead. The Charles gave the signal of passing on his left, as before. The answer came back in two blasts. Another argument. The Charles sounded single again, and the answer came back single, but the lookout called:

"His echo sounded twice, sir!"

The Charles blasted singly again, and it was certainly eerie to hear the stranger ahead come back twice, too close to be restful. This time the Charles gave over, answering two blasts and porting the helm.

"But how was it that his answer sounded single that second time?"

"He must have whistled almost as we did," said Captain MacLean. "I got his right echo, however, as the sailor did forward. Both ships were in midchannel. I had ample room to give him way."

But a mere passenger would have had to be clairaudient to have heard anything but the echoes of the Charles.

"The sun will be over the yardarm in an hour," the captain laughed. "In a minute or two I'll be able to show you something, making the most of the fog while it lasts. We're coming to a big rock on our starboard side that has a little one stuck out in front of it. The main one juts out from the cliff, and the little one farther still. I'm reaching for it now, though we may not be quite up to it."

He whistled, and the echoes bounced back as usual, an almost tangible sweep of sound each way across the bridge.

"Not quite," said the captain. "Now, listen on your right hand," he added a moment later, giving the whistle cord a quick tug. This time a double echo came back distinctly from the starboard side of the Charles.

"That's it—the dot and dash," said the master. "Those two rocks have straightened out the channel for us many times."

The lower Alaskan strip was unaccommodating in the brief and brilliant summer. That was the limit of fog allowance. Crossing the Hecate Strait to Queen Charlotte two days later, the weather was rough, but clear. "The strait is none too deep, and frequently choppy," said Captain MacLean. "I used to know a skipper who hated this passage from dark experiences of his past. His temper was none too sweet in any waters, but here he was mean as boiled tea in a tin cup. Once a woman passenger was frightened. She wanted to be assured that the ship wasn't going down, and no one but the captain could do it. He was in his cabin, resting his feet in a pail of hot water, when this woman fumbled the door knob and looked in.

"'Oh, captain, is it always as rough as this here?'

"'Don't ask me, madam. I don't live here,' he growled."

In the offices where pilots forgather to await their calls the windows overlook the water. In all shore waiting, they turn like gulls to the sea. They smoke and chat, leisurely paring the plug in the palm of the hand, filling the deep, cool briers that last the best part of an hour. Their talk is sane, incidental, pithy, ruminative. They reach for a glass to watch "some fellow" coming in—rarely a difference of opinion. The distant funnel or water line or slant of the bridge tells them intimate secrets. "That's a Norwegian . . . a Jap . . . lumber . . . coal . . . steel . . . Old Man Winthrop has her. Must be seventy."

The window is wide open. They confess to wearing heavy underwear. They sit easy in their clothes, do little creasing or cravating. They don't fidget. They blacken their own shoes. They talk of tugs, ports, slips, tides. They talk of "her"—meaning a ship, not a woman. It's a matter of instant interest to all that the dolphins have been knocked off Shenley's Pier. Sometimes a sail shows at the harbor mouth and they look long and silently there, for romance was grounded in those days. A tug toots out yonder. "That's old Benton. He's trying to get along."

R. A. Batchelor, Pacific Coast Pilot

Captain Donald, of the "Prince Rupert"

Captain Fred Nystrom

Captain E. Griffiths, R. N. R., of the "Empress of France"

Few of the pilots are under fifty; most are more than that. It takes many years to get a master's papers, and many more to attain the local mastery. The formal age limit is sixty-five, but they may work after that by passing examinations each year. The long-strained eyes and ears wear at last. Instinct may deepen and wisdom and experience enrich the mind, but the outer senses must also remain supernormally acute. At the end of their long watch, after taking a steamer out, there is the crawly descent overside on a swaying ladder to the launch, often with numbed feet and limbs. The older men dread this secretly, it is said, more than the hours of work. The ladder has been known to slip; sailors are sometimes careless and incompetent. Recently at night an elderly pilot was plumped into the sea between the plates of a tramp and his tossing launch. A round, faint film of visibility showed in the surge—the bare bald head of "a master of steam vessels of any gross tonnage, on any ocean" who couldn't swim, and was with great difficulty fished out.

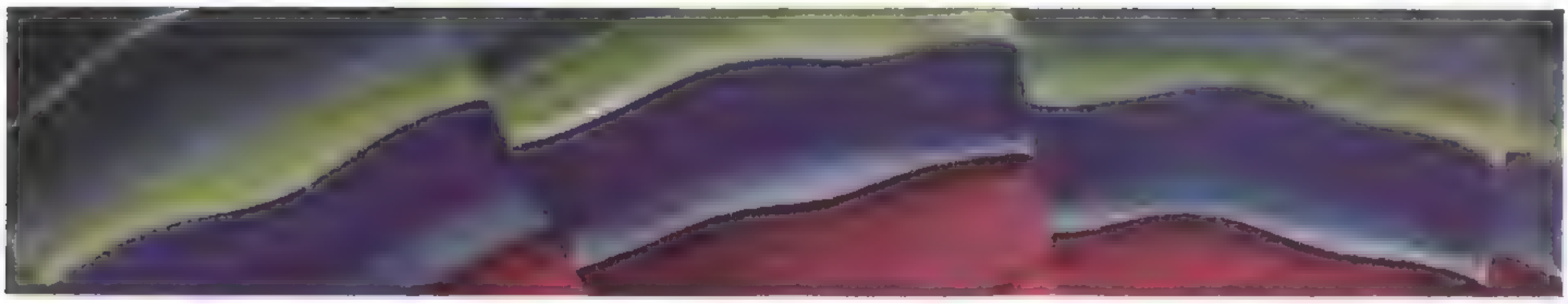
The Art of Being Unobtrusive

NOT favoritism but long years of unswerving reliability bring them to the inner lists. They are arrived men. The rest for them is to do it again; no great sudden coup—merely to do it again, ever more perfectly. The pilot without a history is the great pilot. All stunts are out in his work. The more quietly and unobtrusively he can pass year after year through the tricky combinations of wind, tide and rock-lined passage, the better for him. His owners do not care to hear from him as a sensation. Like a veteran driver passing through traffic and intersection without close shaves, or traveling the highway at a high, sustained speed, his art is only recognized by one who knows; the full extent of it can be appreciated only by one who does likewise.

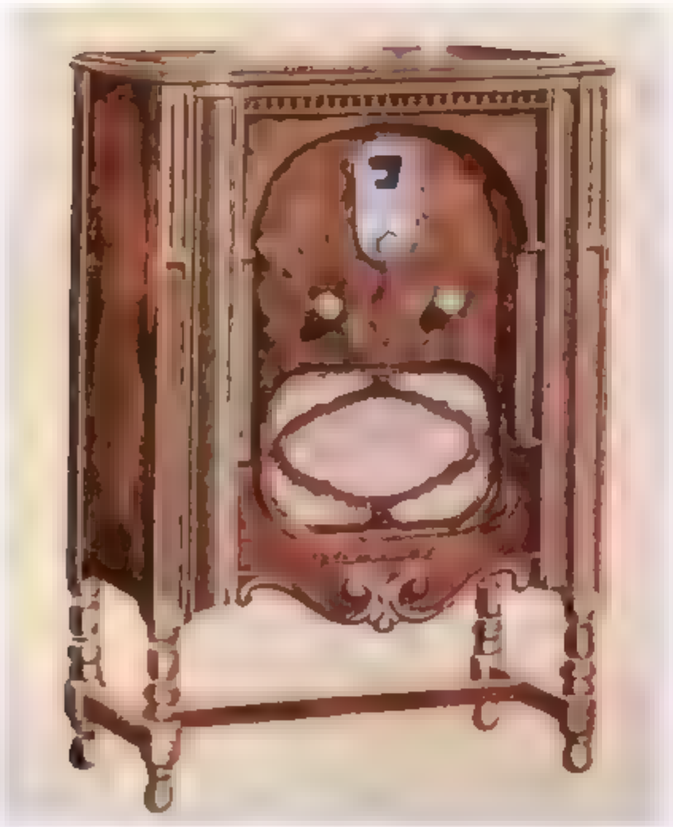
They are men set apart by the power of thought and decision. They have time to get still and think. For hours at a time, through thousands of nights, there is nothing between them and the stars. The bridge of a ship is as perfect for intimate communions with the larger life as the desert or the mountain solitudes. Back of the ordinary working faculties there are inner folds of mind which all profound men learn to cultivate. The business executive, chewing a cigar in the silence of his inner office, is at it, though he would laugh if you spoke the word "meditation" in his case. The constant character-building pressure of responsibility also opens the mind to its invisible connections. There are no humbugs among

Continued on Page 198

The Docks at Vancouver



Now.. Football's Famous Battles in *COLORFUL* Realism



MAJESTIC BEAUTY as illustrated in this authentic early English period model, matches the incomparable beauty of tone provided by the famous Majestic chassis and super-dynamic speaker ... Tune in Majestic Theatre of the Air—Wendell Hall, Director—over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Sunday evening from 9 to 10 Eastern Standard Time. Famous headliners of the stage and screen. $137.50 LESS TUBES

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

PLAY BY PLAY ... *with Majestic's life-like volume*

BREATHLESS hush for the kick-off ... dazzling passes, brilliant runs ... smashing tackles ... "Touchdown!" ... thundering roar of the crowd ... bands ... cheer-leaders ... The season's biggest games are here ... *Phone, quick, for a Majestic!*

Majestic's tremendous power gives you a fifty-yard-line seat on the sidelines ... its glorious volume of COLORFUL TONE gives you every play, every thrill, with realism you never dreamed possible. Hear this superb instrument today. It will amaze you with its sharp separation of stations and distance-getting ability. No distortion, no interference, no hum or background noise.

Your dealer will gladly demonstrate the new Majestic ... in your home at no cost ... and tell you about the liberal time payments on the Majestic Finance Plan.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A. ◆ WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF COMPLETE RADIO RECEIVERS

Majestic
RADIO

Licensed under patents and applications of R C A and R F L, and the Independent Wireless & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates

MUSSEL BOUND

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"What You Mean, Playin' Like You Was a Soldier in de War? Git Outen My Way an' Lemme Walk at Whah Ise Gwine! De War Done Ended Ten Years Back"

IN THE warm sand on a sunlit California beach below Monterey, the Wildcat surrendered to Lady Luck. Old Man Trouble kep' whisperin', "You betteh git up an' find somebody whut craves to hire a hand." But Lady Luck opposed this. "Take yo' rest," said Lady Luck. "Take yo' rest. Nobody cain't handle no job of work no place widout fust off restin' back his stren'th."

To the Wildcat's diminutive running mate, the small black demi-tasse, Lady Luck gave different counsel. "You got to work to eat," the goddess of luck advised Demmy. "Sweat or die. Dat's yo' slogum."

Demmy addressed the Wildcat: "Lay heah does you crave to. Sweat or die is my slogum. Ise gwine to Monterey an' locate me a job."

"I got me a slogum, too, Demmy. My slogum is survive or perish, an' I ain't neveh perished none yet."

"Starve to death does you crave to, Wilecat."

"Nobody gwine starve whilst de ocean pasture stays full of fish, an' mussels on dem rocks so thick you cain't walk widout scrunchin' a banquit. Go 'long an' labor, bullhead, but don't agonize me no mo'. Don't quar'l wid me hardly none." The Wildcat dug himself a little deeper into the warm sand. "Don't start no quar'l."

"Ain't quar'lin'. Takes two to start a quar'l."

"Git 'long! Mebby take two like you sez fo' quar'l startin', but one kin start a foot race. Git agile. Does I git angreh dey's gwine to be seaweed an' you in de sky a mile up. Pesteh me jus' a li'l' bit mo' 'bout work an' you lands in de Middle West on yo' fust bounce. Gimme half dat plug eatin' tobacco befo' you goes an' den git away f'm me an' dis ocean an' lemme sleep."

Demmy divided his store of eating tobacco with the sleep craver and then he began his march across the sand dunes toward a road that led to Monterey. Before Demmy had covered a hundred feet on his way the Wildcat was sound asleep. He slept soundly until the sunset chill woke him up.

"Lawd, dat was a noble sleep!" He yawned a yawn of gratitude. "Now I got to cook me a evenin' ration of vittles. Whut does you crave to nutrify yo'self wid dis evenin', Mistuh Wilecat?"

Replying to his own question with another, "Whut is de outlay on de bill of fare fo' de evenin's banquit?"

"Well, lemme see. Fust dey is de shellfish. De mussels is mighty choicy. Lemme steam you a good bait of mussels whilst you itemizes de remains of de nutritious regalia. Dem steamed mussels is mighty tasty."

"Yeah, I knows. Ise et 'em quite copious of late. Come a-runnin' wid 'em ennyhow whilst us sees whut elsum tempts me."

The banqueteer devoted the next hour to an attack on the mollusks which festooned the local fringes of a generous sea. Three cents' worth of shopworn bread and a quart of coffee balanced the Wildcat's ration. A pipeful of sun-dried secondhand chewing tobacco gave a Lucullan finish to his banquet.

"Whuf! Dem mussels mighty tasty. Cost mighty heavy in a fust-class restaurant, but right heah Lady Luck dishes 'em out wid a free hand. . . . Now I gits me some sleep. Heah I sleeps till dis time some day soon."

Deep in the warm, form-fitting sand, protected by three layers of gunny sacks, lulled by the cadence of breaking waves, Lady Luck's lost child went to sleep.

At midnight his sleep was interrupted by a fireproof safe and a pile-driver hammer or ten tons of something else pressing downward upon his chest. He dreamed that the moon had split in two and that the sharp half of it had landed on him.

"Git away, moon. Go 'long an' shine an' lemme sleep." He swept the moon aside with a violent gesture of his right arm, and hit a stranger on the shin.

"Wat tell!" the stranger said, accompanying his remark with a seven-foot leap.

The Wildcat sat up. "Whah at's de main ruckus?" he questioned, half awake. "Whut somebody mean, ride a elefump up an' down my carcass?"

A white man answered him. "What you doin' here?"

"Ain't doin' nuthin'. Jus' befo' de earthquake I was sleepin'—dat's all Ise doin'."

The white man lifted his voice to a high conversational pitch. "Pedro!" he called into the darkness. "Come here!" Then, to the Wildcat, sitting up now, half out of his burlap cocoon: "Keep still!"

The beam of a flash light lighted the Wildcat's face. "Keep still or I'll blow your head off!"

The Wildcat saw the dim bulk of a black automatic in the speaker's hand. "Yas-suh, still is whut I keeps!" To himself, "Bootleggehs," the Wildcat decided. "Landin' likker f'm a boat."

Following a brief consultation between the gun-bearing stranger and one of his confederates, "Chain him to the boat," the stranger ordered. "We'll take him back with us if he wants to work. If he won't work, have it your way and bump him off."

The Wildcat interrupted the conversation at this point. "Us craves to work!" he announced. "Lemme work, white man! Whah at is dis work?"

"Don't talk so loud," the man named Pedro ordered. "Come along with me."

On his journey with the new-found Pedro the Wildcat passed two motortrucks about which a dozen men labored, loading them high with heavy boxes.

"Likker," the Wildcat decided. His nostrils widened and he became more specific in his judgment. "Scotch likker. Dese boys must of come f'm a long ways off wid it."

In a boat beached on the wet sand the Wildcat waited, captive, for half an hour; and then, lending a hand with an oar, he helped five or six men row out toward the deeper waters of the bay where, riding at anchor, lay a two-masted schooner.

Going aboard, "Whut's dis boat?" the Wildcat asked.

"Hop to it and bear a hand with those boxes!" a harsh voice replied.

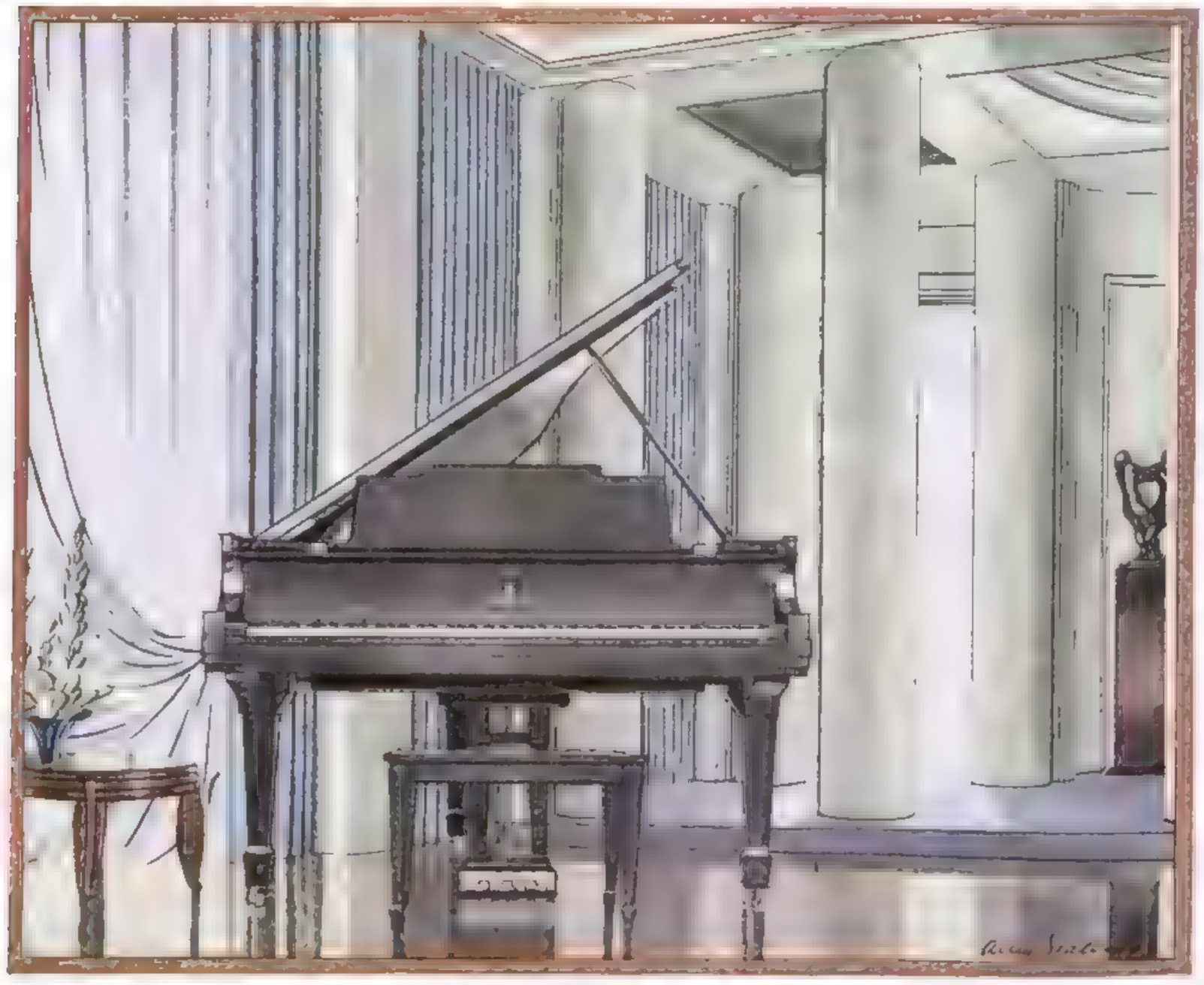
"Yas-suh, Ise hoppin'."

Lady Luck's lost child put in the next three hours at hard labor. When, an hour before dawn, the work ended, he began a voyage away from sleep and rest and the idle season of repose which he had enjoyed on the peaceful beach below Monterey.

(Continued on Page 52)

The Steinway *Ebonized Baby Grand in a modern interior designed by Allen Saalburg. A Steinway of this size and power—at $1475—is an extraordinary value. Calculated on the basis of cost per year it is the most economical of all pianos. For it is built to give a lifetime of perfect service. It is the ideal instrument for the majority of homes. Its ebonized finish harmonizes readily with any plan of interior decoration, and its size is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that beauty and breadth of tone which a true grand piano ought to have.*

There is a Steinway size and model for every need. Any Steinway may be bought with a 10% cash deposit and it will be delivered to your home at once. The balance may be conveniently distributed over two years.



Richard Wagner *in commenting on the Steinway in a letter from Bayreuth, wrote: "Our great tone masters, when writing the grandest of their creations for the pianoforte, seem to have had a presentiment of the ideal instrument, as now attained by yourselves. . . . I find your grand piano of wondrous beauty. It is a noble work of art."*

PART OF THE HOME THAT YOU

YOUR BACHELOR DREAM of the ideal home with countless comforts may have given way to a reality more modest. Yet a home with the same essential character is quite within your reach. For real character comes of such things as well-chosen furniture and pictures, good books, and fine music, personally performed. . . . These are advantages as much for those of moderate circumstances as for those of means.

It is in the home where living is regarded as an art that you are apt to find a Steinway. For though this piano is used almost universally upon the concert platform, it is designed primarily for the home. There it is a constant source of pleasure during intimate hours of leisure, and an entertaining companion whenever there are guests. . . . But above all, it is an ideal medium for creative expression, welcomed by every member of the family. . . . For mere listening will never give true music-lovers all they ask of that generous and persuasive art.

In the possession of a Steinway you will enjoy beauty both in line and tone. Each instrument is a piece of craftsmanship so singularly graceful and with a finish so distinctive that it will be accordant with whatever plan of interior decoration you may select. . . . And as for tone, it is enough to note that this piano

STEINWAY

"The Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla"—*Painted for the Steinway Collection by Rockwell Kent. . . . It was the music drama which Wagner felt to be the highest form of art . . . "a means by which man might be revealed to man as he is or as he may be." He saw in it a mighty social influence through which the artist could present themes of idealism so convincingly that they would be of the greatest benefit to the people. This irrepressible enthusiasm brought about his memorable "reformation" of the accepted opera of the day. And it was in "Das Rheingold" that many critics feel Wagner first realized his full powers as a "musical scene painter" and philosopher. . . . The sublime Valhalla theme, with its tranquil majesty and its stirring note of victory, bespeaks the glory of the ancient gods.*

Rockwell Kent — *The work of this dynamic painter has attracted much attention in the world of art. He is represented in the foremost museums in America, and has exhibited widely in South America and Europe. His singularly vigorous and imaginative style makes his interpretation of this Wagnerian passage of particular artistic interest.*

PLANNED IN A MORRIS CHAIR

has been chosen both for personal and concert use by virtually every musician of note from Wagner to Rachmaninoff.

The reputation of the Steinway has caused many people to believe that it must necessarily be beyond their means. As a matter of fact, a Steinway Grand will be delivered to your home immediately for an original deposit of so little as $147.50. The balance may be extended over a period of years.

Then you will have a piano that is not only the wisest choice for tone and beauty, but for economy as well. For the Steinway is an instrument that is built to give a lifetime of happiness. In thirty, forty or even fifty years it will still be as responsive as it is today. You need never buy another piano. And *there* is the true index of its economy.

There are many different sizes and models from which you may make your selection, each at a different price. But there is only one quality of Steinway.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for **$875**

GRANDS $1475 ***and up***

plus transportation

10% down *balance in two years*

Used pianos accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

(Continued from Page 49)

"Which way us headed?" the Wildcat asked after the bouncing craft had stood out into the open sea. "I mean, which way us headed 'sides up an' down? Lawd, I neveh seed such a agile boat!"

"South. Where d'ya suppose the stuff comes from?"

"How fur south? . . . You boys eveh git as fur south as Memphis?"

"Guaymas is as far as we go. It's just an easy walk from there to Memphis. You better take lots of drinkin' water with you, though, because you got to cross a thousand-mile desert."

"Whut kind of a town dis Guaymas place? Mebby I stays dere."

"It's a town about the size of New York."

"Enny colored boys live dere?"

"Some. . . . Git to work! The skipper's lookin'."

Work and a weak stomach characterized the Wildcat's restful voyage. "Lawd, I be glad when us gits to dis Guaymas place! Needs me 'bout ten yeahs of steady sleep. Wondeh whut makes dis ocean flutter so much? Ennybody think a ocean as big as dis ocean is would be too big to move. Whut I craves is to let dese feet tread steady on dry land."

Dry land was two weeks in the future, but the two weeks passed and presently Cape Haro stood up out of the sea. The skipper of the rum ship steered for the entrance between San Vicente and Pajaros islands, and then stood over for the fort on the eastern end of Ardilla Island. Clear of this landmark, he hauled up for the center of the town and stood in for the inner harbor until the channel shoaled to four fathoms

"Thought you said dis Guaymas town was de size of N'Yawk," the Wildcat protested to a talkative member of the rum-runner's crew.

"It's about the size of New York, but there's not so many people in it. It runs from here to the mountains."

"So do I," the Wildcat resolved, "de minnit my hind laigs touches land."

The Wildcat's retreat from Guaymas was checked almost before it started by a gun-bearing Mexican brunet clad in pajamas and two cartridge belts. "Whoa, and whoa lots, and four times faster than pronto!" the gun bearer ordered in unintelligible words which he translated for the Wildcat's benefit with a flourish of the bayonet on the end of a heavy rifle.

"Whut's de big idea, b ack boy!" the Wildcat protested Nevertheless he stopped "Unpoint dat knife away f'm my vitals! Whut you mean, playin' like you was a soldier in de war? Git outen my way an' lemme walk at whah Ise gwine! De war done ended ten years back."

Within five minutes an interpreter had explained to the Wildcat that another war had replaced the one whose end he had discussed with the gun-bearing sentry

"Lemme git back on dat boat whut I come on!"

"The boat has sailed on a military enterprise," the interpreter informed him

"Lemme telefoam my white folks. Enny dese gun niggers pesteh wid me, my white folks comes down heah wid a million soldiers an' holds a black-meat barbecue!"

The rebel interpreter, knowing that his chief's first wish was to avoid just exactly that kind of trouble, passed the buck to the man higher up. The buck passed merrily for two hours, and then to the Wildcat there came a summons. "The commanding general of this army wishes you to report to him at his headquarters '

"Which army?" the Wildcat asked "No army round heah whut I kin see. Which gin'ral, an' whah at is he at? Ain't got no time to pesteh round wid no gin'rals."

The Wildcat found time later to pester around quite a lot with General Toro.

"You understand what the general said?" the interpreter asked the Wildcat.

"'Course I cain't undehstand whut he said! I don't speak dis monkey chatteh. Whut he say? Neveh liasen to no nigger gin'ral much nohow."

"The general has appointed you a major."

The Wildcat's eyes brightened. "Dat's fair enuff! Whah at's my regalia? Whah at's de quartermaster whut puts out 'quipment fo' us majors?"

"That will all be arranged. In the meantime, major, the general wishes you to have a couple of military aides "

"Don't need me no aides fo' de military work I aims to do. I kin eat an' sleep single-handed widout no aides Whah at does a major get his rations round heah? Answer me mighty sudden, else I hands you oveh to de M. P.'s."

"You will get your rations with the other distinguished parasites," the interpreter explained. He took a chance on the noun.

The Wildcat's eyes glistened at the word. "How many is dey of us parasites? Mebby dey won't be enuff vittles to go round."

"There will be plenty of food for everyone. The army is well equipped with funds and materials supplied by our friends in the United States."

"Well, dat seems to be settled, 'ceptin' I ain't et yet. Anotheh main point I got to take up wid you is whut does I do, when I majors, wid my two aides?"

"You are to be personally responsible for the care and transportation of General Toro's four fighting cocks."

"You mean Ise to stevedo' round de gin'ral's fightin' poultry? Dat all a major does in dis army?"

"That is about all you have to do, major," the interpreter returned respectfully. "As a matter of fact, all you have to do is to supervise the work of your two aides."

"Whut I git paid fo' dish job? Not so much whut as when, by de way."

"The pay of a major on poultry duty is one hundred dollars a month. Of course there will be a lot of profit in the field when our army starts its triumphant march southward to the capital. We go through several rich towns. General Toro always divides the profits with the heroes who accompany him."

"How much you figger dat profit gwine to be?"

"Some towns, if the storekeepers have not been warned in advance, yield as much as fifty dollars for every patriot. I think you will find this war a very pleasing occupation, major. Now, if you will come with me I will show you your charges."

"Whut charges you mean? I ain't run up no bill so fur, is I?"

"I mean I will show you the general's battling poultry, as you so cleverly called it "

"Wait a minnit—wait a minnit! Befo' I takes dis job, whah at is my 'quipment? I ain't changed no clothes since I got to be a major. Fust thing I craves is my unifawm. Us cain't major none in dese pants. Ain't gwine to be no soldier fo' nobody widout military raiment."

The interpreter, who would have made a career man in the diplomatic corps, took his cue from this, and within an hour the Wildcat was adorned in a double-breasted Prince Albert coat which glistened with brass buttons and gilt braid. Around the new major's waist was wrapped a wide sash of yellow flannel, held in place by a leather sword belt from which dangled a shiny cutlass which had been discarded by some European fighting man seventy years before the Wildcat fell heir to it.

(Continued on Page 86)

"Boy, Dat Ol' Gin'ral Toro Suttinly Does Turn Out His Majors Mighty Fleet"

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

PACKARD luxury has never been more apparent than in the new series Packard Straight-Eights recently introduced. The three complete lines—Standard, Custom and De Luxe—have all been still further refined and improved, in motor, in chassis and in body.

The characteristic grace of Packard lines is retained, for Packard does not depreciate cars in the hands of owners by radical and unnecessary changes. But the new cars are outstandingly more comfortable, more convenient, more luxurious than ever before.

And as a further advance in truly luxurious transportation, Packard has added to all three lines a practical and beautiful new model—the Five-Passenger Coupe.

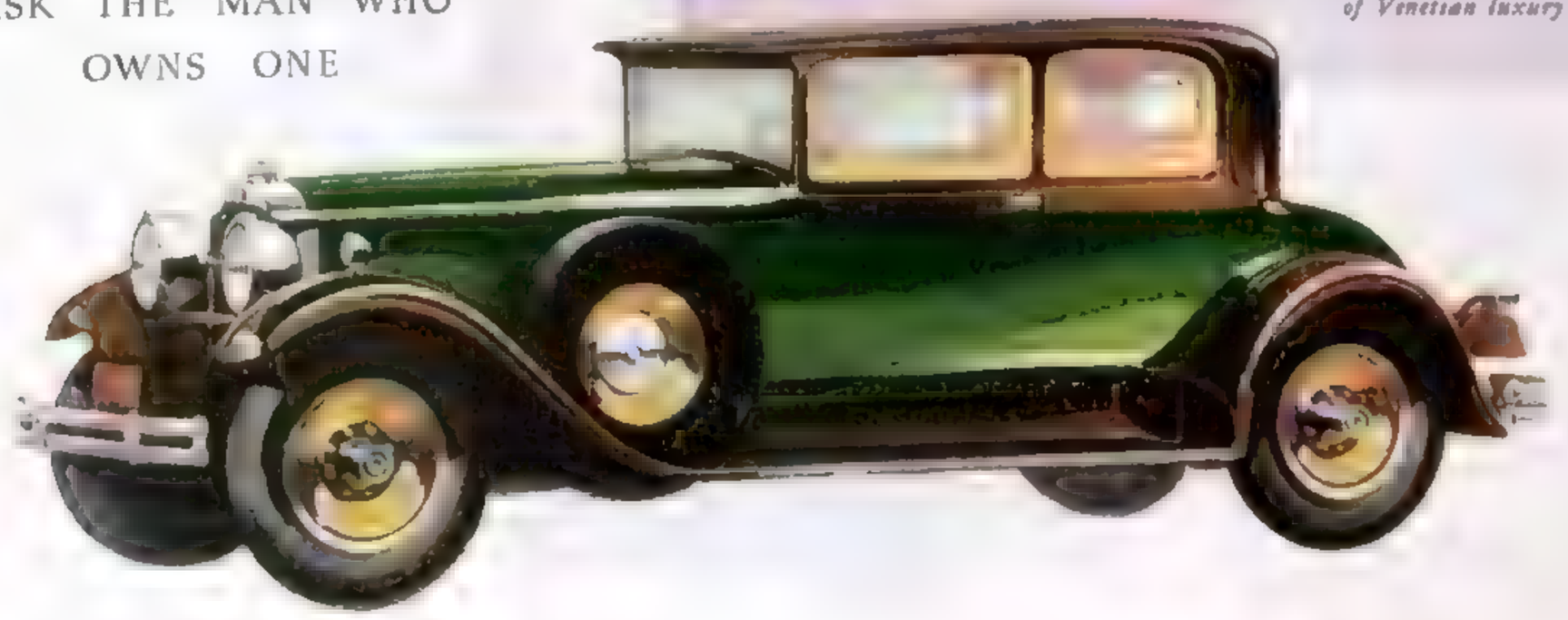
This car, pictured below, makes available for five the luxury of seats arranged well forward on the chassis—and at no sacrifice of roominess or comfort. Ample luggage space is provided at the rear.

In the Custom and De Luxe lines, as well as in the Standard line, a Five-Passenger Sedan has now been provided—to meet a growing demand for this model on the longer wheelbase chassis. Packard dealers everywhere are displaying the latest Packard Straight-Eights.

The smoothly gliding gondola—rich with silken hangings and gold embroidery, has long typified in song and story the height of Venetian luxury in transportation

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



WANTED—A DREAM MAN

He Had a Marvelous Voice and Would Sing to Me by the Hour

By MARGE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

DEAR ETHEL: The reason I didn't write to you sooner is because for three weeks I have been in a state of suspended animation, but am now able to report that the crisis is past and the patient on the mend.

Truth is, I have been trying out a new candidate for my Dream Man, and, Ethel, I almost went down for the count this time. It was Romance with a capital R, and I don't mean perhaps. I'm still picking the withered lotus blossoms out of my hair. But you're probably dying to get the lowdown on the latest chapter of my love life, or if you aren't, you ought to be. So stretch out on the sofa; it's a long story.

You know, after my harrowing experience with Eddie Diffenderfer, the big muscle man from the wide-open spaces, I started looking around for a sheik with a soul and some delicate sensibilities. Well, I hadn't been on the warpath very long before I came across just the very person. The way it happened was this:

One night at the country club the gang was raising even worse than usual whoopee. Along about two o'clock it began to get on my nerves. Felt like I had a saxophone stuck in one ear, and the other was deaf from listening to the dumb-bell wise cracks of the boys in this town who all converse in words of one syllable. So I barged out onto the golf course to air off the old brain. There was a big full moon in the sky, terribly romantic, and I was just thinking how tough that it should be going to waste, when I espied a solitary figure sitting on a bunker. It struck me that here is a fellow spirit, someone who is also tired of it all. So, in my usual impulsive manner which has got me into trouble so often, I went and sat down beside the stranger.

Well, Ethel, by the time the sun rose over the golf links he had me dated up every night for the next month. That's how smooth he was.

No fooling, I never met anybody like him before. He wasn't what you might call handsome, being somewhat runty and knobby as to frame. But he had great big, mournful, black eyes and a really lovely mustache—had to admire him for that if for nothing else, because most of the boys of my acquaintance who have tried to raise mustaches have failed miserably. Strange how huge, red-blooded he men will struggle for months and sprout only a feeble fringe that looks like the moths had been at it, while a boy like Arthur—I forgot to tell you that was his name—can raise a luxuriant brush with ease. Must be poetic justice or something.

But though he wasn't long on looks, the ideas that boy did have, and the way he could talk! Such conversation—it was a revelation. He had a wonderful vocabulary, and how he did use it! Positively, give that boy a little moonlight and honeysuckle and you could just feel the pedestal growing up under your feet and hear the knights in armor jousting—or is it jesting?—beneath your balcony window. He sounded like Keats and Shelley and any other of those guys you could mention, all rolled into one. Sir Galahad was his ideal, and he called me his Dream Queen and made me like it! What a boy!

He had a marvelous voice and would sing to me by the hour, and he wrote me reams of poetry, and brought me the sweetest little bouquets—flowers that he'd picked with his own hands too. I realize now that he was so dog-gone tight that he'd rather get a sunstroke picking a bum-looking handful of daisies than walk into a nice, cool store and pay a dollar for a good-looking bunch. But at the time I was so dizzy with romance that I only thought it was all terribly, terribly sweet.

The family couldn't seem to see my soulful sheik at all. In fact, after dad met him, he took me aside and whispered: "That boy has a screw loose!" But you know how fathers are. If a fellow doesn't rush up to them, wring their hand and ask what they think of the new cars, and so forth, they get the idea that he isn't a man's man or something.

Be that as it may, I never was so well cherished before in my life. Arthur would get fiercely jealous if anybody even gave me a brotherly look. It was terribly thrilling, but sometimes rather embarrassing too. For instance, on our only excursion to the movies, some kid next to me—he couldn't have been a day over twelve—got excited at the picture and grabbed my arm, and Arthur went right to the management and had the poor kid put out. He was positively ruthless that way, and when I remonstrated with him he would say: "No one is going to touch even so much as your little finger while I am around to guard you, sweetheart. You are too sacred to me."

Naturally, I just ate it up. Oh, what a boob I turned out to be! Why, Ethel, believe it or not, I even started to grow my hair because Arthur thought long hair was romantic. It's a darn wonder he didn't ask me to wear a veil. And if he had I'd probably have done it too.

Well, things went on in this unnatural manner for three whole weeks, and in that time I had stopped pulling my eyebrows, using lipstick and rouge, and had bought a lavender organdie dress with ruffles and a sash, and a large picture hat. The family really got seriously worried, and dad offered to send me away anywhere I wanted to go for two weeks' vacation. But I turned him down flat. Leave my marvelous medieval man? I should say not.

Then one afternoon Arthur phoned to say that he could get the family car for that night and would be around at 7:30 to go for a ride. I was all a-twitter, and got dogged up in the organdie and tied my hair with a lavender ribbon, and did I look s-w-e-e-t? It must have been sickening.

Promptly at 7:30 my sheik assisted me into the chariot and off we went, I languishing prettily against his protective, though somewhat bony, shoulder. Dad stood on the porch and watched us go, and the last I saw of him he was shaking his head and muttering to himself. Little did he know that daughter would come back from that ride a changed woman.

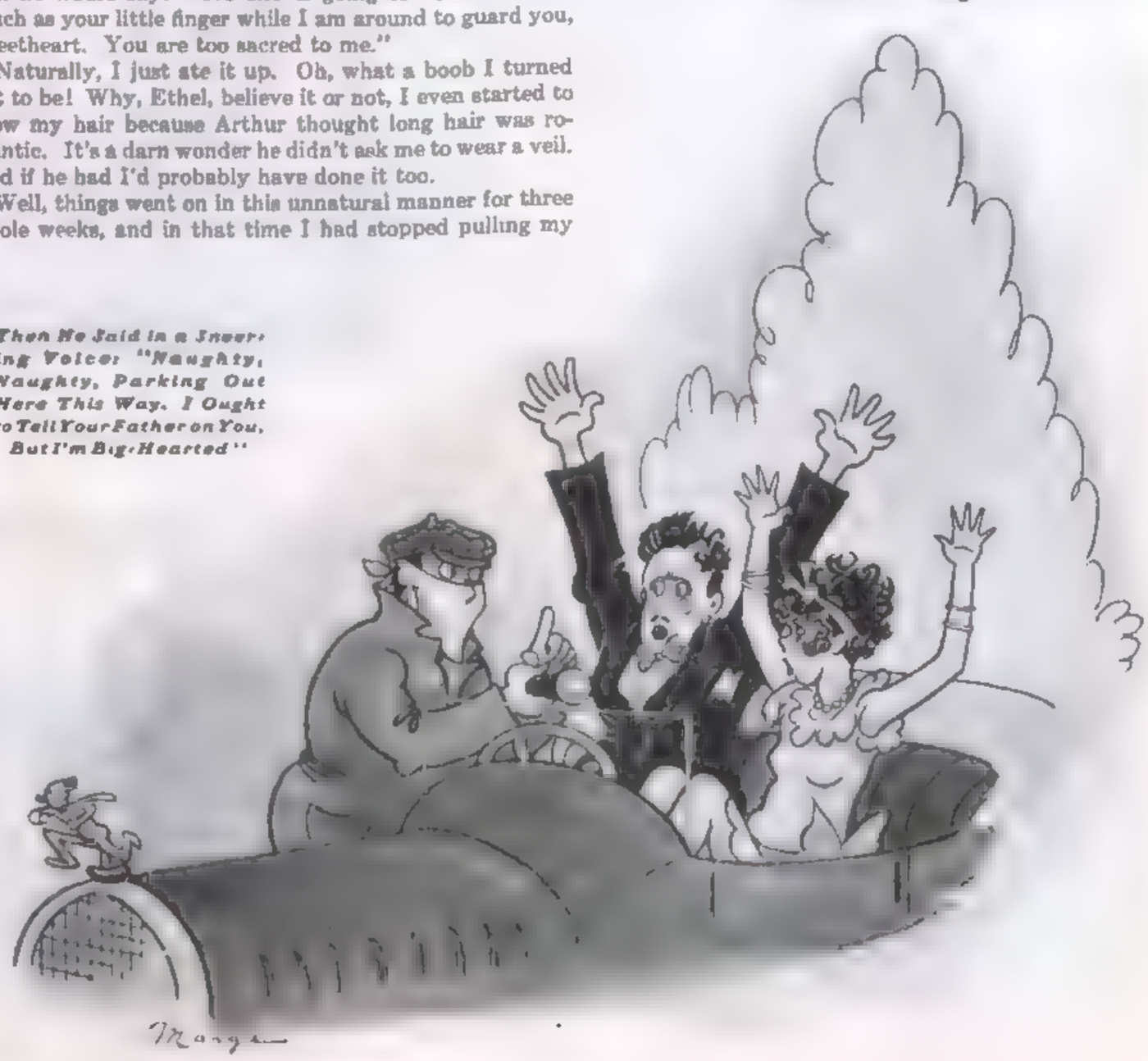
Well, we rode around the country for about an hour, until the moon came up, and finally stopped in a secluded spot for a little light necking; besides, it made Arthur nervous to drive around very long, because he kept thinking about how much gas we were using up. He said he had a surprise for me, and here it was; a darling statue of Sir Galahad that he'd picked up at a secondhand store for practically nothing. That was my one objection to him. He would give me a romantic gift and then take all the kick out of it by telling me that it had been marked fifty cents but he had gypped the man down to two bits.

However, it was a sweet present, and gosh only knows what I was going to do with it. It stood about two feet high and weighed at least twenty pounds. Finally we decided that I'd make a sort of a shrine for it in my bedroom, and Arthur said he would compose a poem about the Spirit of Chivalry, which I could frame and hang above it. I know by this time you think I am absolutely cuckoo. I was, Ethel—I was once, but not now. The cure came quickly, but it was thorough.

We had been sitting there for about half an hour, just reveling in romance, when all of a sudden a blinding light flashed on us, making us jump apart like we had been shot, and a gruff voice said, "Hands up! And no funny business!" And here somebody was holding a gun right up against Arthur!

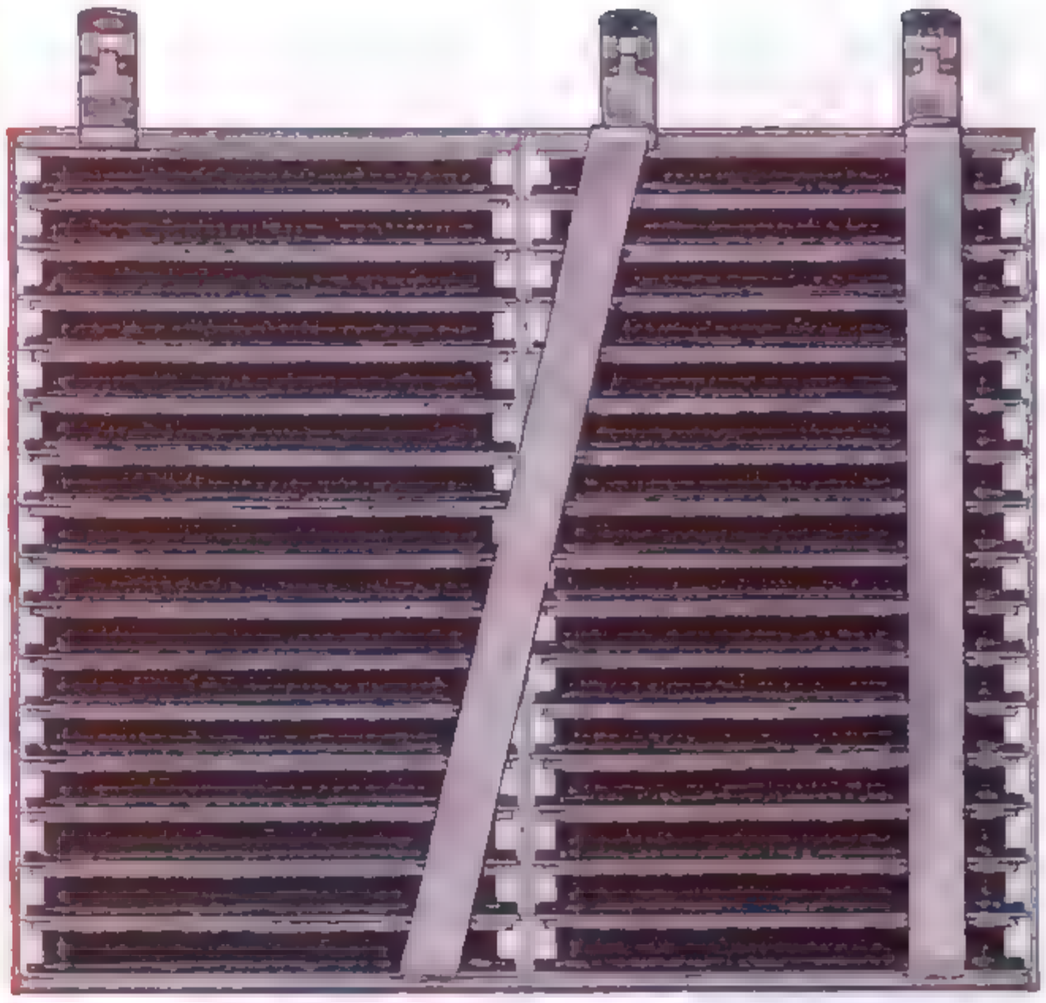
My heavens, I could just feel the curl coming out of my hair! It was a terrible moment, let me tell you, Ethel.

(Continued on Page 217)



Then He Said in a Sneering Voice: "Naughty, Naughty, Parking Out Here This Way. I Ought to Tell Your Father on You, But I'm Big-Hearted"

CYLINDRICAL CELL CONSTRUCTION—*Here is the inside story about every "B" battery assembled of separate, individually sealed cells—29 fine connecting wires, 60 solderings, and lots of waste space between cells.*



EVEREADY LAYERBILT CONSTRUCTION—*Here is the inside story of the Eveready Layerbilt—flat, space-saving cells making connections automatically. Only five solderings, only two broad connecting bands. Maximum reliability, maximum active materials, greatest life. Layerbilt construction is an exclusive Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.*

»» HERE'S THE

INSIDE TRACK

TO "B" BATTERY SERVICE ««

IT'S as easy as ABC to choose the inside track to better "B" battery service. Simply buy Eveready Layerbilts. They are so built as to give you more economy, reliability, and satisfaction. The diagrams tell you all there is to know about "B" batteries, old and new.

These diagrams show the two types of battery. One is the cylindrical cell kind. Such cylindrical cell batteries contain 29 fine wires, and 60 delicate solderings are needed to connect the individual cells together. These 89 places where trouble can come are found in every such battery, whether the cells are cylindrical, as is usual, or square or hexagonal or any other shape. There wasn't anything better until we invented the Eveready Layerbilt.

Now see the Eveready Layerbilt diagram. Note the flat *inter*dependent (not independent) cells, making connection with each other automatically. Only two broad connecting bands are required, each ⅜ inch wide. There are but five big husky solderings. This means super-reliability. The flat cells also pack more materials within the battery box, and so you get longer life—added convenience, economy and satisfaction.

You can get these advantages of Eveready Layerbilt construction only in an Eveready Layerbilt. This is a fully patented battery, and none other is like it. An Eveready Layerbilt is unique. Be sure the name "Layerbilt" is on the "B" batteries you buy.

This is the LARGE SIZE *Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery for heavy duty, No. 486, the longest lasting, most economical of all Eveready. Price $4.25. There is also another Eveready Layerbilt, Medium Size, No. 485, at $2.95.*

IN VITAL SERVICES

Eveready Batteries are being used in automatic train control; aircraft beacon receivers; talking motion pictures; short wave transmission; picture transmission; television; for the protection of life and property, and to secure instant, unfailing, noiseless, perfect electrical power.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago Kansas City New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

TUESDAY NIGHT IS EVEREADY HOUR NIGHT
East of the Rockies—9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations.

NEW EVEREADY RADIO RECEIVERS, A. C. AND BATTERY OPERATED, NOW ON SALE

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

GET THERE

in Cars That Stay Young . . . that stand the gaff . . . game to the core . . . sure to register many extra thousands of miles.

Reckoning not the miles that are gone . . . ready for the young miles to come . . . cars "Timken Bearing Equipped" possess these exclusive youth-preserving advantages: Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel.

You will realize as the miles go by and your car stays young how easy it is . . . how wise it is . . . to note before you buy . . . how many Timkens are in your car . . . and *where they are.*

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, O.

TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED

CROSSES INDICATE "TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED" POINTS

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x	x		x
Chrysler	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
	Imperial	x				x
Cord	L-29	x	x	x	x	x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Duesenberg	All	x	x			x
Durant	[illegible] 66	x	x	x		x
	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
Elcar	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
	95 [illegible]	x	x			x
Essex	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
	[illegible]	x	x	x	x	x
Graham-Paige	[illegible]	x	x			x
	621 [illegible]	x	x		x	x
Hupmobile	All	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	[illegible] S	x	x	x	x	x
	[illegible] M	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x		x

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Kissel	[illegible] 95	x	x	x		x
	126	x	x	x	x	x
Kleiber	All	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	All					x
[illegible]mobile	86 & 88	x	x	x	x	x
	64	x				x
Marmon	[illegible]		x			x
	Roosevelt	x	x			x
Marquette	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
	All	x	x		x	x
Peerless	All	x	x			x
Pierce-Arrow	All	x	x	x	x	x
Reo Flying Cloud	[illegible]	x	x		x	x
Reo	[illegible]	x	x			x
Stearns-Knight	6-81	x	x	x		x
	8-91	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker	[illegible]					x
	AL	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	x	x	x	x	x

© 1929, The Timken Roller Bearing Company

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* BEARINGS

PROFESSIONAL HUMOR

Is it Any Laughing Matter?—By Thomas L. Masson

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGE

They Roam Through Elysian Fields, Chasing the Brilliantly Colored Joke as Madcap Ornithologists Hunt Humming Birds

IS IT, or is it not, to laugh? that is the question The production of humor—nowadays—is a serious affair. The low area of depression among the professionals is largely due to their unceasing efforts to lift a by-product into a regular industry. In nature it cannot be done, and the continuous attempt to do it causes distress and wreckage. But so persistent is the dream that the carnage goes on in spite of the casualties. Genuine humor, however, true to its first love—it may have been the snake or it may have been Eve—still remains unstandardized, like guest-room towels or the unfluttered hearts of young flossies. If, as appears, humor is backgrounded in a general gloom, there are deep reasons for it, worthy of our consideration—indeed, of our respectful sympathy. Bill Nye, whose frank exposure of his own frailties—in the raw—may still be read with pleasure, and who started a whole school of self-exposure humorists, said he did his best work after he had broken a leg in a box car. It is well known that Mark Twain issued his Joan of Arc anonymously because he feared his reputation as a humorist would cripple this book.

Every genuine humorist looks forward with hopeful joy to a good heavy fit of depression, knowing that it will yield handsome returns in hard money. This fundamental law—so, at least, it seems—has recently been confirmed by astronomers when they declare the stars are born in darkness—"out of the darkness comes the light."

At the last count, made in 1927, there were in this country in round numbers seventy professional humorists—thirty-seven picture makers and thirty-three writers. A professional is one who accepts money for his labor, and this regularly. In passing, I may remark that these figures have been violently disputed—by those not included. The number of amateur humorists at any given period is unknown, owing to the fade-out. Anyone who can qualify as an amateur soon learns that he has no such standing as he would have if he were, for instance, a tennis or golf player. At first greeted with applause, if he persists he is rapidly shunned thereafter by his friends and local society. The bigger the hit he makes in the beginning, the swifter his fall, Lucifer's famous record being easily beatable. At the end of a given period, which, allowing for population and locality, can be estimated to a nicety, the village cut-up is a glorified figure, seen only through the colored screen of his own delusions of grandeur. If he persists and is forced to leave his own home town and has developed no trick for writing or drawing, the only hope he has left is to become a banquet orator in distant cities, roaming from one to another in search of his prey. No banquet orator is without laughter—once—except in his own home town.

The Courage to be Humorous

A REAL sense of humor is always veined in a stratum of wisdom, so that those who possess it learn very early in life to suppress it, unless their gift of expression, either through writing or drawing, leads them inevitably into the profession. I am not here considering the drama.

Many of our most successful comic artists have met their fate in this accidental manner. One I knew intimately was a clerk in the Western Union Telegraph office, just after Thomas Edison made his debut there. He drew comics on his blotter in idle moments. He was getting ten dollars a week. He lived in the purlieus of Manhattan, where goats then abused parking privileges without clamor from the police, with an irascible father—not an uncommon attribute of ultimate success in any direction. One day someone urged him to leave his sketches at the old Harper building in Franklin Square. In those days they paid in gold. The following week when he called they handed him several pieces of this still fashionable material. He forgot, in his dream, to take the horse car home, and walked all the way—several miles. He was an hour late for dinner. In reply to his father's fury, he threw the gold pieces on the table and remarked patronizingly:

"I don't have to work any more. I am an artist."

He never went back to the Western Union—which may account for the success of that enterprise. The absence of a comic artist would probably make a success out of any business enterprise—even out of a fair proportion of humorous papers.

Wise men with a sense of humor and no special talent for making it pay by itself know that its free exercise is fatal to success, and keep it well under. A considerable portion of our clergy, our senators and congressmen are humorists of parts, and have acquired the utmost skill in concealing their gift. Sunset Cox, the one congressman who was acknowledged to be a humorist, always claimed that this enforced reputation ruined his career as a statesman. It is not because two of our greatest—if not our greatest—men, Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln, each possessed a true sense of humor that they were great, but because, by displaying it, they revealed a brand of courage which helped to demonstrate their greatness over others. Claude Bowers in his Tragic Era records a conversation between Lincoln and Thaddeus Stevens, referring to Simon Cameron.

"You don't mean to say you think Cameron would steal?" Lincoln asked Stevens.

"No," replied he. "I don't think he would steal a red-hot stove."

Lincoln told Cameron, who, apparently having no humor, was angry and demanded a retraction. Stevens posted to the White House and asked Lincoln why he had repeated the remark to Cameron.

Lincoln said, "I thought it was a good joke."

"Well," said Stevens, "he made me promise to retract, and I will now do so. I believe I told you he would not steal a red-hot stove. I now take that back."

Few survive the indiscriminate extension of a quality like that, and Stevens didn't, in spite of the fact that he wore no beard; thereby hanging a later thought.

Since the war the prediction has been freely made that laughter is dying out, that it is a hold-over from primitive days; although, admitting evolution, nobody ever saw a monkey laugh. Also, latterly, there has developed a theory among the psychologists that a sense of humor is due to what is known as an inferiority complex, in spite of the fact which anybody can confirm by observation—namely, that those who have the most pronounced inferiority complex never have any sense of humor. In terms that anybody can understand—and which no psychologist would lose his reputation by using—this means that if you have a very low opinion of yourself, you obtain relief either by laughing at yourself with others or by laughing at others with yourself. It works both ways—going and coming. Socrates, Lincoln and Mark Twain are cited as classic examples. After many years of research and personal contact, my own opinion is that you can just as well tell a genuine humorist by the fact that he never wears whiskers. Other advocates of this fundamental law declare that it is borne out by the fact that women have no sense of humor—those bearded ladies occasionally seen resting comfortably in throne chairs in museums not counting. I discard this painful addenda as superfluous. I know several women personally, and am not craving trouble.

But Some Jokes Have Whiskers

BUT, broadly and tonsorially speaking, it does seem to me that the evidence on my side is very strong. No Russians have ever been caught with a sense of humor, and they all have whiskers. Patriarchs invariably flourish flowing beards. Lord Dundreary, who was the solemn ass of the drama, was notable for his sideboards; and even E. H. Sothern never quite recovered from impersonating him. Sothern was always the gentleman afterward—agreeable, but not funny.

Bernard Shaw is the erubescent hirsute exception who will be dragged in to shatter my argument. But Bernard Shaw is an Irishman and, as all Irishmen are humorists, they are barred out, whiskers or not. Also, I once knew a genuine humorist who sported a blond beard. He told me he got his first inspiration by looking at himself in a mirror after he had raised his beard.

But the general rule is, if you wish to become a professional humorist, consult a barber. Most of the good jokes originated in barbers' shops. Archelaus, King of Macedon, in an Athenian barber shop was asked how he liked his hair cut, and replied, "In silence." When Margot Asquith was here on a lecture tour several years ago, I heard her tell that one on her distinguished husband. It wasn't so old at that—except when Archelaus got it off.

It must not be concluded from this that because in general all professional humorists are whiskerless, it necessarily follows that all whiskerless men are humorists, any more than it follows that all baldheaded men are not humorists. It is true that Elisha, who was quite bald—unless some scribe has done him a gross injustice—was humorless and without skill in repartee; otherwise he would have met the adolescent challenge of his hirsute inferiority with a soft answer, instead of dragging in the bears to give him compensatory release—as our friends the psychologists would put it.

Nevertheless, so far as infantile self-expression is concerned, it has long been a tradition among latter-day humorists that all children's sayings must be written by ancient gentlemen with long, white beards. And why should this not be so? Who is more competent? To perform such an exacting task requires only sufficient leisure and a total lack of humor.

In spite of the foregoing frivolous, and what may appear cynical, reflections, it is still agreed among those hardy insiders like myself who have been detailed to aid and abet in the creation, production and distribution of well-known brands of humor, that it has its laughable interludes. Unlike that mythical mechanic who works for Henry Ford, who, making nothing over and over but Bolt No. 16, is supposed to be in a continuously comatose state from superstandardization, the life of the toiler at the joke bench is not all gloom. He has his bright moments, even at his work. I have sometimes known the oldest and most hardened humorist to lighten perceptibly at the memory of an ancient witticism that Thothmes II, Cicero or Aristobulus had put on file to use when the proper break came.

The Men Behind a Hearty Laugh

TO THE innocent onlooker who pauses in his daily work to refresh his mind and fortify his soul with the gibes, the songs, the pictorial gambols, and the daily and weekly flashes of merriment of his favorite humorist—be he artist or writer—it may be a startling thought that the things that cheer him most are flowered in indigo blue. To this popular conception, professional humorists are the children of joy, bursting into song over their spontaneous creations. They roam through Elysian fields, chasing the brilliantly colored joke as madcap ornithologists hunt humming birds.

Or else these professionals are visualized as gay, round-bellied Falstaffian souls, digging one another in the ribs and roaring with glee over the exchange of individual sallies. Probably Shakspere's most boisterous character, who declared that "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men," has done more to keep alive this illusion than any other; and this even if Falstaff is not so personally known to the great body of humanity as he well might be—that is, if you wish a real laugh. But immortals like him exhale an influence through succeeding generations.

The Element of Surprise Is Much More Difficult

Though in all countries there are individuals who cannot escape the blight of being humorists, in no other country is there such a well-organized group of professionals as there is in the United States. Yet even here, the fact that their number is so few, compared with the total population, need not surprise us. On the contrary, one humorist in every generation should be enough. He might create more genuine laughter than a dozen like him equally as good and all competing. Everybody is trying to defeat him, including himself. That we have so many is the surprising fact; that their work is getting harder is also undeniable, not because the raw material is diminished but because the element of surprise is so much more difficult.

If we now enter this cheerfully conjured Elysian field, we may find that, after all, it is but a drab underworld, in which new characters, with seemingly grand comic possibilities, are bumped off overnight. As I have said, the carnage is fierce. The moderns suffer most. Through it all the grim figures of the mother-in-law, the bore, the newly rich, the newly weds, the gambler, the sport, *et al.*, look down at the fleeting creations of the moment. Others may appear and vanish, but they go on forever. Anyone, indeed, who doubts immortality should consider these ancients—age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety.

Here in this underworld we discover an outwardly amiable gathering of artists and writers, all engaged in the common pursuit of life, liberty and laughter, or at least of that curious kind of momentary diaphragmatic exaltation which diverts our minds and makes us exclaim mentally: "Well, that's a good one," and which is declared to be dying.

Here are two men with their heads close together, gazing at a sheet of paper. One is a great newspaper editor, the other is quite possibly a greater newspaper artist. They are concocting the daily cartoon—a word, by the way, that has a highly dignified origin. The old fresco painters used it as a preliminary design, on a life-sized scale, and it has always symbolized some ideal conception. In 1843, an exhibition of cartoons in the Houses of Parliament, London, offered itself as a fair subject of satire from the pen of John Leech, one of England's great comic artists. Since then the word "cartoon" has come into general use as a more or less symbolic pictorial exposé of the frailties of mankind. The political cartoon in this country reached its zenith through the work of Thomas Nast, and since his time it has become more and more the happy pictorial medium for influencing public opinion.

The cartoonist must carry out the intention of the editor, but that intention must be his also, otherwise there would be no teamwork and the execution would fail. Thus, when the combination is an ideal one, the Siamese twins look almost like total strangers compared with the tie that binds the editor and the cartoonist. Sometimes the editor not only suggests the subject but the specific idea; sometimes a number of others are engaged in getting up the ideas; but generally the artist cartoonist talks it over first with the chief and then submits sketches; all this taking comparatively a very short time. This cartoonist is a very special kind of person, and in each generation there are only a very few of him. His equipment consists, briefly, of a bottle of ink and a tankful of moral indignation. More than this, he must be unfanatical. Still more, he must be impersonal as stated. Many conspicuous humorists use their personalities as their stock in trade. The cartoonist submerges his personality. If five of our best cartoonists—are there any more? No—should tour the country from one end to the other, nobody would know them, nobody would take them in at night unless they had the price. If five of our best ball players should do the same thing, everywhere they went the principal industries would close for the day. To some enthusiasts, this would show the superiority of the ball players.

But the cartoonist has to know a great deal more than to give himself a close shave every morning, in order to prepare for the day's grind. He has to know at least what the historians have conjured up as being the true history of the country. Then he has to know when they say something that is wrong, and also when it is right. You cannot generate moral indignation unless you are willing to work hard enough to undermine the foundations of your own ignorance, in addition to the ignorances of others. Somewhere in your furrowed bean the truth must be enthroned. And those pious prejudices, born out of the fanatic who skulks within the soul of every proper man, must be toned down to the outlines of a comic relief. In short, you must be passionate and right, but very pleasant.

Indeed, about the only thing the born cartoonist doesn't have to know is how to spell. The editor supplies that—often with the aid of a dictionary. No artist—at least of this day and generation—has ever learned to spell. But this has its consolation, for if he fails at his art, he can become a sign painter.

Let us turn now to another nomadic inhabitant of this underworld of low risibility to whom I have just briefly referred—that curious sport of Nature and hobo of the fleeting vision—namely, the man who gets up ideas for artists. You may have noticed that the plus sign [+] occasionally follows the initials of the artist. That is that man, and this is as far as his identity ever escapes into the outside world. If you should go back and look over the comic social pictures of the celebrated artist, George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier, who drew for Punch, you would notice that some of his drawings were signed with his initials and some were not. He did not originate the ideas for the drawings not signed, and many of these ideas were prepared for him by a man who lived in Vermont, U. S. A. This unknown soldier of the apt retort has long since passed out of the great picture. Let us drop a tear upon his memory. Some of his jokes would have brought tears to the eyes of any honest man. Du Maurier, Englishman that he was, refused to take credit for more than the drawing. When you laughed, you laughed with him only half a laugh; the other half was with the unknown.

I Know Discreet College Presidents Who Cower in Soundproof Bedrooms and Read Ribald Humor

In this country we are more practical; the submerged hero who furnishes the ideas gets from one-fifth to one-fourth of the price received for the drawing, and the only Wall Street rating he has is the plus sign before his initials.

Mechanized Merrymaking

WE PAUSE before two busy workers. One man has a paper pad in his hand and his eyes are far away. He is thinking of an idea. The other is working at an easel, and at once I recognize the comic strip of a celebrated artist whose syndicated characters have made him millions. Awed, I bow obsequiously before this comic shrine.

"I never dreamed of meeting you here," I say. He smiles grimly.

"I am not the man you think I am," he replies, making a whole household character with two strokes. "I am not the artist. I am his understudy. My friend here on the right supplies the ideas. The great artist himself hasn't done a stroke of work for years."

After all, Henry Ford is not the lonely soul some think him. Bolt No. 16. Comic Strip Number 1500.

As we pass on, one of them chants from Kipling in a childish treble:

"When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!"

Silently shaking the hand of an honest bench worker, we pass on into a more liberal atmosphere, into the free-lance section, and here we discover a much larger and more diverse company. Here are artists of all shapes and ages: "The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes in the full flush of years." A veteran comic artist steps forward,

(Continued on Page 214

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

—at 890 miles an hour

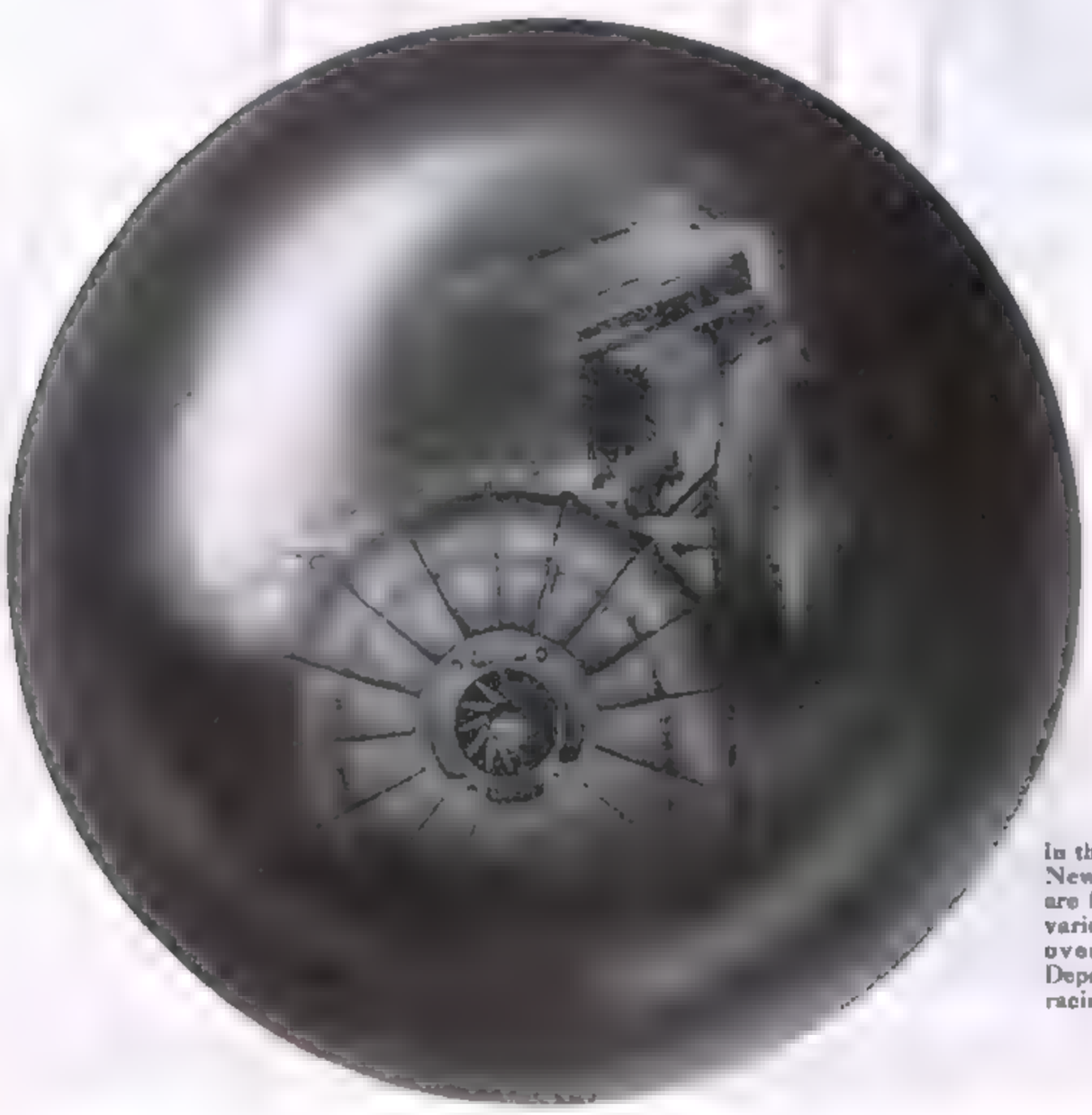
"NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL"

Amazing speeds! Thirty-seven thousand revolutions per minute —or over two and a quarter million per hour—hours on end—

Racing cars, airplanes and speed boats, to maintain the terrific velocity necessary to win in today's competition, employ ball bearing equipped superchargers. These are, in reality, air cooled, centrifugal gas pumps, depending for their efficiency on an impeller which "turns up" the astounding speed of approximately 37,450 revolutions per minute, equalling a peripheral velocity of 890 miles per hour—almost as fast as the earth turns on its axis.

Naturally, such amazing speeds are made possible only by reducing friction to a vanishing point—and in superchargers, New Departure Ball Bearings perform one of their most spectacular functions—here they demonstrate their super-quality and long-enduring life under gruelling punishment—here they again prove beyond any doubt that—*"Nothing Rolls Like a Ball."*

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO., BRISTOL, CONN.
WORLD'S LARGEST BALL BEARING MANUFACTURER



In the supercharger shown there are six New Departures. In racing cars there are from sixty-two to seventy-eight in various locations. In the last eight years over fifteen thousand stock New Departures have performed in special racing cars without a single failure.

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

"Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures . . . It is free."

Mary Nolan in SHANGHAI LADY

THE long awaited initial screen effort of Paul Whiteman, the acknowledged King of Jazz, is "on the fire" and will be eagerly watched for by his countless thousands of admirers. John Murray Anderson, famous as the producer of six successive Greenwich Village Follies, is putting the picture on and it will be known as "King of Jazz Revue." No expense will be spared and many startling innovations will be added. In the language of Carl Laemmle, Jr., who is supervising, "all other revues have merely been motion-picture revues but this will be startlingly different. Watch for it."

-C. L.

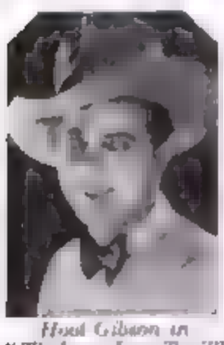
Don't fail to see **"The Drake Case,"** that amazing mystery thriller, about which Mae Tinee of the Chicago Tribune says: "This is an intriguing picture. It is cunningly presented and taut with suspense. Mrs. Drake all set and packed for her trip is suddenly confronted by a sinister woman servant who informs her that she shall NOT depart.

Dorothy Gulliver in "College Love"

"From this episode you are taken through a winding maze that ends dynamically in a court room after a most exciting trial. And the lovely part about all the proceedings is that they're convincing.

"The histrionic honors go to the late GLADYS BROCKWELL. She is the dominant figure and her acting is memorable. Next to her you will be most impressed by FORREST STANLEY, whose portrayal of a keen, suave, sarcastic district attorney is a fine piece of work.

"ROBERT FRAZIER is a very real person as lawyer for the defense. All other roles are excellently interpreted. The production is an all dialogue one and the players speak pleasingly. Synchronization throughout is admirable.



Hoot Gibson in "The Long, Long Trail"

"Tonight at Twelve," the brilliant Owen Davis comedy drama, **"One Hysterical Night,"** in which REGINALD DENNY fairly outdoes himself as a tough producer, the romantic JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT in the equally romantic vehicle **"The Mississippi Gambler"**, and **"Shanghai Lady,"** first MARY NOLAN starring vehicle. Watch for them.

Your own moving-picture season will be nowhere near complete if you do not see **"Show Boat,"** **"Broadway"** and **"College Love."**

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Don Marquis

I WAS a very handsome child, and good. There are pictures of me in the old family album, with a Little Fauntleroy suit on, that show that to be true. But soon after, my parents moved; steam came in then, and the old sailing ships lay rotting at the wharves. I still struggled along, trying to keep my faith, but eventually I gave up the unequal fight, and, the day after Balfour was returned for the third time from Stoke-Pogis, the Queen herself sent for me.

"Marquis," said Her Majesty, "are you willing to let bygones be bygones, and form a new government for me?"

"There's always Winston, Your Majesty?" I demurred.

Marge, Whose Article, "Wanted—A Dream Man," Appears in This Number

"Yes, Winston." I never knew exactly what was behind that remark. But Canterbury must have known.

"Your Majesty ——" he said warningly.

"Who is this man?" I said, although I knew perfectly well. The archbishop attempted to bluster it out, but I suddenly caught him by the arm, shook his lawn sleeve, and the ace of hearts dropped to the floor.

Pinochle Pathos

The pip had been pierced by a pistol bullet.

"Just a little pistol practice," said the fellow, with a feeble grin.

"Quite so," said Her Majesty—and I never understood until that moment how Her Majesty's cultivated voice could carry such a mordant edge of sarcasm.

Margot Asquith was dying to say something, but Isaac Marcosson held up an authoritative finger, and she mounted her horse and galloped out of the throne room, slashing down the Life Guards with her whip.

I was too lenient as Prime Minister, and the opening of the Suez Canal changed everything. I quit school and took a position as oyster opener in a café; my father and grandfather needed every cent that I could earn. They were great pinochle players; for many years it had been their ambition to get enough ahead to start a pinochle salon of their own at Monte Carlo, and day and night they toiled toward that goal. But it was hard, for they played only with each other.

These baffled old men! The pathos of it all! I shall never forget what Eugene O'Neill said when he saw them toiling at a table in the back room of a place in Hoboken; he said: "These baffled old men! The pathos of it all!" And then turned away and hummed Whisky Johnnie to cover up his tears. Rough, honest 'Gene! I wanted to do something with my life; be something more than a waster. The Haymarket Riots came and went, and still I dully opened oysters. Life was all one drab, desert expanse, but I felt that our principles were winning. Here and there some Muzhik was learning to think for himself. It was during this winter that I saw a great deal of Lenin and Henry van Dyke, the authors of Rab and His Friends, and Van Dyke used to say often to himself: "They are learning to think for themselves."

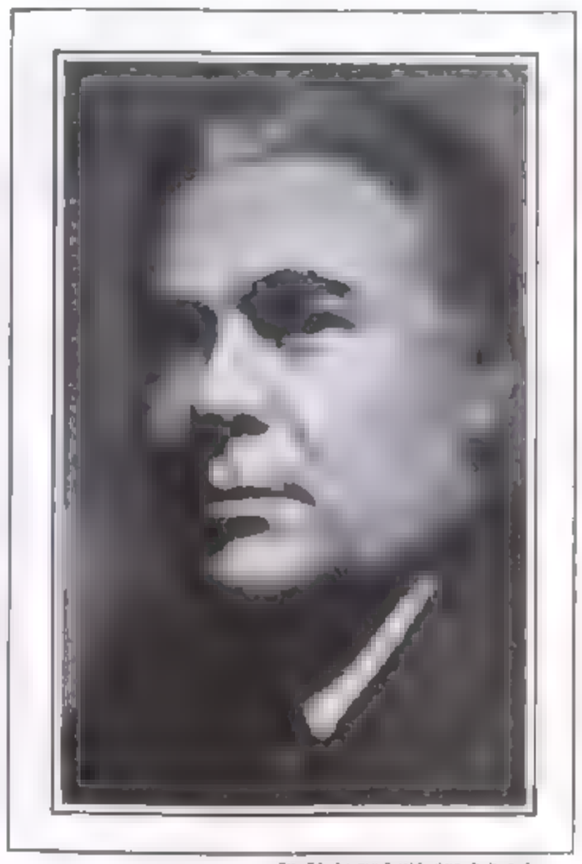


PHOTO BY PIRIE MACDONALD, N. Y. C.

Don Marquis

A Man of Many Names

Then the cotton gin was invented, and I soon saw that to keep up with the changed times the character of our business would have to be changed entirely.

Here is the place, I think, to present a letter which I received from Rutherford B. Hayes:

Dear Marquis: While you are in London, won't you be good enough to run around to Madame Tussaud's place, and give her my compliments, and take a look at the waxwork figure of me she has recently installed? I have heard it is really an effigy of Millard Fillmore. It should really be a duplicate of the one we have here in the Eden Musée—but you know how the English are! Great colonizers, of course, but a little on the short side when it comes to sculpture, *n'est-ce pas?*

—RUTHERFORD.

After receiving this letter I retired to a Balkan monastery, where I began my literary career, becoming what is known as a Ghost Writer. That is to say, I write a good many things and sign other people's names to them, for which they pay me well.

Last year I wrote Jane Eyre, The World Almanac, The Origin of Species, The Hairy Ape, Tarzan and The Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling; and I am producing some copy this year under such pen names as Lord Beaverbrook—pronounced Baruch—Irvin S. Cobb, Doctor Cadman, John Milton, Edgar Guest, and Pelham Grenville Wodehouse—pronounced Paggie-Wuddus.

This brings the story of my life down to the present moment, but I am scheduled for an operation for appendicitis next week, and many people are hoping and many people are fearing.

I shall be opened with prayer.

Corra Harris, Who Has Written a New Series, "Last Leaves," to Begin in Our November 23d Issue

A. A. HOWARD

President HOWARD RADIO CO. Says:

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

"Because we are proud of the performance of Howard receiving sets we call their purchasers' attention to the vital importance of their vacuum tubes. We urgently advise that RCA Radiotrons be used in them throughout, for initial equipment and for replacement. In this way the finest reception is obtained."

A. A. Howard

RCA Radiotrons are recognized as standard by the leading makers of fine radio instruments. But it is unwise to use new tubes with old ones. Repeated tests have proved that you will get better results if you completely re-equip your set with RCA Radiotrons once a year at least. By putting fresh tubes in every socket you are assured of balanced reception.

RCA RADIOTRON

RADIOTRON DIVISION

RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO

CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING ▲ ▲ ▲ FIRE THAT BURNS UP-HILL SAVED HALF OF THIS YEAR'S FUEL BILL

Home they come from church and stadium—celebrants of America's most truly native holiday. Turn on the steam to take the sting from November's frosty air. Even the man who pays the bills can be thankful, with double cause for thanksgiving. The fire that burns up-hill has saved half the annual cost of heat, and Spencer guaranteed heat will keep the house warm and healthful all winter long.

Yet economy is not the only reason why home owners are thankful for the Spencer Heater. It means no more chilly early morning trips down the stairs to "get up steam" for breakfast; no more ups and downs of temperature to swell the doctor's bills.

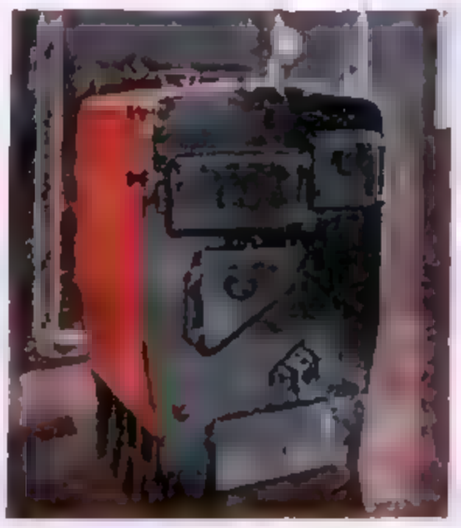
Instead of flat grates that must be fed frequently by hand, each Spencer has Gable-Grates that slope up toward a storage magazine. Fire burns up-hill on the Gable-Grate, the natural way. Fuel rolls down from the water-jacketed magazine to feed the fire automatically for twelve to twenty-four hours. ★

This Spencer construction adds economy to automatic fuel feed because it permits the use of small size fuels. These fuels are low in cost because flat grate heaters are not designed to burn them satisfactorily. In the Spencer, No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, which costs about half as much as other domestic sizes, gives more uniform heat than larger sizes do in ordinary heaters.

The Spencer makes a saving with any small size fuel, including coke and graded non-coking bituminous coals. There are no motors or any other mechanical apparatus. Fuel feed is by gravity, more accurate than any human hand. Fresh fuel feeds just as it is needed, with no wasteful smothering of the fire by day or banking at night. Because of this automatic fuel feed the Spencer obtains the maximum available heat from any fuel at the lowest cost.

The Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill," is illustrated with photographs and diagrams and contains a few of the thousands of letters from home owners who have used Spencer Heaters during the past thirty-three years. Write for this book, and see for yourself how the Spencer scientific principle for burning solid fuel can save as much as half your annual fuel cost. Spencer Heater Company—Williamsport, Pa.

★ Once a day fuel is put into the magazine (A). It fills the sloping Gable-Grate to the level of the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed always stays at the level shown at (C), for as fast as fuel burns to ash (D) it shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the surface of the fire bed (C) is lowered by this shrinking process, more fuel feeds down of its own weight to the top of the fire bed, with no need for motors or mechanical parts.



Spencer Heaters are made in two types and in capacities to suit every size of home or building. Illustrated is the cast-iron sectional Spencer with enamelled steel jacket, for homes and small buildings. A complete line of Spencer steel tubular boilers is made for large buildings. Sold and installed by responsible heating contractors.

SPENCER
Magazine Feed
HEATERS
for steam, vapor or hot water

MAKING MUSIC

Continued from Page 23

continuously perfect interpretation of a work of musical art. From the first note of the overture to the drop of the final curtain, he holds the reins, his will directs everything; he gives the cue for every entrance, musically speaking, of the singers, the chorus and the orchestra. He sets the pace, not only for the music but for the action, and the rise and fall of his baton rules not only the singers on the stage and the musicians with him in the pit but also those hidden voices and instruments, far backstage or on dizzy platforms high above it, which play important parts in many music dramas.

The way in which the all-important beat, the life of the performance, is carried to these choruses and orchestras which cannot see the leader is ingenious and reminds one of those ancient religions in which sacred fire was borne in relays from the temple to distant worshipers.

A few paragraphs back I mentioned an assistant conductor whose duty it is to stand at a peephole during the performance, watching the conductor and keeping track of the score, so that he can give the cues to the performers and the electricians. When there is a backstage orchestra it is this same watcher, usually, who transmits the beat to it by means of a push button connected by electric wire to a ticker within earshot of the hidden musicians' leader. The jazz band in Jonny Spielt Auf was led in this way.

Often the system is more complicated, as in the Bridal Chorus in Lohengrin, which also entails a little subterfuge of which the audience is unaware. The reason for this deception is that it is very difficult for marching singers to keep time; so the song which seems to come from the bridal procession really is sung by a chorus behind the scenes. As soon as the marchers are well on the stage they take up the music and those backstage stop; the audience never knows where one leaves off and the other begins. The audience naturally is unaware that to carry out this popular hymeneal scene requires the services backstage of a chorus master, the chorus, an orchestra of about twenty men, and its leader. At the Metropolitan, Setti, the chorus master, stood behind the backdrop on a ladder, taking the beat from me and directing the chorus. Paul Eisler, directing the small orchestra, kept his eye on Setti, taking the beat from him. The whole effect depended on the accurate transmission of that vital tempo.

The Ideal Conductor

This illustration should demonstrate to the most unmusical reader that the conductor's motions are to a definite and essential purpose, that he is not waving his arms to impress the audience with his importance. At the opera, where the conductor sits down at his task, he is more or less hidden, but for symphony concerts also I should be in favor of some system by which the conductor should not be seen at all. This would do away with many a mediocrity with a beautiful back and head. People should not see—I speak now of concerts they should concentrate on hearing the work. I am always angry when women say to me: "We always admire you so much from the back."

I believe in conducting for the orchestra and the work in hand, and not for the audience. That is why I hate the prima-donna type, who are ready to kill even a work of art to get applause. They wouldn't mind putting a long trill at the end of a mass, for personal effect. Also I detest a fiddler or a pianist who puts in cheap effects that have a draw with the public, but have nothing to do with the work.

The ideal conductor, like Toscanini or Mahler, is really a priest celebrating a solemn religious service. He thinks only of the work he is doing and not of the audience; yet, like the priest, he is performing this solemn act in their behalf; he expects them by their exaltation to take part in the ceremony.

I have said much of the technical duties of a conductor, but they are only the bare bones and dead flesh; the breathing life, which is what matters, is not so easy to describe in words. The real purpose of a conductor, I should say, is to re-create the music which he performs. All interpretative art is also creative. Unless one is a perfectly mediocre person, he cannot digest a great work of art without putting his own self into it, making it his own. And if you have no personality no one is interested in your interpretation. This is true of all interpretative artists.

One Who Took Advice

There is this great difference, however, between the conductor and other musicians—that of the means employed. Where the singer uses his own voice, presumably amenable to his desires, where the pianist or the 'cellist evokes music from a docile instrument, the conductor plays upon an instrument of human beings; every fiddle, drum and horn, every soprano, tenor or bass, is like one of the keys on the piano, except that it is not so reliable. That is why a good conductor must be a tyrant, must know exactly what he wants, and then draw it out of his men by the power of his will.

Good orchestra men prefer to work for conductors who know their own minds; I know that the men at the Metropolitan are my good friends, even if I do shout at them at rehearsals. The conductorless orchestra is an absurdity, and it is equally true, as Mahler once said to me—and I have never forgotten it for a moment—that "there are no bad orchestras; there are only bad conductors."

Personality—it is the all-important thing on the stage, and it is the hardest to define. It is the thing which lifts one above bare proficiency to the realm of art. And its magic can be observed just as well on the vaudeville stage as at the Metropolitan—perhaps better. Who has not seen dozens of tap dancers or heard hundreds of comic singers, marveled perhaps at their skill, and after a few moments been supremely bored? And then comes one no better, apparently, than many of the others, no different in any way that we can put our fingers on, and yet he has that something which makes us sit up, alert and laughing.

When a singer has a voice, knowledge of music and of life, rhythm and grace, ability to act, to sing in ensemble and to follow leadership, and added to all this, personality, then he is an artist. How few there are, and how many mediocrities! I always tell beginners who seem to me to be deluding themselves: "If you are convinced you are going to be a great singer, of course what I say will not discourage you, but my personal opinion is that you are not fitted for the stage." Some have followed my advice.

Recently I met a woman at a dinner party. "Don't you remember me, Mr. Bodanzky?" she asked. "Eight years ago I sang for you, first privately and then at the Metropolitan. I wanted to go on the stage; I was also engaged to be married. So I asked you what I should do. You told me to marry, and I am very grateful." She looked so happy and charming that I knew I had made no mistake.

No one except our wives would believe how many letters I and every other conductor get from society people who have discovered a new Caruso or Eames. We are asked to give them auditions, and naturally we must in many cases. Then the poor girl or youth comes and sings like a fish. It puts us in a very awkward position, but the only way out is the truth. Unless they are of the very best, it is better to discourage them. It simply is not worth while for them to spend the prime of their lives in the exacting training which music demands, to lose, perhaps, the chance to marry and be happy, and then come to nothing in the end.

One trouble is that there are singing teachers who encourage such poor children. And, as one of them said to me, "If I said they were no good, they would go to someone else who would tell them the opposite." It is hard to change the minds of those who are stage crazy; I must say I don't know what the allurement is.

I have sat through hundreds of auditions at the Metropolitan, and the occasional Talleys discovered have not altered my opinion. Gatti-Casazza, perhaps Otto Kahn, most of the conductors are present at these events. A girl comes trembling on the stage; two or three bars are enough, but she wavers through an aria or two and is gone. Even in Europe, where the auditions would bring singers already famed, we might find one good voice out of several hundred applicants. Every summer I listened, mostly to unfortunate creatures who still thought they would one day be great, but it is only fair to say that I did hear under these circumstances Rethberg and several other fine singers who are now New York favorites.

For those who are determined, I have this advice: Don't try to begin at the Metropolitan; that is not for beginners, but for mature, ripe artists. Singers must get their experience somewhere else. There are girls who have been trying for years to get into the Met., appearing at every audition, not satisfied with anything less. I remember one who was actually engaged for a tryout, even given a season's contract; we had to send her away after hearing her sing a page of Lohengrin.

American Artists

Another warning: Vocal training is not enough. Many singers' education has been confined to the voice; they have not even good musical training (for there is a difference); they lack the ordinary culture and they cannot act. All these things are essential.

Only a minority of singers, even of the successful ones, are fine musicians. Far the best was Caruso, among the men; Laubenthal today. Of women, Matzenauer, Rethberg, Fleischer. Of course there are many others, but these are outstanding; they are able to grasp the intent, the structure of a work of music, and to "understand the baton." Many know their parts, but they don't understand the baton; these follow like lambs.

Matzenauer has an ear, a sense of rhythm, a style and a capability of reading a score which few conductors have. She plays the piano very well, too; and all this aside from the fact that she has a marvelous voice. My first opera with Matzenauer she played without our ever having seen each other before she stepped on the stage for the performance. For some reason—her train or boat was delayed—she had no chance to rehearse with the company; her only preparation of course, she had sung the part many times—was to go over the score with Eisler, who pointed out the cuts which had been made. It seems incredible, but she went through that Götterdämmerung as if she had been following my baton for years.

We are always clamoring for native American artists, but they are hard to find. There are outstanding exceptions, to be sure, but they are rare. Whitehill is an example of a good American singer and a fine artist, the nobleness of his performance cannot be matched by anyone else. Marion Telva, a St. Louis girl who came to the Metropolitan in 1920, is one of the most useful members of the company. Farrar, Easton, Ponselle—all are great artists, and there are some others. But most of them were trained in Europe.

(Continued on Page 65)

Oh, well . . . there's still time for a Between the Acts

. . .

Do you smoke a fine Havana when there's 20 minutes to spare? Smoke BETWEEN-THE-ACTS when there *isn't.*

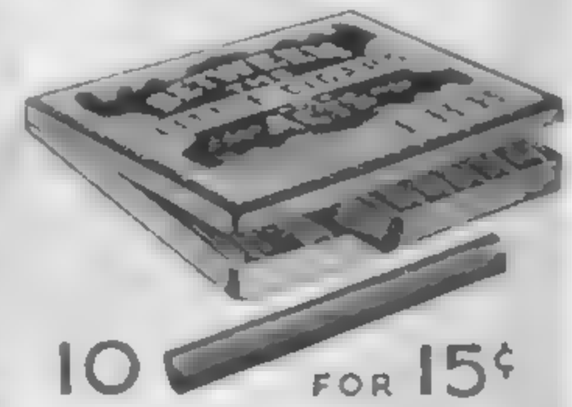
No less Havana quality . . . . no less smoking pleasure, but a lot less time . . . . and a lot less waste!

Ten two minute installments of a 20 minute perfecto . . . . that's B. T. A.

A shorter smoke . . . . for your shorter leisure. And as fine as Havana can be.

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS



Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Copyright P. Lorillard Company . . Established 1760

The highest goal *ever* reached in fine car quality and value

THE NEW CADILLACS

The new revelations which inspire such ardent enthusiasm for the latest Cadillacs can be summed up in two brief statements:

A degree of all-inclusive perfection in chassis and body that even Cadillac has never previously reached—

A measure of value so generous that, in their lower and wider price range, these newest models are actually the lowest priced of all fine cars with which they can be legitimately compared.

If you presumed you had not yet reached the point where you could satisfy your desire to own a Cadillac, consider carefully the preceding statement. Then make a personal investigation.

Irrespective of possible purchase, such an investigation will prove a delightful experience, because extremely interesting improvements have been made in smoothness, flexibility, riding and driving ease and security.

The first revelation will come from the new harmonized steering system. Test it for parking and traffic manipulations as well as cross-country driving. You will agree that even delicate feminine hands can handle the Cadillac with delightful ease under the most trying of present-day driving conditions.

This factor of ease has also been measurably increased by improvements and simplifications in the Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission. Gear shifts are made in one gentle, unbroken movement. Whether you are slipping quickly ahead of the traffic at the flash of the green or negotiating steep grades in mountain travel, the action of the gears is so simple, smooth and silent that you are scarcely conscious of their operation.

Cadillac's exclusive Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes, introduced in 1928, proved an important contribution to better control and greater safety. These brakes, the most effective, yet the easiest to operate ever devised, have also been materially improved and refined.

The new Cadillacs offer still further provisions for safety in the invaluable non-shatterable Security-Plate Glass, standard equipment in all windows, doors and windshields.

Once you have familiarized yourself with these features of ease, control and safety—which are found only in Cadillac-built cars—you will be reluctant to drive with less.

Superbly beautiful, with their exquisite bodies fresh from Fisher and Fleetwood studios, these new models—on the streets less than two months—are as perfect in all phases of performance as it is humanly possible to make them.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY · · DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 63)

In general, I should say that most young American singers are stiff, they don't know how to act, and they lack the other education general culture and musical training—of which I have spoken. Orchestra men are much more likely to have this schooling in musicianship, because a violinist, say, begins his training as a boy. But with singers—when all of a sudden someone discovers that they have good voices, they are already nearly grown, and unless they are very different from other young people they will know a great deal more about baseball and jazz than about Verdi and Beethoven. Yet it is essential that a singer should be taught many things besides the use of his voice—acting, rhythm, dancing, fencing, languages, music; not to mention literature, sciences, philosophy and all the other studies of any cultured person.

Nothing that I have said should be taken as disparagement of the musical resources of this country. On the contrary, we are far more fortunate in the quality of our orchestras and opera than are most of the European cities.

When I arrived in this country in 1915, it was with considerable foreboding, but I found at once that I had been completely misinformed. Europe still thinks, in spite of the guest conductors and singers we send over every summer, that America is a land of wild Indians. Musical conditions here I discovered to be just the opposite of what I had been led to expect. When I heard the Metropolitan orchestra play at my first rehearsal, I was astounded; with all my experience in Europe I did not know such a good orchestra existed. Later, when I heard our symphony orchestras, the Metropolitan Opera Company in performance, and some other American musical organizations, my surprise was unbounded; and I also was much impressed by the appreciative, understanding audiences and the great knowledge and abilities—possessed by few men in Europe—of some of the critics.

An Opera Should Lose Money

Among the great memories of my life are my first hearing the marvelous Philadelphia Orchestra, under Stokowski, and the Boston, under Muck. I went over to Philadelphia especially to hear Mahler's Eighth Symphony, which I had just conducted in Germany, and received a thrilling impression. I mention these only to show my surprise at that time. Today there are first-class orchestras in many more American cities, and there is no orchestra in Europe which is 50 per cent as good as the New York Philharmonic or some others which we have.

As for opera, when people talk to me about Munich and Bayreuth they make me laugh. There has never been a performance at either place which is on a level with our best performances. Of course, soloists change, and the Metropolitan gets the best, but I speak also of the orchestra. When I arrived here, only the Vienna opera orchestra under Mahler years before could compare with the Metropolitan orchestra. If it were not so hard pressed it would be absolutely matchless. It gets a novelty ready the first time as if it had played it twenty times.

Europe has, of course, La Scala, but La Scala has had Toscanini—and unlimited rehearsals. This summer I heard La Scala in Vienna, during Toscanini's triumphal tour. The opera was Falstaff—and what a performance that was! It will stick in my memory forever. No words can describe the beauty of the work and the interpretation. Now, it is a miracle what results he can get with forces which are not up to the New York standard. Too much praise cannot be given to the Maestro, but the secret lies in large part in the rehearsals which he insists upon in Milan—forty for a symphony, six months for Boito's Nerone. This ideal of unlimited rehearsal—the only way to produce a flawless performance—lies very near my heart; it is the ideal of the Society of the Friends of Music, and when we get our own hall and our own orchestra it will be our practice as well.

It is not the practice at the Metropolitan, and cannot be without a large annual deficit. This does not contradict what I have said concerning the painstaking preparation of novelties at the opera; it is the scant rehearsal of the standard works to which I now chiefly refer. The policy and achievement of making the opera pay for itself is one for which Gatti-Casazza, the company's efficient impresario, usually receives the undivided praise or blame, according to the point of view. This is a mistake. It is simply the system—our usually laudable American idea of the importance of making ends meet. In the case of opera, a deficit should be expected, and I sincerely believe that the board of directors, all generous men whose service to art cannot be too highly praised, would be more than repaid for their added sacrifice if they actually forced Gatti to make the Metropolitan lose money. It is a virtue of this board that it never interferes in artistic concerns, but here I think it should interfere.

The Birth of a New Art

As for Gatti-Casazza, critics of the opera who call him a mercenary, soulless business man are absurdly wrong. He is highly cultured, and no one can fool him on anything in music. Naturally, he does not give operas which have proved unpopular, and he is right. Yet, year after year, simply as his artistic duty, he gives novelties which he must know will not succeed.

The musical public hears much and knows little about this man. From the moment of our first meeting, in Paris in the early summer of 1914, to the day of our professional parting, he has been a staunch and practical friend. When the war delayed my coming to America and tore up the contracts which I had made for engagements throughout Europe, I learned that Gatti's yes means more than the written agreement of most men. And when I decided to quit the opera, without my asking he offered to let me use the Metropolitan orchestra at the Friends of Music concerts as long as we needed it. One appreciates friendships that last so many years and express themselves like this.

The difficulty of making music pay for itself is a very vital one, not alone in New York but all over the country, and indeed throughout the world. Even the Metropolitan is self-supporting only in the sense that it has no cash deficit; the fact that it has its own building, owned by the box holders, is in itself a substantial subsidy. All orchestras, choral societies, operas, because of the large number of persons who take part in every performance, are bound to be dependent upon some sort of subsidy, usually the gifts of wealthy guarantors. This is perhaps an uneconomic situation, but how it can be avoided I do not know.

One very wealthy man, I have heard, on being asked to support a leading symphony society, said: "You say the orchestra doesn't pay its way? Well, I guess that means the people don't want it." And he refused to contribute. From the point of view of supply and demand he was quite right, but there are certain intangibles which I trust will change his mind.

Harold Bauer suggested the possibility, more than two years ago, that the nation-wide broadcasting of concerts may help in time to lighten the load of the sponsors of good music. He stated the present dilemma succinctly:

"As conditions are now," he said, "concerts"—he spoke of orchestral and choral music, not of recitals by single artists—"cannot be run by anyone except at a loss. If the balance sheet of a concert showed a profit, it would be proof that something was wrong. It would mean that the musicians were underpaid, the public was overcharged or the concert was given in an auditorium so vast that the music lost much in effect. Music now is in the same category with colleges, museums, libraries and other such institutions of culture which are dependent on public-spirited patrons for their existence."

Opera, I am convinced, will be relieved of its problem by the simple process of extinction—by the talking movie.

Last spring a friend dragged me, very reluctant, to my first talkie. I came home after it in such a high state of excitement that Mrs. Bodanzky thought at first I had a fever.

"This is the *Umwertung aller Werte!*" I cried. "The end of opera, overthrow of the stage, and the birth of a new art."

"But Artur, what was this movie that impressed you so?" she asked.

"Oh, it was nothing—trash—but imagine the possibilities! Just think; at last we can look at a Lohengrin who hasn't a big stomach! An Elsa who really looks like a young girl! We can see Hamlet acted by a good-looking youth, while the lines we hear will be spoken—where we can't see him—by a grizzled actor who has spent his life learning how to declaim them. Every performance will be absolute perfection—the conductor won't have a headache that night; the prima donna won't forget half a page of the score; for once there will be enough rehearsals; and when everything is exactly right, there it will be caught fast, forever."

What my imagination told me that night I still soberly believe—that the sound film, when technically perfected, will mean the end of the stage and opera as we know them today. In the history of the theater we must draw a big stroke under the last century, and we might as well do it now. Our valuation of values is going to be changed. Not that I salute this future, which is part of the mechanization of everything in our age. But it is a fact we have to face. It is perhaps a sad fact, but it is a thrilling one.

Good Voices for Good Actors

Already the movies are reaching out for the opera. Michael Bohnen is acting in talkies; light operas are being filmed; and contracts have been signed, I believe, for a movie version of Deems Taylor's forthcoming musical interpretation of Street Scene. These are first steps, but I am sure that the next five years will see a change in all the arts of the stage far greater than the great reform which Wagner instituted in opera; for this is more than a reform—this will be a metamorphosis. All of a sudden out of the movies will grow something very great. One art, though hundreds of years old, meets sudden death; another springs up, full-grown in infancy.

This is nothing to be afraid of; it does not mean the death of Art, but only of an art; Art is living, growing, changing always. Shakspere will still be Shakspere, Verdi and Wagner will still be great, but their works will be performed in a more popular way which will surpass the effectiveness of the stage. The talkies will not, cannot, kill Art; they will be, in the theater, its new outlet.

All that I say here, of course, is predicated on the assumption that the present technical defects of the talking films will be eliminated. At present they are too rough, too noisy. But no one, recalling the not-so-distant days when there were no airplanes, radio, movies or even automobiles, can doubt that the sound film will be made mechanically perfect. And if the color process can also be brought to perfection, the last hindrance will be removed.

Now, whether we like the prospect or not, I think we must admit that the movie opera will have some tremendous inherent advantages, as I intimated in my excited prophecy to Mrs. Bodanzky.

The most striking of these is that the sound film can remove the chief impediment to complete illusion in the stage opera—namely, that one cannot really act and sing at the same time. Many operagoers who object to the sight of middle-aged Isoldes and fat Tristans voicing their love to the accompaniment of heavy breathing and unloverlike gestures have suggested that opera singers should be concealed from

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Protects the finish in all weather

SIMONIZING IS THE MODERN way to care for all motor car finishes, including Duco and lacquer, because it keeps them looking new and beautiful for years.

Simoniz your car . . . protect the finish for Winter driving. Winter storms, snow, sleet and ice hold no terror for the Simonized car—it is "weatherproof." Simoniz guards the finish from injury wherever you drive and in all kinds of weather, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

It is so easy to keep a Simonized car looking clean and bright. Seldom does it require washing. Think of the time and money Simonizing will save you for in a few moments the Simonized finish can be wiped clean of dust and dirt without scratching.

Anyone can Simoniz a car . . . it's fun. A little Simoniz Kleener applied with a cloth quickly restores the lustre to the finish. Then, Simoniz provides lasting protection.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and your car will always look new and beautiful.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

SMALL BUBBLE LATHER

gives a Smoother Longer-Lasting Shave

—that's what millions of men say

EXTRA hours of comfort and satisfaction . . . only a *close* shave insures them. And a close shave is dependent upon a thorough softening of the beard. Small bubble lather—that's the answer. Small bubbles carry more water, hence moisten more completely than big bubbles, as the diagrams plainly prove.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . easier to cut . . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, *now*. We will send, also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny moisture-laden bubbles hold water but air in first contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1763,
P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name

Address

the audience, leaving the action to be carried on in dumb show by actors unhampered by splendid vocal organs. Coq d'Or was staged in much this way, with the ballet supplying the pantomime while Galli-Curci and the rest supplied the voices. And it was a great success, where, in the traditional opera production for which Rimsky-Korsakoff had intended it, it had been a flat failure. The reason was that his demands upon the performer were physically absurd; it proved by exaggeration the general truth that it is impossible to act naturally and sing at the same time.

In the movies of the future all operas can be produced in the manner of Coq d'Or, but with perfect illusion. First the actors will act, with perfect ease and naturalness; and later they can sing the same scenes, their facial contortions unwatched by the camera eye. Or, where the libretto specifies a scarcely grown girl and the score calls for a vocal exhibition which only singers with years of training can produce, this in the movies can be easily arranged, with perfect synchronization. Great singers who are also great actors will naturally wish to be seen as well as heard, and they will be, where they are physically suited to their parts. But those whose vanity will permit them to be heard but not seen need worry no longer about their embonpoint.

Another striking merit of the movie opera will be that which it derives from the silent screen—the faster, more natural, more dramatic action, and freedom from the space limitations of the stage. I never saw a fight on any stage that was not ridiculous, but in the movies a fight like that in Tristan can be made into a breath-taking performance. The whole eye drama of the opera will be heightened, for the plot will be unfolded visually and not, as now, by long expository speeches which no one in the audience can make out. How this will be done is a detail; presumably the familiar movie device of the flash-back could be used to accompany the long narrative recitatives, like that of Siegmund in Die Walküre, which abound in opera. The main thing is that these recitatives, so packed with story, will become dramatic to the eye as well as to the ear.

The Future of the Movie Opera

Even oratorios could be dramatized in the sound movie. Imagine Mendelssohn's Elijah in the talkies; it would be a world-wide success. Think of the movie Haydn's Creation would make—a superspectacle impossible on any stage—the creation of the world itself! Why not? The music lies ready to hand.

But the greatest promise which the movie opera holds out, from the viewpoint of a conductor, is the possibility of that flawless performance on which I have been harping. It is the only way to attain the ideal of 100 per cent perfection. Today, as I have said, there is no such thing. Even if there were enough rehearsals, it would be humanly impossible to attain absolute perfection. Tonight the leading lady is not in voice; tomorrow the conductor has a cold. Perhaps the tenor skips three bars; no one may notice, but it is a flaw. Perhaps that Parsifal panorama sticks; everyone notices and someone laughs.

In the movie opera these things will not be. The movie opera not only will pay the highest salaries and so get the greatest stars and the best orchestras in the world but it will be able and obliged to rehearse and rehearse and rehearse, to take each bid over and over again, until, when everything is perfect, it is caught on the film for all time. Then we can be sure always of a first-class performance, whether we sit in the palaces of New York or the simple auditorium of a country school.

That is the future; I am sure of it. Of course there will be a bad time in between. What the movie-trained directors make of their first opera will probably be something sad to behold and hear. But the time will come when great stage directors, composers and conductors will be called in—men who think, artists who can remold their old art to the new form. It will take years before the new type of director is evolved—the stage director who is also a musician, master of all the arts of the theater and the screen, who combines the utmost technical proficiency with the highest artistic ideals. The artist will be subdued for a while, but he will come up again, and for the writers of opera—few as they are—there will be a richer opportunity than for the last many years, when their art has been on the wane.

These are the possibilities of the movie opera as they appear to me, a conductor, but think what this new form will mean to the public! It will bring opera and the greatest music to millions of people to whom Caruso was perhaps not even a phonograph record.

Evil People Have No Songs

Which reminds me of the laudable work which Dr. Walter Damrosch is doing by means of the radio to bring to the people all over the country, to the school children and their elders, a knowledge of the orchestra and of the finest music. He is a pioneer, as his father, Leopold Damrosch, was before him, in arousing America to an interest in music. The father brought Wagner to America—which meant perhaps New York, Boston, Philadelphia—the son is bringing the best works of all times and nations to every hamlet across the land.

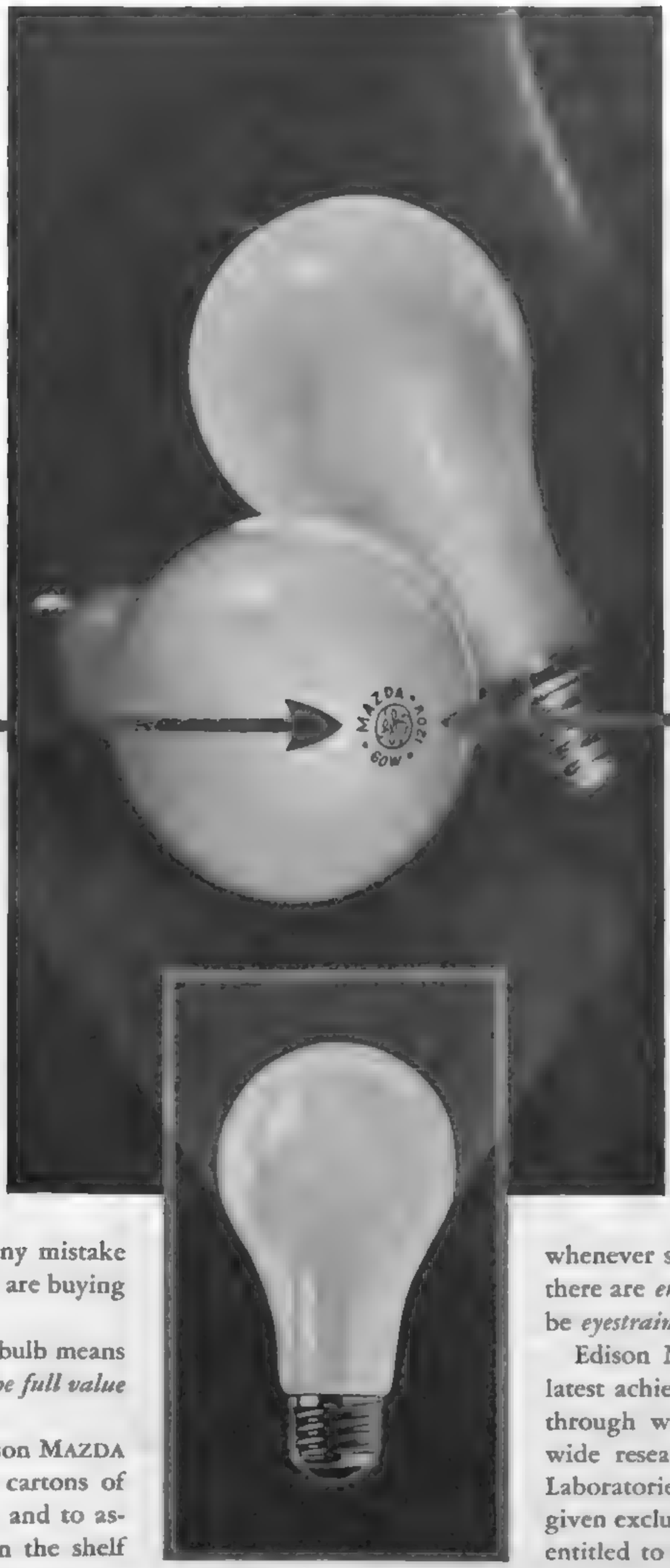
Certainly, to listen to the radio is not so satisfactory as to hear an orchestra in a hall, but we are not speaking here of this choice, but of the choice between radio music and no music at all. From that viewpoint, only the imagination can foretell what these marvelous devices of a mechanical age—the radio and the sound movie can do to develop musical appreciation in this country. But there must be more Damroschs and less jazz.

I venture to suggest that the Government could do a great deal to make better not only better, but happier—citizens simply by encouraging the arts; though I shudder to think of politicians meddling with an orchestra or opera. I am sure that the speeches of these politicians do not make us better, but Bach, Shakspere, Beethoven and Michelangelo will. Most people nowadays are blind and deaf and mentally starved, and don't suspect it. They get their ideas from the newspapers; all they see is baseball and football; all they hear is the noise on the street. They get no pleasure out of a picture or a quartet, and haven't the slightest idea of how much happier they would be if they did.

The schools must work to get the children interested in all the arts. Perhaps evening schools for the teachers should be established first. It is not absolutely necessary that boys and girls should learn to play the piano like virtuosos or become expert in the art of painting, but they should learn to enjoy music and painting. We need appreciative listeners, who enjoy hearing an overture without being particularly interested in the scientific detail. I think I can enjoy a painting more than a painter does; I don't know all about its faults. But I must be interested in painting to enjoy it. Besides, many who love music would never be proficient with an instrument. Some people are awkward with their hands, but clever with their ears.

In German there is a rime: *Wo Mann singt, da lass dich nieder; Böse Menschen haben keine Lieder*—Make your home where there is singing, for evil people have no songs. Be touched by Bach, and you must feel yourself a better person. After all, in every one of us, what is art, religion even, but a longing for beauty—and the highest and noblest beauty is what we call God.

They may *look* alike — but



one has the mark of quality

YOU need never make any mistake about quality when you are buying electric lamps.

The name MAZDA on the bulb means *tested quality. It assures you the full value of the current consumed.*

For your convenience Edison MAZDA Lamps are safely packed in cartons of six . . . to prevent breakage and to assure you an extra supply on the shelf whenever sockets need refilling. Where there are *empty sockets,* there is likely to be *eyestrain,* with its many dangers.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FREE
Mail coupon below for free booklet telling all about Carbonic Gas

For Healthful refreshment
Between Meals

Give Children Carbonated Beverages

A bottled carbonated drink contains about 168 calories of energizing food value—enough to give quick "pick-up"—not too much to take away appetite for lunch or dinner.

And *carbonic gas*, in carbonated drinks, is highly beneficial, too—a mild digestant, stimulator of the circulatory organs and alkalizer of the blood. Babies get this gas in Mother's Milk. Thus Nature recommends it.

Keep carbonated bottled drinks in your ice-box—give them to your children when they need new fuel to supply new energy—in mid-morning or mid-afternoon.

Look for the Red Diamond Emblem

In buying carbonated beverages, it will pay you to express your preference for those charged with Red Diamond Gas. This is the highest grade obtainable—unequaled for purity, pungency and power.

More than half the Bottlers and Soda Fountains in the country now use Red Diamond Gas and most of them display the "Liquid" Red Diamond to indicate that fact. So look for this sign whenever you buy bottled drinks or fountain sodas.

To be better informed about Carbonated Drinks, mail coupon below for booklet.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION, *Chicago, Ill.*, World's Largest Makers of Carbonic Gas, Bottlers' Machinery and Soda Fountains. *35 Distributing Points*

Liquid

RED DIAMOND GAS

The Liquid Carbonic Corporation,
Dept. 11-9, 3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without charge, a copy of your booklet, "Bubbling Health for the Whole Family."

*Name*_____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

THIS IS LONDON CALLING

(Continued from Page 17)

in regularly, and double that number part time or as they have funds.

At 3:30 attention returns to the general public, with another ballad concert by soprano, basso and pianist; this is followed by tea music from one of London's largest hotels. At 5:15 back goes the program to the children for their own hour—a delightful one. They hear a group of child songs, a talk for boys on Things to Remember When Playing Rugby Football, various piano solos, and a story called A Perfect Lady, the Tale of a Ferret.

Six o'clock. For an hour and forty-five minutes things take on the aspect of a forum. Two talks—My Day's Work, by a blind telephone operator, and Birds of the Scilly Isles—are followed by time, weather and news. A literary criticism, an adult educational item—one of a series—called The Foundations of Music, and an Italian lesson, fill up this period, which is directed, obviously, to a rather limited section of the audience. But at 7:45 loud-speakers from north to south snap into action with the arrival of a Scottish Concert from Glasgow—nothing heavy about this. It contains such choice bits as a genuine Scotch reciter, burring through When Agnes Got Married, and At the Pantomime; a one-act comedy, The Tale of a Pig—action laid in the bar parlor of a village pub—and groups of old Scottish songs like Wee Willie Winkie.

At 9:00 comes a second general news bulletin. In connection with it, the audience is apt to hear one or two S O S messages for missing persons urgently wanted somewhere, due to the illness or death of a relative—several hundred of these calls are broadcast every year and achieve a large percentage of successful results. The news bulletin will be conservative, avoiding mention of crime and sensation, but giving due prominence to sports. For months during 1929 an anxiously awaited feature was the opening announcement, which began: "His Majesty, the King," and told of the monarch's progress in his fight for life.

A fifteen-minute talk following the news bulletin covers some topic of the day in such a manner as to interest the more thoughtful portion of the audience, and the concert by the London Chamber Orchestra at 9:35 is addressed straight to lovers of the finest in music. It ranges over a wide list of composers from Mozart and Bach to Stravinsky, and includes modern works by some of the younger Englishmen. It is finished at 11:00 when the scene shifts abruptly to a restaurant much patronized by society. The jazz of an American orchestra takes the air until the day closes with the booming notes of the bell, Big Ben, so dear to the hearts of all Britons, rolling out the hour of twelve across the old city, and across the wide world through its own special microphone.

A Balanced Diet From the Air

What has been coming from the other stations meanwhile? During the day, Cardiff, Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Belfast have been catering to the needs and tastes of their local Welsh, Gaelic, Celtic and Midland English audiences. The evening has found them joining London in the national network. Daventry-5GB-Experimental has been on the air since 3:00 P.M. with its alternative offerings, chief of which was a comedy review at 9:00, for such customers as found the London Chamber Orchestra a trifle heavy.

Other evenings of the week will extend the range of offerings. There will be military band concerts, symphonies, choral music, light orchestral programs. Once during the month there will be a complete standard opera. There is sure to be vaudeville. A play lasting two hours—Gabriele d'Annunzio's Francesca da Rimini—will come in on Tuesday from Daventry-5GB and on Wednesday from London-2LO and Daventry-5XX, and will be given a professional treatment that indicates tremendous progress in the use of the radio as a medium of dramatic art. On Saturday afternoon the international Rugby match between Scotland and England will be relayed from Edinburgh.

It is, you see, a balanced program, but one in which the listener must wait for things that appeal directly to him. Almost every radio receiver in Britain will be tuned in at some time during the week, but not all of them will be on any one night. From a third to half of them will be turned off at any one moment! A walk through a suburban street will disclose the familiar twentieth-century phenomenon, a radio antenna stretched above nearly every semi-detached villa, but there will not be that chorus of loud-speakers so characteristic of the American scene.

Pleasing Everybody Every Hour

The Prince of Wales is perhaps the outstanding personality of the British ether. His voice is crisp and clear, well adapted to the work which his task as Britain's master salesman requires him to do. He is often on the air, dedicating memorials, speaking at dinners and public functions, and is a great favorite. Closely following him come men in public life, Ramsay MacDonald, Lloyd George, Stanley Baldwin, Philip Snowden—the Herbert Hoovers and Al Smiths of Albion. Radio itself has developed few personalities, largely because the B. B. C. has been anxious to keep artists' fees within bounds, and has based appeal on subject matter, not the performer. Announcers remain anonymous, and so do the actors in most plays. Vocalists rest on reputations gained elsewhere.

It is interesting to contrast radio voices as heard on the two sides of the water. They differ both in pronunciation and rhythm. "This," says the British loud-speaker, "is Lahnd'n coaling. In three minutes and a hahlf, we're going t'take you aover to Aintree, for the brō'd-cahst uv the Grend Neshn'l," and all the while the speaker has been wandering over three or four notes of the scale in a rather musical cadence—playing on his voice as if it were an instrument, without being in the least self-conscious.

The fact that most educated Britons speak with the chest tones and fall quite naturally into a quiet conversational manner when addressing the microphone, makes their voices reproduce with admirable clarity. They phrase sounds as well as words. The B. B. C., it should be added, has undertaken a duty toward the King's English. It avoids broadcasting the numerous brogues and dialects that have attached themselves to our tongue in Britain as elsewhere.

Recently a New York newspaper printed statistics which would indicate that the British Broadcasting Corporation and the networks of America devote almost identical allotments of time to the various grades of music—so many per cent to the classics, so many to lighter compositions, so many to jazz, and so on.

The subject, involving as it does a supposed background for comparisons of culture, is a highly delicate one. Supposed? Yes, for though the newspaper was wrong, due to certain differences of opinion as to what constitutes classical music, British broadcasting and American broadcasting furnish no relative criterion as to the culture of these two nations as a whole.

Lumping them all together, British broadcasts are addressed to a narrower segment of the whole public than those in America. The source of the difference goes back to the economics of this postwar world. Says a noted economist: "The entire aspect of life in America has been changed by the new location of the center of gravity of purchasing power. The new market pointed out so dramatically by Henry Ford—the wage-earner market dominates the scene. Its mass pocketbook has become the most colossal aggregation of fluid gold—excepting a national treasury in wartime—that the world has ever seen. Toward it a great force—the 'creation of demand,' blood brother of mass production and herald that rides with gilded horn before the advancing salesman—is directed with consummate artistry."

Unfortunately or otherwise, this wage-earner class which has just been lifted one whole economic stratum out of relative poverty has not yet achieved a corresponding cultural rise, because, though it is true that culture follows in the footsteps of affluence, it usually lags one or two generations behind. Yet as they and their pocketbooks profoundly influence the American scene, and as American broadcasting is part of the structure of the creation of demand, it is really toward them that much of what we hear over the radio is directed.

How about Britain? The wage earner down toward the bottom of the economic pyramid may be wielding a great deal of influence in British politics, but that is only because he has a vote to spend. When it comes to pounds, shillings and pence, he is in a different plight. A million of him are unemployed. Twice as many are working for wages that barely cover necessities. He exerts almost no influence upon the manufacture, and but little on the culture, of the day.

True, British radio does not engage in selling campaigns, but it does try to please an audience, and that audience contains very few of the laboring class. They have simply not yet emerged to the use of such luxuries. What goes on the air is aimed over their heads, to the great upper middle section of the nation. Put another way, statistics indicate that British radio reaches one person out of every four in the United Kingdom; American radio reaches one out of every two people in the United States, and the difference lies altogether at the lower end of the economic scale. American program makers are more interested in aiming at the latter stratum, greatest in numbers and in mass purchasing power, while British program makers have embarked on pleasing another, perhaps more cultured group.

The Effect of Government Control

This homogeneity of the British radio audience results in a particularly close bond between the B. B. C. and its listeners—a bond of ideas, tastes and ideals. Of course there is criticism; the Briton retains his love of writing blasting letters to the newspapers, and a full share of them find their way into the offices of the broadcasters as well. But taken all in all, British radio has a family sense not to be observed elsewhere, different from anything on the Continent and different from anything in America.

If the destinies of American radio are largely swayed by economic factors, what about the swaying effect on British broadcasting of government control? England is not lacking in politicians to whose talons radio might seem a juicy titbit for party if not for personal ends.

It is evident that when the broadcasting monopoly was taken over by the state, such a contingency was foreseen and feared. The devices adopted to minimize the danger were simple and very British. The system was merely made too ponderous to be swayable by anything less than a proposal of unanimous appeal.

Three elements—the B. B. C. director general, the B. B. C. board of governors, and the Postmaster General—who retains, through his position as broadcasting's licensing agent, what amounts to the power of censorship over programs—must concur before any departure from tried-and-true,

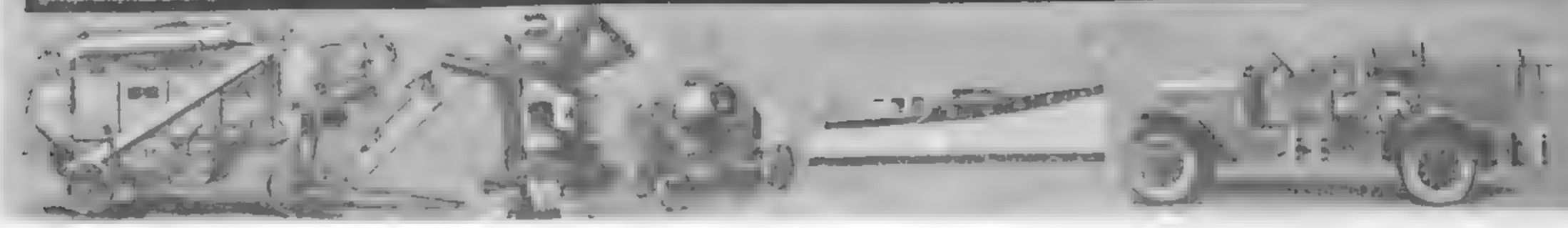
(Continued on Page 70)

Nothing *Finer* Can Be Said of Any Motor Vehicle Than, It is-

POWERED BY LYCOMING

LYCOMING MOTORS

LYCOMING MANUFACTURING CO., WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA



Nothing can take the place of *coffee*—

Nothing needs to Now!

COFFEE — steaming, fragrant coffee! Its appetizing aroma greets you in the morning, sends you on your way rejoicing Its spicy flavor and cheering warmth relax and comfort you at night. Nothing can quite take the place of coffee — and nothing needs to now!

Even if coffee has affected your sleep, your nerves, or your digestion, you can now enjoy it without regret. For the way has been found to remove from coffee the one ingredient that made you give it up That ingredient is caffein. Drink Sanka Coffee — genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed

Full of Coffee's old-time goodness!

Just try Sanka Coffee — discover how delicious it is Discover that caffein adds nothing to coffee's flavor — nothing to its fragrance. Caffein doesn't even contribute to coffee's immediate sense of satisfaction That comes from the warmth and flavor of the drink itself

Sanka Coffee is all coffee — nothing but coffee — a superior blend of the finest Central and South American coffees. Nothing is added — nothing but caffein is removed. Sanka Coffee has the spicy flavor — the steaming fragrance — all of coffee's old-time goodness. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer in quality or in flavor.

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and *night—without regret!*

★ ★

Endorsed by physicians

Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee wholeheartedly. They recommend it to patients who cannot drink other coffees.

Your grocer carries Sanka Coffee — ground or in the bean — in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. And he sells it on this money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not satisfied on every score, return what's left in the can and we'll refund the full purchase price."

Don't deny yourself the enjoyment of Sanka Coffee another day. Get a can now!

© 1929, S. C. Corp.

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine *Delicious*

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

(Continued from Page 68)

safe-and-sane, program matter can take the air. The result, Britons being Britons, is a conservatism so great that, for example, until quite recently the broadcasting of any talk or lecture which had the slightest controversial aspect, religious, political or moral, was strictly banned.

Radio does not figure in the national budget, for it pays its own way, supplementing the income derived from listeners' fees—now about $4,600,000 from 2,700,000 listeners—by $1,000,000 a year earned in publication ventures. Moreover, the B. B. C. is kept from serving as a repository for political jobholders by the fact that no one of its employes, from Sir John Reith to the newest measenger boy, is under contract or other form of hire that cannot be terminated swiftly and painlessly.

Yet there have been happenings that have caused Britons to ask: "Does radio belong to the party in power?"

The most notable of these occurred in the recent general election, when for the first time extensive radio electioneering was permitted. Imagine the hubbub when the corporation announced that a series of half-hour periods alloted to this purpose would be so distributed that the Conservatives, then in office, received as much time as both Liberals and Laborites put together—twice as much as either of them! The explanation was that fair play forbade strictly equal time distribution, since this would give the opposition a two-to-one advantage over the party in office; it was felt that the Conservatives must have their chance to reply to each opposition attack separately.

All Britain immediately took sides. Nor was the situation clarified when a series of conferences upset the latter argument by forcing the corporation to give the Conservatives first say instead of last.

When the actual broadcasts arrived, Americans, who had been stirred by the preliminaries to expect something akin to their own campaign, learned that the Briton of 1929 was not the American of 1928 in the political use made of the air. Oratory, crowds, cheers, and enthusiasm were conspicuously absent as party aces sat in silent studios before the microphone and appealed, not to the emotions but to the reasoning power of the electorate.

Perhaps Labor, which protested the inequitable distribution of time, will feel differently when the next election rolls around, and will abandon a precedent which seems to cater to those in the mighty seats. It will be interesting to see.

And perhaps by that time we shall have the opportunity of hearing, via the transatlantic circuit, some of these broadcasts over our own networks, and comparing the ways of London with those of New York, Washington, and points west. In spite of doubts expressed as to the future of international broadcasting, there are bound to be regular exchanges of programs between Britain and America as soon as science has permanently crashed the ocean barriers. The thrill of breaking down nature's obstacles is so great that mere considerations of entertainment give way before it, and we are liable to find ourselves brought closer to Britain by radio than are neighboring nations like France and Italy.

Our common tongue is a great asset. When Marshal Foch died there was tremendous interest in England in the rites which marked his funeral. Paris is only 287 miles from London, yet the radio audience had to be content with a rebroadcast of the description launched in French from the Eiffel Tower station.

On that occasion we should have been no better off. But things were different on the afternoon of February 1, 1929, when, after President Coolidge had finished speaking from Florida, we heard the symphony coming from Queen's Hall and waited tensely for the announcer's voice, so that we could be sure it was London; and on that hot July morning when our alarm clocks woke us at dawn for the service from Westminster Abbey; and on that September day when we heard the Schneider Cup Races.

Our cousins across the water have known transatlantic thrills too. They heard the Tunney-Heeney fight at three o'clock in the morning, and the thing that made their pulses beat fastest was the roar of the crowd and the faint whining of a fire-engine siren outside the stadium. They heard the 1928 arrival of the Graf Zeppelin at Lakehurst. Again, a year later, they heard perfectly the broadcast of the same airship's return from her triumphant world flight. The inauguration of President Hoover was rendered unintelligible to them by static except, curiously enough, for one brief period of thirty seconds, just long enough to span Chief Justice Taft's reading of the oath of office, and the new Chief Executive's "I do."

Once we have bridged the Atlantic for good and all with our pulsing electrons, the thrill of words that come from a foreign land across great distance will be one of which we will not soon tire.

"When that time comes, what sort of programs do you think Britain and America should exchange with each other?" a high official of the British Broadcasting Corporation was asked.

"Don't you think," he answered, "we should try to give each other nothing but the very best we have? The best orchestras, the finest singers, the greatest minds? Surely such opportunity will be too precious to waste on anything less. Let us make this exchange a contribution and a competition upwards—and what a series of broadcasts may develop from it!"

Yes, though Britain and America are both strong, self-sufficient, and full of pride, may radio bring to us both the friendship that grows when strong people become aware of the best and most admirable that is in each other!

"La Paloma"

THE NEW WAY . . .
millions of motorists will ride the air along the roads . . . .
See the announcement in next week's
SATURDAY EVENING POST

BRIMMING FULL OF
EXTRA COMFORT

THE DOUBLE-ACTION SHAVE

YOU CAN'T realize how natural . . . how comfortable . . . how alive your face feels after a double-action shave until you try Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Because Squibb's now contains a newly perfected shaving ingredient, a Squibb shave is entirely different —extra comfort-full!

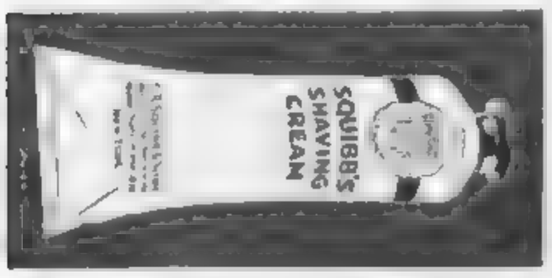
This ingredient has *two actions*. It shields your face with a protecting coat of softness. Your razor seems to glide on velvet. And, at the same time, it *restores the delicate oils essential to the skin*.

These vital oils are your natural protection. They keep your skin supple and healthy. All soaps (and most shaving creams are really soap) remove these oils. That's why your face often feels parched and sensitive after shaving.

But Squibb's is different. The *double-action* shave with Squibb's restores these necessary oils. The new ingredient actually keeps your skin just as soothed and healthy as Nature herself.

Buy Squibb's Shaving Cream at your druggist's tonight and lather up for a double-action shave tomorrow. Only 10c for the extra-large tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

CHILDREN OF CRŒSUS

(Continued from Page 11)

family either should have brought me up to know a few practical things about housekeeping or they should now give me an allowance big enough so that I could at least enjoy the luxury of not always worrying about getting behind. My father insisted that I have as friends people whom I can't now afford to associate with on equal terms. Ever since I could remember I've always been a hostess, and now I find myself a perpetual guest who can't reciprocate in kind. My father urged me to hunt and I've had my own horses since I was twelve; now I can't afford to keep one. At fourteen I was given my own car and a chauffeur for my own use; today I take taxis only in bad weather. We always moved out to Long Island in the spring and fall, and spent a couple of months at Newport or Biarritz in between. In the winter we went to Palm Beach. But if I want to take my children to the country during the hot weather, it's too expensive to pay rent on another place, which means boarding houses or second-rate hotels.

"The absurd part of it is that some day our children will in turn inherit their grandfather's fortune, and if they don't get accustomed to a reasonable amount of comfort now, it will probably go to their heads. Certainly I won't let them make the mistakes my family let me make, though!"

In her case, due to innate wisdom, she has never committed the error of blaming her husband for the hardships she has had to undergo. She has justly blamed her parents' lack of foresight in bringing her up so that surroundings which would mean contentment to many people spell hardships to her.

One of her friends, whose experience was not dissimilar, but whose temperament is different, has wrecked her marriage because of inability to reconcile herself to a changed mode of life. Her family approved her marriage to a titled foreigner and settled ten thousand a year on her. It is astonishing how often this is the sum fixed upon by the rich for their daughters' allowances. When they expect it to pay for clothes, they except fur coats, expensive evening wraps and jewelry. These are extras, to be charged to the family account. The young baroness' father said that, as she was to live in Europe, ten thousand would be equivalent to five times that amount in New York. On her honeymoon in Paris she spent seventeen thousand on clothes and bracelets, or, rather, she charged them, according to custom, to her father. She did not even know their total cost until the bills were sent back to her for payment, with a stern letter.

A Tragedy of Too Much Luxury

Her husband's income, derived from his estate and a business concern in which he was interested, varied from seven to nine thousand a year. They could have lived more than comfortably on their combined money if she had not continued the sort of existence her parents enjoyed and which cost them two hundred times what she could spend. She insisted upon having a motor car of the most expensive make, which she was able to buy on credit, as her father had purchased several of them from the same company in the past. She dressed and entertained and went to the most fashionable winter and summer resorts, just as she had always done.

The result was perpetual remonstrance on the part of her husband, whose careful upbringing in regard to money caused him to be horrified at her recklessness. She would reply that if he were an American he would earn the deficit. He had neither the equipment nor the desire to make much money, and tried to teach her the essentials of thrift. She called it stinginess.

Their quarrels increased as rapidly as their unpaid bills. Finally she decided that the only solution was to leave him and return to her father's household in America. When this was at length accomplished, she resumed her premarriage status, the privilege of unlimited credit was again opened to her and her worries about money were at an end.

When her family deplore the breaking up of her matrimonial venture, they seem to have no conception of their share in it. Although, since the day of her birth, they had fed her appetite for material pleasures, they do not yet realize that by suddenly cutting off the gratification of this inordinate appetite they raised an obstacle requiring self-control and abnegation beyond the powers of a person of the type they themselves had made her. They had accustomed her to lean on money as if it were a crutch, and then had snatched it away from her after she was incapable of doing without its support.

Fitting Income to Position

The problem of training one's children to a proper evaluation of money is difficult for all classes. But the very rich are confronted by a unique angle of the problem, which differs vastly from that of most of us, and is especially acute and disturbing to those who are conscientious. They know that their solution, wise or unwise, may have results spreading far out from their own immediate family circle, and may affect indirectly the customs and manners of the community as a whole. There are periods when even a nation's politics are influenced by the conduct of the sensationally wealthy minority.

The Blanks furnish an example of an acceptance of the responsibility and proper administration of a great fortune. For three generations their name has been as well known as that of the X's throughout the financial world, although they, too, have avoided the searchlight of publicity in regard to their personal lives. They have taught their sons and daughters that the possession of countless millions carries with it the necessity for unusual restraint and wisdom. Far from granting them immunity against the necessity to adhere to ordinary rules of conduct, the Blanks seem to feel that inherited wealth imposes the obligation of dignified and sane living.

It is said that when the youthful members of this family are sent away to school, the amount of each allowance is made the subject of considered thought.

"Why not just give your boy what the average undergraduate gets, and let it go at that?" someone asked the senior Mr. Blank, when his elder son was starting to college.

"Because he won't lead an average life after he graduates," he replied.

He explained that his idea of education was to fit the student for whatever position he was to take in the world later on. This, he felt, was not limited to academic knowledge, and in the case of his children could not be properly adjusted without considering their eventual inheritance.

To impose a spurious Spartanism would be a silly affectation, just as surroundings of too great luxury would be out of place and detrimental. The other factor to be considered, however, had to do with the cultivation of the pursuits of leisure. For example, one of the sons, who is keenly interested in playing polo, was allowed to maintain the necessary ponies. Another, who desired to collect Chinese paintings, was encouraged in his hobby. The test applied to their expenditures was not the amount of money involved, but the authenticity of the interest.

Mr. Blank does not share the belief that there is some potent magic in a boy being forced to start at the bottom and work his way up.

"The cases in which this ladder has led to conspicuous success have always been those when the bottom from which they started was the result of actual economic necessity. The poor boy who wanted an education and had to work for it, who was forced to make his own way, unaided, in the world, is admirable. Some of the most brilliant men I know are of this type. But they were inspired by a genuine need. You can't artificially reproduce an atmosphere of poverty where it doesn't exist. Sometimes I think one of the reasons for the tradition in America that the sons of famous men never amount to anything can be traced directly to this false notion. The self-made man overdramatizes the value of his poverty. He hears so many references to his humble beginnings and the little cottage in which he was born that he forgets that its greatest value in his later success was to stir his ambition and to produce, because of the simplification of life inevitable to the poor, the ability to concentrate. He could not afford to indulge in elaborate amusements and therefore was not distracted by them.

"I know young men of this sort downtown today who work as hard as any three men, simply because they can't afford to go to theaters or dances or join a golf club, and they know very few people, so they often work in the evenings and on holidays to forget their loneliness. In the course of time they may outdistance their competitors and attain great business success. But it's also probable that if they do, they won't know how to enjoy its rewards. I don't want my sons to lead lives like that. The actual pioneering in our family has already been accomplished. It would be as absurd to superimpose upon them conditions not in keeping with our present financial status as it would be to give them, instead of a modern motor car, a covered wagon. Moreover, my idea of a completely successful man is one whose interests go way beyond his business achievements and who can enjoy music and pictures and sports and the art of recreation."

The reason his influence upon his children has been so deep as to make the Blanks proverbial as the rare exception of three generations of distinguished men, is the reason for the success of all influence; for it has been accomplished, not through precept, which does little more than irritate or bore the young, but through example.

It has been observed that Blank himself, as the second generation of a colossally wealthy family, should be expected to show greater wisdom than most parents. But as one scrutinizes the good or bad upbringing of the children of the rich, the conclusion is reached that whether it is good depends not upon the length of time the fortune has been held but upon the adequate equipment of the parents for its proper use.

A Sane View of Wealth

A man very much in the public eye just now, who may as well be called Brown, has followed the traditional country-boy legend in amassing his fortune. Born on a farm, he went to work at an early age to acquire an education and, after graduation from a small co-educational college, got a job in a New England city, so he could study law at night. In the meantime he had the good fortune to marry a girl he had known at college who was without money, but possessed the invaluable traits of wisdom, keen intelligence and faith in him. Eventually he was admitted to the bar and, before many years of practice, his outstanding ability was recognized. He went to New York as the head of a great corporation. The money he has made since has undoubtedly reached vast figures, but it is significant of his real distinction that in speaking of him he is never referred to primarily as a rich man. He has become widely known because of the service he has rendered our country in the solution of certain international problems, but among

(Continued on Page 74)

He tells of a simple curb for one health menace

Headed 60 hospitals in World War

Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, physician at the dispensary of King Umberto and Queen Margherita, in Rome, is a Knight of the Crown of Italy. As director of sixty field hospitals during the World War he organized the famous donkey ambulance system in the Alps. He is Professor of Medical Pathology at the University of Rome.

"SO many ills result from constipation," Dr. Cherubini says, "that every forward step in its prevention and cure is a boon to humanity. It is unfortunate that many so-called remedies irritate the intestine and do harm rather than good.

"Yeast performs the double and wonderful rôle of making assimilation and elimination easier. It promotes intestinal activity. It aids digestion. It is precious in the treatment of skin troubles."

Millions of *living* yeast plants in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast give it its purifying, stimulating power. In the intestine these tiny plants soften the poison-bearing wastes and stimulate the weakened intestinal muscles. Digestion resumes its normal course. Your complexion, your very disposition reflect your new internal health!

And now, the *new* "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast brings you an astonishing *added* health protection. Fleischmann's Yeast is today the richest food source of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin!

The "sunshine" vitamin, just like the sun itself, makes your body harder, tougher. It builds strong bones and sound, even teeth. Most people need it, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five). It is important for expectant and nursing mothers to prevent rickets in the child.

"Millions of 'sunlight starved' men, women and children," Dr. Cherubini says, "should derive untold health benefits from the 'sunshine' vitamin D now in fresh yeast."

Eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast to check constipation poisons, to correct indigestion, to clear the skin. And now, eat it for the hardening, energizing "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now!

A New Radio Hour! Fleischmann's Yeast-for-Health Hour is packed with musical surprises. Dance orchestras, crooners, the latest Broadway hits. Tune in Thursday evenings with the National Broadcasting Company and 47 associated stations coast-to-coast network.

(Above)

"Eating delicious 'junk' ruined my stomach"

"Too many parties. Late hours. I had constipation and auto-intoxication and could hardly eat anything," writes Mrs. E. Scott Lahr of Tampa, Fla. "I had tried dieting, tablets and other remedies. Finally I tried yeast. Today I can eat anything—and never need laxatives."

(Right)

"Athletes often have this trouble"

"In spite of training-table food men in strenuous athletics often get 'tied up' inside—irregular in their elimination in other words," writes Eric Lambart, former Columbia University football and crew man. "Another big trouble was skin eruptions. I have found that eating Fleischmann's Yeast keeps me in perfect condition."

(Below)

"What the great doctors have said about yeast worked out in my case"

New York City

"Playing the organ for a motion picture—accompanying the constantly changing story is a test of quick thinking.

"But for several months I had been badly run down. I had an obstinate case of constipation, with its usual accompaniments—dizziness, broken-out back, nervousness. I was so tired I often wondered how I could get through the program.

"A friend's unusual experience persuaded me to try Fleischmann's Yeast at once. Now my constipation is entirely gone, and all the other troubles, too."

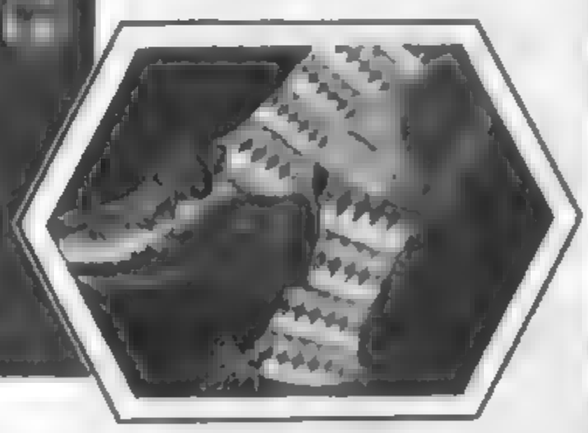
(Mrs.) FLORENCE CHRYSTAL

All Fleischmann's Yeast—in the foil wrapper—now contains vitamins B and D. Eat 3 cakes daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. As effective as ever for baking. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. D-100, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N. Y. C.

A SURPRISINGLY DIFFERENT UNDERWEAR FOR WINTER

Striking New Styles in WOOL HOSIERY

Allen-A Hosiery for Men, always famous for long wear has now become equally famous for smart style. In many striking clock, plaid and striped patterns—with plain or two-toned backgrounds. Priced 50c, 75c and $1.00 at your dealers'.



Smart looking....

Trim fitting....Light in feeling....

Yet it keeps you warm on coldest days

A NEW kind of underwear has recently been developed by Allen-A, with all of the warmth of old-fashioned "heavies"—and none of the objectionable features men have always disliked.

It is very smart in appearance. With a striking rayon stripe in a choice of silver, blue or orange colors. Very trim, too, as it molds creaselessly to the body. (And it fits as perfectly after washing as it did before.)

It feels feathery light when it's on. For the fabric is so amazingly elastic that there isn't the slightest intimation of extra weight.

And warm! It's hard to believe that a garment so soft and elastic and comfortable could keep you so warm. That is why this new Allen-A underwear has become the most popular winter garment almost overnight.

You will find this revolutionary Allen-A Underwear at most good stores. Only $3.50 the suit. Ask for it by style number 1630. Write if your dealer cannot supply you. The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wis.

Allen-A *Underwear*

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Continued from Page 72

book collectors he is more apt to be referred to as the owner of some of the most interesting manuscripts and rare first editions in the world.

The five children of Mr. and Mrs. Brown have not needed maxims as to their proper attitude toward money. Regardless of the changes in the family fortunes, they have always lived in an atmosphere where money was regarded as unimportant, compared to other standards of value. Part of each summer and for many week-ends during the rest of the year, they go to a small house not far from New York, in a neighborhood which was selected because it was not fashionable. In these peaceful surroundings the greatest excitement of the children is their competition as to who will prove the most efficient when his or her turn comes to manage the household. Most of the actual work of the place is done by them and no servants are taken out from their larger, although not pretentious, home in town.

The eldest daughter, who has made for herself a notable place at school and at college, asked, when she was eighteen, to be given a farm near her father's birthplace. The Browns felt that, although it was an unusual request, she might enjoy it more than a pearl necklace, so they complied.

But even they were astonished by the competence she displayed in having the house remodeled according to her own plans, working with the local carpenter and scorning an architect's aid, and her thorough scientific investigation of the agricultural problem before she had the land fertilized and the first crops planted.

To her, it seems the most natural thing in the world, because she has grown up in a household where competence has been taken for granted. She has heard her mother politely, but with unwavering firmness, decline social invitations which would not yield the kind of recreation she knew her husband desired after his crowded days of work. She has seen the embarrassed smile with which, when entertaining dinner guests during a visit to London, he received word from an awe-struck hotel attendant that the Prince of Wales was on the telephone and desired to speak to him personally. She has been with her father at a time when, in order to rest after international conference of which he was the primary figure, he has spent days in the dusty confusion of an old bookshop in England, digging out of its cluttered shelves worn volumes of his favorite eighteenth-century authors.

She knows that for him the thrill of discovery and of personal enjoyment far outweighs the financial value of his collection. But she also knows—and this is important—that his is a hobby not for the poor, any more than is the collecting of French Impressionistic paintings. There is this distinction, however, aside from a question of personal taste, between spending money on a yacht or a debutante ball and spending it for the manuscript copy of a great book or a picture by Degas. In the latter instances, an investment has been made which will not only in itself yield pleasure, as will the yacht to those of other tastes, but which, unlike the yacht, will increase in value with the years.

Extravagance Rules the Home

Parents who squander money on purely personal and immediate enjoyment have an almost impossible task if they try to prevent their children from pursuing the same course.

In families of this sort, when a boy comes home from college for the holidays and decides on the spur of the moment to take a girl or a group of his friends to dinner and the theater, it will not occur to him that this is a particular extravagance. He will do what he has often heard his father do under similar circumstances—telephone a club, order the desired seats, either without inquiring the price, or, if he inquires, merely saying: "Well, be sure they're on the aisle."

To pay eighteen dollars a seat for a popular musical comedy does not seem surprising to a youth of this sort. If he lives in New York, he probably will take his guests to what is believed by experts to be the most expensive restaurant in the world, where there is not even music to soothe the savagery of the man who pays the check. The boy merely signs his father's name. After the theater he will go to whatever night club is popular at the moment with his generation. But no matter how sordid or how pretentious it may be, its prices will stagger even the undergraduate who at last is forced to pay cash.

Let us assume that he has entertained five of his friends according to this usual program. Including taxi fares, tips and orchids for his particular girl, he will be lucky if the total expenditure is no more than three hundred dollars, and this for only one evening!

It is interesting to compute the cost of the rest of his holidays at home and then imagine the same boy coming out of college and starting to work for twenty dollars a week, on which he is expected to live!

Where Wealth is Used as a Club

Yet there are parents who attempt just this and indulge in severe moralizing if the boy protests. Usually he will be urged to live with his family, where he knows that even the kitchen maid's wages are not much less than his, and he may jingle his first week's salary thoughtfully in his pocket as he looks over his father's shoulder while he loses a thousand dollars at bridge or poker.

The young have a strict sense of justice and a keen instinct for hypocrisy. No boy who sees money being wasted continuously is going to regard as important his own infinitesimal earnings, unless he is interested in the work he does for its own sake.

A pleasing example of keenness about the actual job itself occurred not long ago, when a boy who had grown up in a home where wealth was expressed through beautiful surroundings and fine tapestries and old silver, insisted upon approaching his father's business from the lowly level of any other beginner.

After he had been working hard for six months, it was rumored that he had received a raise, and one of his father's friends congratulated him. "I hear you get twenty-two dollars a week now."

"You're all wrong!" he said proudly. "I get twenty-two dollars and seventy-five cents!"

He thought of money as a symbol of accomplishment, and he was happy in the chance to work out his own destiny without interference from above. Not to interfere, however, as every parent knows, is the most difficult of all tasks in dealing with the young.

A man whose early career has not been unlike Brown's was confronted a few years ago by the problem of what to do financially for his younger son, who did not want to follow in his own higher successful footsteps in the manufacturing world, but desired to become a portrait painter. Smith was sharply disappointed, particularly as the boy wanted to quit college at the end of his sophomore year. However, he felt he had no right to frustrate an obviously sincere wish for an artistic career manifested since childhood, so he allowed him to go to Paris to study and sent him an income which, after consultation with French friends, he believed would be adequate, but not luxurious.

For three years the son progressed happily in his chosen work. Then he fell in love with an American girl and wrote to his father of his imminent marriage.

After a certain amount of reflection, his father cabled him to come home with his wife and promised a substantial increase of allowance as a wedding present.

The boy's mother protested.

"I'm doing it partly for selfish reasons," Smith explained. "If I let them go on living on his present income, it would only be

Continued on Page 78

A 2-minute picture story—

See why the no-wringer EASY Washer *is a startling improvement over wringer type washers. See FREE offer below*

Look at these no-wringer EASY Washer pictures. Then decide if ever before you have known what a washing machine can do.

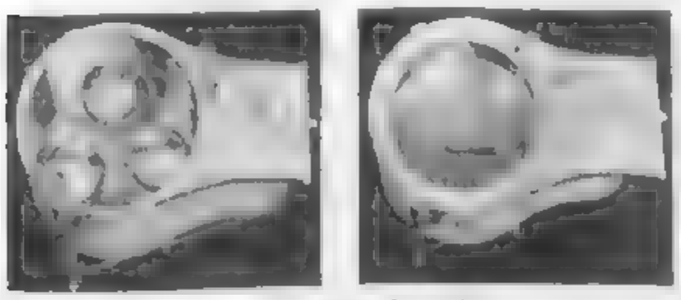
Comparison with your present washing method is all we ask. Will your present washer wash and damp-dry at the same time? The no-wringer EASY will. Is your present washer absolutely safe? The no-wringer EASY is.

Can you wash and damp-dry pillows, blankets, lace curtains and drapes in your present washer? The no-wringer EASY will. No garment is too dirty, no piece too bulky, no fabric too fine to wash and damp-dry perfectly in it.

8 years ahead

EASY announced the centrifugal method of damp-drying three years ago—after five years of research and experiment. We believe that eventually all the better washing machines will be offered with some type of damp-dryer. But it *will not be the EASY Damp-Dryer*. For no other damp-dryer can incorporate all of EASY'S features.

Choice of Suction Type or Agitator Type Washer

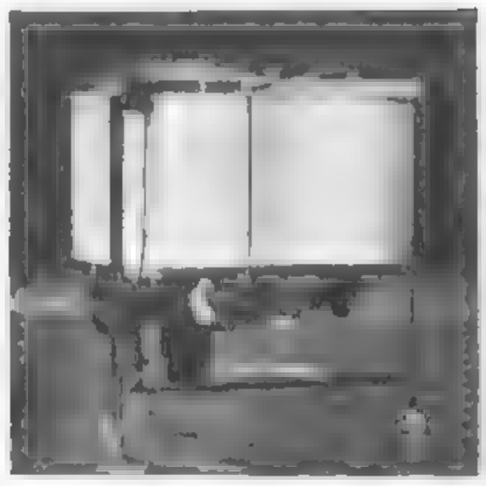


EASY offers you this marvelous improvement on either suction type or agitator type washer. Both sell at the same low price—the lowest at which any no-wringer EASY ever sold.

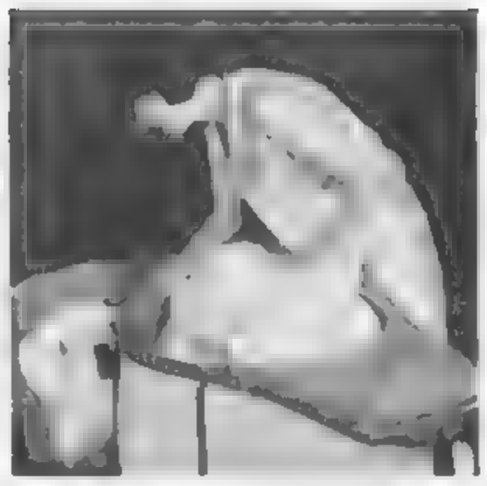
Free trial offer

Try the no-wringer EASY Washer in your own home—free. See for yourself how time is saved and labor spared. Call your EASY dealer today—he is listed in your telephone directory. He will bring a new EASY to your home and show you a miracle in washing clothes

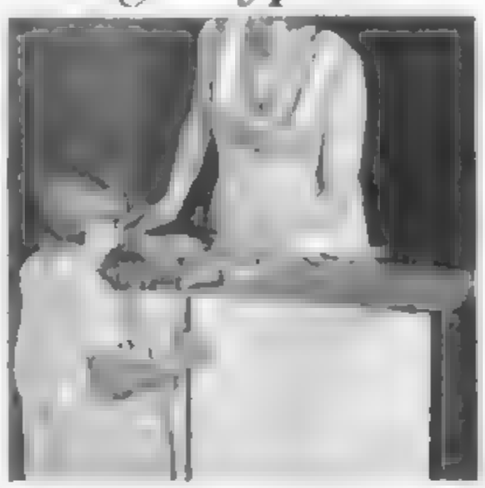
SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



1 ***No wringer*** is needed with the famous EASY Washer, because we have found a better way to extract water from clothes—with the famous exclusive Damp-Dryer. It damp-dries a tubful of clothes at one time

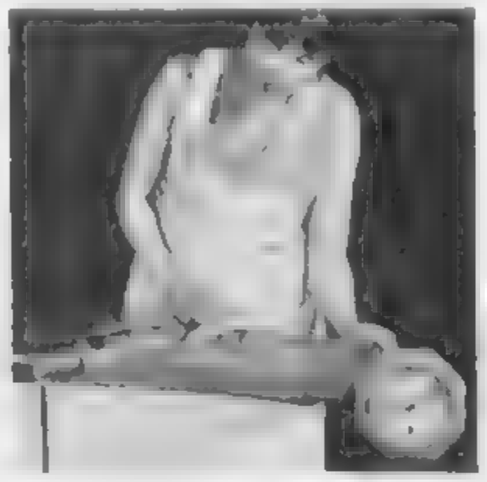


2 ***In this compartment*** you put the clothes to wash. It holds 6 full-size sheets or 8 pounds—2 pounds more than the average washer. Clothes thoroughly but gently washed to a snowy whiteness before damp-drying



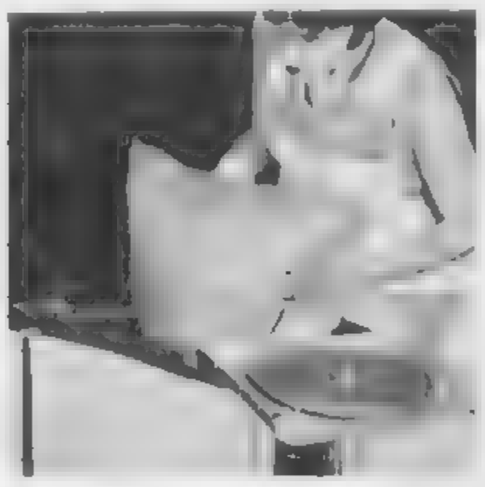
3 ***Absolutely safe with washer running.*** A child could not hurt herself because moving parts are all enclosed. Clothes damp-dried automatically without effort on your part. No hand feeding into a wringer

4 ***Two operations at one time!*** Washing compartment and Damp-Dryer operate independent of each other. You can be washing second load while first is damp-dried. Clothes equal to 12 full-size sheets at one time!

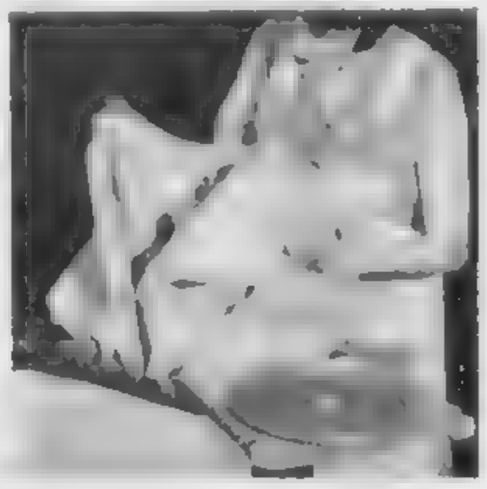


5 ***In less than 2 minutes*** the Damp-Dryer automatically whirls the water out of a tubful of clothes—ready for sun-drying or for ironing. Absolutely no strain is placed on fabrics. No wrinkles. No squeezing

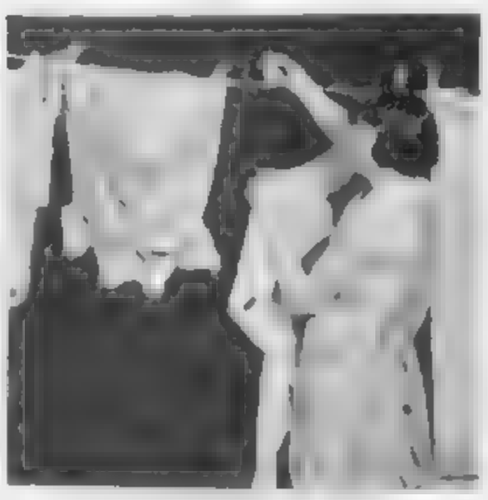
6 ***Rinse clothes in the Dryer,*** if you wish—without handling, until ready for line, by running rinse water into Dryer and whirling it out. Saves rinsing in another tub and again "feeding" clothes into wringer



7 ***Damp-dries pillows*** which will not go through a wringer. Takes out more water than wringing does. Leaves clothes evenly damp. The hems do not drip. Evenly damp clothes dry much faster on line

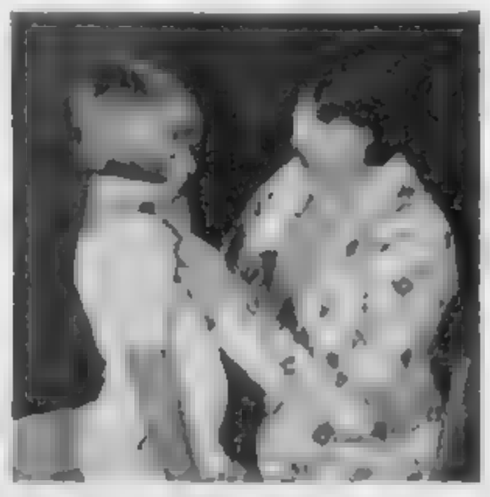


8 ***Damp-dries bulky things*** like blankets. Does not stretch or distort woolens. Leaves the nap raised and fluffy like new. There are no deep, hard creases because no pressure is applied to clothes. Ironing is easier



9 ***Ready in half the time*** for line-drying, because hundreds of hand operations are saved and many others done at one time. Sun-drying is faster. In bad weather clothes can be line-dried indoors for ironing that day

10 ***You save sewing,*** because buttons don't come off. Metal fasteners don't flatten, fabrics don't tear, silk and rayon garments don't crack. Sheerest silks can be washed and damp-dried with absolute safety



11 ***You know*** your clothes are washed alone and under sanitary conditions. They are under your supervision in your own home. Only clean water and pure soap will be used. Nothing will be lost.

THE SAFE EASY WASHER

Also supplied with 4-cycle gasoline motor for homes without electricity

MEN WANTED!

We have opportunities for a considerable number of men to manage washing machine departments in stores all over the country. Must be capable of earning $3,000 and upward per year, salary and commission. Must be able to train salesmen and resale crews.

We also need men to demonstrate and sell EASY Washers to hundreds of thousands of interested women. Salary and commissions up to $5,000. Write, wire or phone NOW

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN PRIZES

BOND

PICTURE-PUZZLE CONTEST

First Prize $2000 — *Second Prize* $1000 — *Third Prize* $500

1062 Other Valuable Awards!

Solve a puzzle—win a prize! . . . Good fun from start to finish! . . . Go to your dealer today for Entry Blanks and full information about the Contest!

This is a sample puzzle only. Solution: Bond Radio and Flashlight Batteries serve better and last longer. Rest renews the current you use.

THINK of winning $2000 for solving six picture-puzzles. Just imagine all the things that you could do with this amount of money! Your chances in this contest are as good as anyone's for the rules are exceedingly simple.

What the judges are looking for are expressive and appropriate solutions to the six puzzles composing the contest. Each of these puzzles contains 16 pictures representing words which, when read from left to right, form a complete 16-word statement regarding one of the famous Bond Electric Products. *No particular word or combination of words has been selected as being correct!* All solutions will be judged on their merits after the contest is closed.

Free Assistance at Your Dealer's

To make it easy for you a little book has been prepared describing the various BOND Electric products on which the puzzles are based. This booklet contains all six of the puzzles, the Rules of the Contest, Instructions on How to Proceed, and the Official Entry Blank which contestants should use in submitting their solutions. It is obtainable *without charge* from any Authorized BOND dealer.

If it is not convenient for you to locate an Authorized BOND dealer, mail the coupon below and all information will be forwarded Free of Charge

BOND ELECTRIC CORP.
JERSEY CITY, N. J
Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco
Makers of Radio "A", "B" and "C" Batteries—Storage and Dry Batteries—High-Vacuum Radio Tubes—Flashlights and Mono Cells.

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Please send your FREE Book of Instructions relating to the $10,000 "Picture-Puzzle" Contest.

Name (Print)
Address
City *State*
Dealer's Name *Address*

(Continued from Page 74)

a question of time before they'd both feel resentment toward me. And I don't want to alienate them. I want them to regard me as a friend, not an ogre. Above all, I don't want them to begin to think, every time they hear I have a cold: 'I hope he gets well, but, of course, if he died of pneumonia we'd be well off.'"

"What a horrid idea! Of course no child would think that."

"Every child who is stinted by its parents and who believes it's treated unfairly thinks just that. And I'd rather be more valuable to them alive than dead!"

This seems such a logical viewpoint that it is astonishing to find how uncommonly it is held by the rich heads of families. Many fathers treat their wealth as a club with which to enforce the obedience of their children.

"If you don't stop going around with that Jones girl I won't give you a new roadster," this sort of parent will say. Another has bullied his daughter into wearing her hair in a way she detests, by threatening to cut down her allowance. There is much talk of changing wills and leaving everything to charity or to some obscure relatives or art galleries by men who consider that the possession of money enables them to prescribe the every action of their children.

A wise financier who has observed this attitude in many of his friends has gone to the other extreme, and when his son and daughter were ten and twelve he made for them irrevocable trusts, the incomes from which would enable them to live comfortably always, no matter what other disposition he might make of the remainder of his fortune.

"In this way I can be sure that when they come to me for advice or when they display respect or affection for me, it will be purely disinterested," he explained. "As they get older I don't want them to think: 'Well, now we've got to humor the old man so we can get a little extra money.' If I can't earn their regard I'm not going to buy it."

The president of an important bank has given his fourteen-year-old daughter, in lieu of allowance, a number of bonds, which she keeps in a safety-deposit box rented in her name. She notes the interest dates, goes to the bank at that time, clips the coupons, then takes them upstairs and has them put into her drawing account. She knows when each bond matures and discusses gravely how to reinvest the thousand dollars she has already saved.

The Hardship of Being Wealthy

To some of their friends this seems an admirable scheme, while others insist that it has no truly educational value, because it is bound to implant in the child's mind the erroneous belief that the source of money lies in small pieces of paper kept in a vault.

No two people agree as to what is the perfect course to pursue, probably because each individual child requires individual treatment. One boy who started out for an independent career after college was tremendously proud of securing a job in a city at some distance from his parents' home, where the influence of his father's money did not reach. He had grown up feeling dwarfed by his father's power and was joyous in escaping from its shadow, even though it meant living in a cheap boarding house and eating inferior food for a while. When his father read the letter the boy had written his mother, he at once called up the son's employer on the long-distance telephone and explained the situation. The next day the boy was promoted to an easier job at twice the salary. He assumed it was due to his own efforts until the secretary who had summoned him to the office made some joking comment about his masquerade. It destroyed his newly built self-confidence, and before long he returned to live at home in luxury and perform listlessly the duties his father found for him in his own offices. At his father's death he sold the business and gave up all pretense at working. He had had too many years of subordination to a dominating will to be able to throw off his feeling of incompetence.

On the other hand, a man prominent in the Chicago financial world today attributes his success to having overheard the contemptuous remarks of his fellow workers in his father's firm. He had been there for a few years, and with a normal amount of self-confidence had assumed that his promotions were his due as an individual. But returning one afternoon to get something he'd left on his desk, he found that the door into the next room was half open and he was under discussion.

"It makes me sick to think of Jim getting ahead the way he does!" one voice said. "Why, if his father didn't own the place he couldn't hold his job down for five minutes."

It was a blow in the face. But Jim sat there long after the others had gone and took new stock of himself. And before he left he made a solemn vow that he'd make good on his own account.

Things Money Won't Buy

It was the last time anyone ever attributed any of his success to his father's influence. He began to work twice as hard as anyone else and he applied himself with an intensity which astonished his superiors. Now, after twenty years, he has increased the business to ten times its original size. When people tell him that this is due to his brilliance he insists that it is merely the result of a challenge.

Often the children of the rich receive this challenge as soon as they go away from home to preparatory schools. A crowd of boys in the early teens are not only democratic but they are quick to resent any of their group who expects special privileges because of any factor extraneous to his own accomplishments or personality. It is usually up to the rich youth to live down his wealth.

Of course there is often a minority of toadies who will take his part in the hope of benefiting later on by association with him; but unless the new boy has been badly spoiled at home, he will dislike this sycophancy and be glad to let his popularity depend on his own good fellowship or skill at athletics.

The other kind has usually grown up in a household where the motto is: "Money will buy anything." The results in his conduct will be pathetic and often tragic. He will be avoided by the most desirable boys at school and at college. He will surround himself with an inferior group of flatterers who carry on the disastrous work started when he was a child. If he is in an automobile accident he may—as a seventeen-year-old member of this set did not long ago—casually pull out a thousand-dollar bill and consider the incident closed.

The young wife of a man brought up on this theory left him last year, although in doing so she gave up the chance of sharing in his fortune. She said it was impossible to live with him. "All his life he has been bribing his way out of scrapes. He has bought almost all the friends he has of either sex. He has bought his way into clubs without any more sensitiveness than he has bought yachts and aeroplanes and country houses. He thinks he has paid for them with money. But he has really paid with his soul."

A contemporary of this man, who is also the heir to a large fortune, has always been so afraid of being sought after because of his money that his first day at college he announced that he would never lend a cent of money to anyone. Nor did he. When he went on parties he scrupulously paid his share, but no more. He earned the reputation for being ungenerous, but he has never changed his policy.

Even in the same family the truly intelligent parent may treat two sons differently in regard to money. At the death of a well-known banker not long ago, it was found that his elder son, who has gone earnestly into a political career, received a much larger share of the estate than the younger, who, as a member of his father's banking house, has opportunities to increase his fortune. In the case of the elder, his father had seen enough of his serious desire to be of public service, so that he knew the money, far from turning him into an idler, would increase his usefulness.

In viewing a goodly number of ultra-rich parents, one sees that they are apt to inculcate into their children one of three ideas about money. They may regard its mere possession and hoarding as furnishing protection against any need for personal accomplishment. They hide behind an accumulation of stocks and bonds as if they formed an impregnable fortress. The result of this theory, whether it is held consciously or unconsciously, is to produce what is perhaps the dullest and most stupid class in the United States, regardless of the city in which it is to be found. Each small town has at least one such family, even though their wealth may be great only in comparison with that of the other inhabitants.

The next class are infinitely gayer and more amusing. Without them, the tabloids and society journals would have a difficult time. They are the spenders. They believe money will buy everything. And in the process of buying racing stables, private cars and crown jewels, the occasional suits brought against them for breach of promise, or manslaughter when driving automobiles recklessly, or scandalous divorces which furnish exciting reading for the rest of the population, are considered by their friends the direct consequence of lack of judgment. The lack of judgment to which they refer is not concerned with the conduct of the person involved, but with his or her failure to pay a large enough price for exemption. They are convinced that if only a sufficient amount of money is paid at the right time to the right authority, even the needle's eye of New Testament warning can be stretched to accommodate the biggest camel.

For Decent Living and Security

Fortunately, there are many possessors of large fortunes who pass on to their children neither one nor the other of these fallacious concepts. They do not minimize the value of money up to a certain point, for they know that nothing is more ruinous to the peace of mind or the best work of an individual than the strain of continuous financial insecurity. They recognize the necessity for money if education, culture, travel, and the arts are to be enjoyed by succeeding generations. But above all, they see, by endless examples around them, that after the certain point which makes decent living and security possible, wealth becomes only a liability.

They see small heirs to large fortunes guarded by private detectives and hampered in their normal right to unrestricted play. It may seem to them symbolic.

Or they may reflect upon the true story of the newly rich Russian who, at the marriage of his daughter, shortly before the Revolution, had twenty uniformed servants standing in the garden where refreshments were served, pouring endless bottles of the best-vintage champagne upon the ground. It was the most superb gesture the host could imagine to indicate the extent of his wealth.

And if this incident seems too fantastic to be credible, it can be verified by the first-hand testimony of the proprietor of the tea room in Paris where the bride is now employed as a waitress.

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

for the Man who Cares

THE man who cares *knows* that FLORSHEIM SHOES have a refinement of style far above the ordinary; that they are superior shoes in every way . . . He looks upon the FLORSHEIM crest as a distinguishing mark that identifies the finer, smarter shoe for well dressed men. To wear FLORSHEIM SHOES is a pleasure every man should enjoy.

THE ROLLS . . . *Style* M-375

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers . . . Chicago

Most Styles
$10

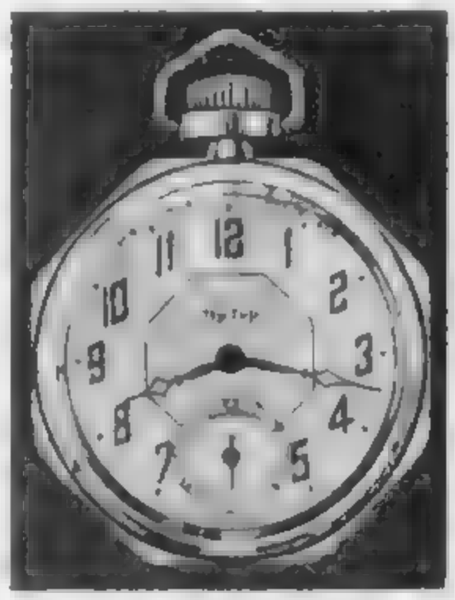
YOU'LL GET GOOD SERVICE OUT OF TIP-TOP BECAUSE WE BUILD IT IN!

THERE are years and years of service in Tip-Top's dust-proof case with chromium-plated back. Its Krack-proof Krystal just won't break. Its detachable strap of genuine pigskin will survive the roughest sort of treatment. Its movement is remarkably reliable. Day-in, day-out, Tip-Top will mark the minutes for you and mark them well.

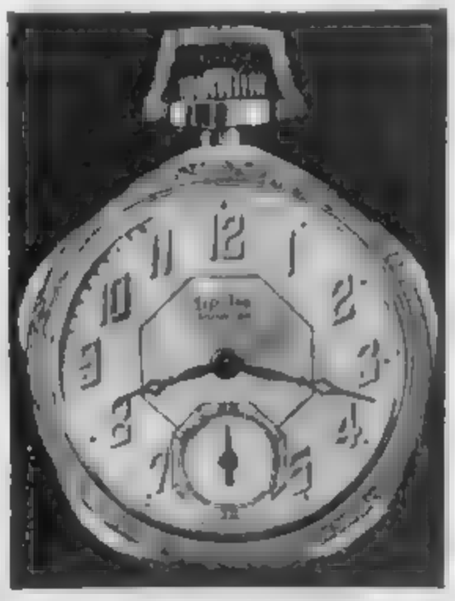
Best of all, there has been no sacrifice of beauty for strength. Tip-Top is as good-looking as it is sturdy. Notice its smart octagonal design, its sunken second dial, and artistic hands and numerals. An exclusive feature is the easy-to-read angle at which Tip-Top is set on its strap.

Your dealer has Tip-Top. With silver dial, $3.50. With radium dial, $4. . . . If you prefer a pocket watch, see the two attractive models below.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY, New Haven, Conn.
Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations



$1.50 Tip-Top Pocket Watch with octagonal design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch. Radium dial, $2.25



$2.00 Tip-Top Quintet with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is easily the handsomest watch at its price. Radium dial, $2.50.

Copr. 1929 N. H. C. Co.
Inc. Ingraham Pat. 1645A

10,000 PICTURES CAN'T BE WRONG

(Continued from Page 5

All we promise is a chance. Now, if you boys can get your M. E.'s to see their high society friends and arrange for me to get cards to a few clubs and invites to a couple of dances maybe—not that I'm trying to horn in; it's all business, see?—well, I'm sure I can learn plenty, pick the right young lady and do my humble part in presenting to the world, through the medium of the talking screen, the first and only superpicture ever showing the modern South as it really is."

"That can be arranged easily enough, Mr. Rogers. But I know that someone will ask for your credentials. You understand, of course, that ——"

"Sure—sure I understand. And you needn't think I hopped this distance without 'em. Believe me, I know enough about the shy, sheltered Southern girl to realize that she never would take a chance unless she knew it was all on the level." He pulled from his pocket a sheaf of papers which he spread to the gaze of his interviewers. "Okay, boys?"

"Fine." They rose. "The cards will reach you soon. And now, a word about yourself ——"

"Oh, don't bother with me," exclaimed Eddie Rogers modestly. "I'm merely on the directorial staff of Massive, doing my best to help the company elevate the screen. I've worked on a few of the greatest pictures ever filmed and I believe the talkers have come to stay. I've written a few stories, too; but then, that's really nothing to boast about. Of course all the big stars are my intimate friends, but you mustn't ask me any of their domestic secrets"—he winked broadly—"because it wouldn't ever do for me to tell what I know when I've accepted their hospitality. True, eh?"

"Absolutely. And if there's anything else we can do for you ——"

"Nothing, thanks. Eddie Rogers does things for himself. If I do say so as shouldn't, I'm the spirit of Hollywood. Do it yourself—that's my motto—and keep on learning. If we directors don't keep our eyes and brains awake, we can't ever expect to bring new things to the screen like this Southern classic we're planning. And listen; I'd like six copies of each paper containing the stories you boys are going to write. Chances are, our publicity department will be glad to circulate 'em all over the country, just to show folks how Massive goes after things. Our motto on this picture is Realism; and the way we do it, it's got to be pronounced with a big R."

The reporters departed, and Eddie Rogers sallied from the hotel for his first intimate view of the new South.

As he stepped to the curb his ears were assailed by the strident voices of newsies yelling their wares very much as he might have expected in Los Angeles or New York. Familiarly uniformed taxi drivers eyed him eagerly. To the right the serrated sky line was marked by a group of tall and impressive buildings. Men and women hurried by, on foot and in cars. Triple-toned sirens and raucous, impatient horns dinned on the afternoon air.

Eddie sighed and directed his steps toward the center of town. He was looking for the True Southern Girl, and was certain he would find her pensively rambling along the street in—well, maybe not in crinoline skirt, poke-bonnet hat and with long hair cascading about her modestly concealed shoulders, but certainly in a fashion to mark her as different from her sisters of the North and West.

Queerly enough, he didn't see anything unusual. The young ladies—well, even to his Hollywood-trained eyes, their skirts seemed amazingly short and their display of hosiery somewhat exaggerated. A few sport-model roadsters zipped past; a young couple in the front seat and another couple rumbling in the back, frankly interested in each other. Flappers and their boy friends. Eddie was astonished that the fine old aristocracy of the South would permit such things on its city streets.

Then he realized that these were not, and could not be, the girls he was seeking. He would find these in the residential section. He could see them now, ambling about the garden with their ancient negro mammies, plucking nosegays for their cavaliers, poised on tiny, pointed toes for flight should a strange man so much as look in their direction.

He asked directions, took a street car, and ten minutes later alighted in the heart of the residential section. Here again he received a shock. At first he thought these fine, big houses and great velvety lawns breathed of a distinctive South; then his trained eye told him that there was no scintilla of difference between this residential section and the similar sections of Hollywood or New Rochelle or the little towns around Boston or Cleveland. Just broad, shady streets, tiny flower gardens, beautiful comfortable homes. He found a patrolman idly pacing his beat and accosted the man.

"Where will I find some of the old, Colonial homes, officer?"

The patrolman seemed puzzled. "You mean them big white houses with pillars up and down the porch?"

Eddie's eyes lighted. "That's it."

"Well, sir, if you'll take the bus marked Homedale which runs across the mountain yonder you'll find a lot of them houses. A new real-estate firm is developing a Colonial section and they're building all their places thataway."

"Uh-huh. But I don't mean that exactly. I mean the old plantations; the real mellow homes with ivy clambering around the verandas and ol' black mammies crooning their songs."

The officer of the law stepped closer.

"You seem like a nice feller, sir. I hope you ain't been drinking too much."

"I never drink—too much. But I'm a stranger in the South and I want to see some plantations and cotton fields."

"I'm afraid you'd have to travel a long way for that. Way out in the country. Me, I've been so busy sort of protecting things that I reckon I haven't seen a plantation in ten years except from the train."

In a melancholy mood Eddie Rogers returned to his hotel. Something was radically wrong. Careful preliminary investigation had satisfied him that this was the most perfect example of the modern Southern city; yet, by gosh, he might just as well have gone to Pasadena. And as for looking Colonial, he reflected now that Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was the most Southern-looking city he had ever seen.

But he knew that he had merely visited the wrong places. Art couldn't be wrong; the drama was not always in error. And hadn't he—ever since earliest boyhood—seen beautiful sectional numbers in musical comedies? Hadn't there always been songs about the girls from the North and East and West and South, and hadn't the Southern girl always worn crinolines and sunbonnets and little black shoes with white stockings, and hadn't she always carried a basket filled with flowers? And didn't they speak differently?

The movies too. Of course no other firm had gone to the expense and trouble that Massive was taking on this superspecial epic of the New South, but certainly the South which had been screened time and time again couldn't be nonexistent. No, sir, the plays and pictures weren't wrong; it was the South which must be in error.

Everything Mr. Rogers saw enhanced his amazement. Gorgeous filling stations, modern public buildings, a marble-front library and a high-school building one

(Continued on Page 80)

"Van Dorn" BREAKS ALL PRECEDENT

—announcing their Regular ½ inch Electric Drill at the remarkably low price

$45.00

Van Dorn also announce an entirely new Bench Drill Stand for use in connection with the ½ Inch Drill, these two units forming a power drill press capable of a wide range of work.

$18.00

Bench Drill Stand complete with ½" Drill only $63.00

The Van Dorn Electric Tool Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

Van Dorn Electric Tools may be obtained from the Leading Supply Houses.

(Continued from Page 78)

block broad and half a block deep. He saw municipal golf links and tennis courts, flashy sport cars, young Southern gentlemen about eighteen years of age in sport shirts and bell-bottom pants which seemed about to turn into skirts, and young ladies with skirts which seemed about to turn into bathing suits.

Eddie was thoughtful and worried when he returned to the hotel. The final edition of the evening paper had just appeared on the streets, and he bought four copies. His interview was there on the first page, and he confessed that it was an excellent job. One error, of course. It classified him as one of the foremost directors on the Massive roster; but then perhaps the Manager of West Coast Production might read that description and from it evolve a good idea.

But Eddie was terribly afraid that he had chosen the wrong town, and there was nothing he could do now but go ahead with it. The published interview definitely had committed Massive to choose its true Southern girl in this city, and should he drift on, it would merely give Massive a bad name and cause the town to classify the whole thing as "just another one of those awful picture fakes." Eddie felt that he couldn't wound the soul and pride of the South in such a manner.

He chatted with the assistant manager of the hotel.

"This ain't a typical Southern town, is it?" he asked.

The assistant manager smiled. "It certainly is. Kind of sleepy and tired, if you ask me."

"But not what I expected. It seemed rather bustling."

"Gosh, no! If you want a hustling, bustling town go to Birmingham or Atlanta or some city like that. This is really your true Southern city, and if I do say it, you couldn't have picked a better one for what you want."

The following morning Eddie received an invitation to the Saturday-night dance at the country club. He spoke to one of his newspaper friends and was informed that there he would find the feminine flower of the socially élite.

As he stepped into the modern ballroom of the old Colonial home of the country club—which boasted that it had been completed within the past year and was one of the finest in the United States—his ears were assaulted by the jazzy strains of a very fine dance orchestra. He glanced around the ballroom, half expecting to find a cotillion or lancers in progress. Instead, he saw young gentlemen and ladies in ultra-modern garb dancing with liberality and enthusiasm. He seated himself and listened in to several snatches of conversation.

And what conversation—modern slang, the banter of today! Where was the old courtliness which he had come South to find? Where, indeed, was any difference between this and a dance at the country club of any other city in the country?

They discovered that Eddie was present. They made him welcome and introduced him to several young ladies. The girls were pretty and bright and alarmingly modern. Almost without exception a willingness was expressed to try a trip to Hollywood. Under other circumstances the situation would have been fraught with interesting potentialities for Mr. Eddie Rogers, but he had come to this town definitely seeking the true South, and thus far he hadn't found it.

In the days which followed, Mr. Rogers found himself shocked and bewildered. The thermometer indicated that he was in the South, and certainly the young folks didn't talk with the peculiar terseness of the East or the drawl of the West, yet their dialect wasn't right. It didn't even sound right. They talked like any other people and not as he knew they should talk.

He was besieged by pulchritudinous young ladies who were eager to carve a career in the films. He found them intriguing, but quite impossible for his purpose. He had sought the South only to find that it had vanished, and he was a very disappointed young assistant director. And just when he had determined to return to Hollywood and tell them that they must produce this epic as all other Southern pictures had been produced—adhering rigidly to the Southern dialect and custom as established by Eastern novelists, Broadway producers and Hollywood directors—a miracle occurred.

There was delivered to Mr. Rogers, in his room at the Johnston Hotel, a light blue envelope with the vague scent of lilac clinging to it. It was addressed in a firm, neat, feminine hand, and he tore open the envelope feeling that he was on the verge of something. His face grew radiant as he read the note:

WISTARIA PLANTATION.
EDWARD ROGERS, ESQ.
JOHNSTON HOTEL

Honored Sir: It has come to my attention that you, sir, are seeking the true spirit of the modern South for a great picture which your company proposes to create.

Though this letter may cause you to deem me immodest and unmaidenly, straitened circumstances force me to inscribe this letter, trusting that you may not misunderstand my motives.

I am the last of an aristocratic but impoverished line. The blood of my forbears stained the fields of Antietam, Cold Harbor and Fredericksburg. The War left us with naught but the blue blood and unquenchable pride of the Confederacy although passing years have convinced us that there may be something of good in a Yankee.

I am nineteen years of age, and, sir, although I blush to sing my own praises, not entirely lacking in charm. Should you deem me worthy of attention I should be pleased to grant you an interview tomorrow morning at eleven of the clock at my plantation home.

Trusting that you will not consider me too forward because financial stringency has compelled me to indite this epistle, I am, sir

Respectfully,

MISS ELISE BARTON.

And Then, When He Passed the Section for the Third Time, the Flirtatious Little Flapper Deliberately Smiled at Him

The following morning a taxicab halted before the great stone gates of Wistaria Plantation. Enroute to the place, Eddie had viewed several acres of cotton and a few oak trees with great bunches of Spanish moss pendant from their branches. But as he leaped from the cab and bade the driver wait, he knew that at last he had discovered the El Dorado which was to enable Massive to produce a true epic of the modern South.

From the gate a double line of majestic oaks formed a gorgeous arcade through which the sun cast a lace pattern on the gravel walk. In the background he glimpsed the magnificent veranda of a venerable colonial mansion, spotlessly white and inexpressibly dignified.

Inside the gate and to the left were half a dozen negro cabins, somewhat in disrepair, but bespeaking the olden days. A dilapidated colored man was idly whanging a banjo, and as Eddie stood uncertainly in the walkway, thoroughly enraptured, an aged negress of amazing girth waddled forward. Eddie spoke first.

"Is this Wistaria Plantation, aunty?"

The old negress performed a stout curtsy. "Yassuh, young massa."

Eddie's smile was beatific. Here, indeed, was the South he knew.

"Does Miss Elise Barton live here?"

"Yassuh, young massa. Missy Elise is my young mistis. Does you crave to see her?"

"Yes, aunty, I do."

"Jes' you foller me, young massa."

He did. The place cast a mystic spell upon him. They moved toward the plantation house; increasingly majestic as they came closer. He half closed his eyes and envisioned gay dances on that noble veranda; plumed and belted Confederate cavalrymen, raiding Yankees; he fancied that bloody duels must have been fought under those great oaks, and for a wild instant he considered wiring to his production chief that the exteriors for their epic must be made right here. But no, they were a soulless lot out there on the Coast, and wouldn't understand. They didn't know the South as intimately as did he. Anyway, he could take half a hundred snapshots of this plantation and deliver them over to the art department.

Just before they reached the house, aunty halted.

"Yondah comes young mistis," said she.

Eddie turned, and the picture that caught his eye held him enraptured.

Standing between two azalea bushes was a slender, glorious creature who gazed at him from lustrous eyes. Her face was delicate and oval, and it was framed like an exquisite miniature under a picture hat with a large floppy brim. She wore a print dress—a thing of white with flowers on it. It was cut low at the throat, the arms were bare, but below the waist it bulged out and out and out until it reached an alarming circumference just above the ankles.

Miss Barton wore white cotton stockings and round-toed black shoes—tiny things which peeped mischievously out at the world. On her left arm was a basket in which was a glory of fresh-plucked flowers, and she looked at her visitor with a shy, startled expression.

"Gosh!" murmured Eddie reverently. "I've got it at last!"

Here was the true South. Here was the South of musical comedy and motion pictures. He had known doggedly that all of the producers couldn't be wrong, and he quivered with eagerness as he raised his hat. If only her voice was right; if only she spoke true Southern dialect.

Eddie bowed, and noted the startled light which leaped into her glorious eyes. And then, as he said, "Good morning, ma'am!" he heard her soft, drawling voice:

"Good mawnin', suh."

Eddie fairly wriggled with happiness as he introduced himself.

"Oh, suh Mistuh Rogers, suh—Ah humbly crave yo' pahdon fo' this unseemly lack of hospitality. If Ah had heard yo' cyar, suh ——"

"I came in a taxi, and I left it outside." He heaved a deep sigh. "Beautiful place you have here, Miss Barton."

(Continued on Page 84)

What Mother Really wants

Advance 1930 Model Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range
"The Electric Maid for Modern Mothers"
Finished in white porcelain enamel with gray trim and untarnishing *Hotpoint Chromeplate*. Equipped with Hotpoint Hi Speed Calrod element, Thrift Cooker and patented Smokeless Broiler. The fastest, most economical electric range in the world.

A Hotpoint *Automatic* Electric Range

THIS Christmas you can give Mother a *modern* electric gift—greater in its practical, automatic helpfulness than anything Aladdin ever dreamed of.

Thousands of electric companies, serving over ten million homes, are co-operating this Christmas to make this amazing gift one of the easiest of all gifts you can give Mother, to lighten her daily labors of love, to free her from long kitchen hours, from scouring utensils; to cook better, more healthful meals with less effort.

Deep down in every Mother's heart is a longing for the clean, convenient efficiency of an all-electric kitchen. Here is the place to start, with a Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range. Three times every day for long years to come she'll be thankful for the time and effort it saves; and proud of its sootless, gleaming beauty.

Ask your electric company about the remarkable Christmas offer on this advance 1930 model Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range. Or write us for literature.

This jeweled range clock, in addition to keeping accurate time, automatically turns the oven on and off though Mother may be miles away. No need to be chained to a kitchen to cook perfect meals! (The automatic time-control clock is optional equipment at small additional cost.)

Automatic Temperature Control and Thermometer. Merely set it for the heat desired and the oven temperature is automatically maintained at that point

Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Can.

© 1929 E. E. A. Co., Inc.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

The sixtieth birthday of this man's idea

Sixty years ago in a small two-story brick building not far from Pittsburgh, Henry J. Heinz started in business. To help him were two women and a boy. To inspire him was a reasoned determination to make food the best that could be produced and only make a reasonable charge for his services.

The Late H. J. HEINZ
1844 - 1919
Founder and for Fifty Years President of H. J. Heinz Company

Today, the employees of the H. J. Heinz Company number more than 11,000. There are 25 factories in four different countries — and branches all over the world . . . Today the name Heinz stands just as definitely for quality in London and Calcutta as it does in San Francisco and New York.

The story of the growth of Heinz is the old, old story of an idea —and an ideal. Henry Heinz believed in *quality* —for its own sake. He was that kind of a man. But he believed, too —and the years have proved him right —that a large part of the public

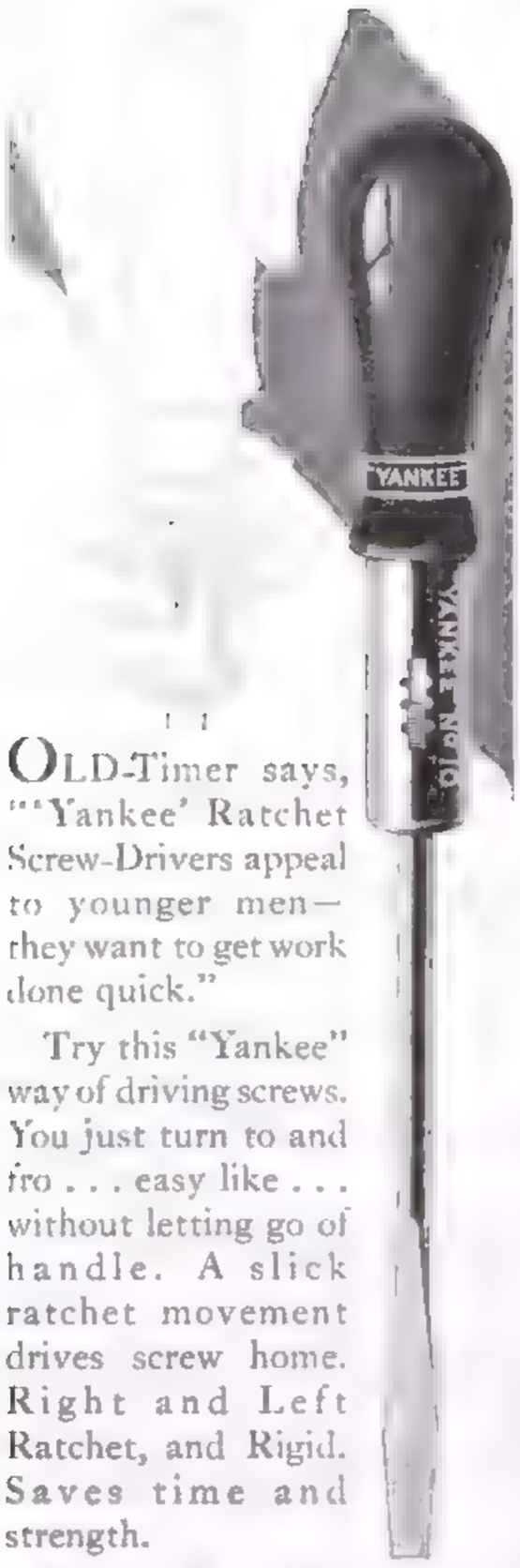
also believed in quality for its own sake —and that he could look to this public for loyal support of his idea. So he chose quality as the keystone of his business. And we have never stepped aside from that single purpose. We are sixty years old as an institution. Our growth from the tiny kitchen of 1869 has been impressive. Yet we feel that we are still just beginning—that each year we will contribute more definite, more significant achievements to the credit of the food industry.

Measured in size alone, the growth of the Heinz enterprise would indeed be a noteworthy accomplishment. But it means more to us that Henry Heinz' original idea of the worth of sheer *quality* has been followed—and expanded far beyond his most hopeful expectations. That is the real satisfaction of such an anniversary... Most gratifying of all these birthday reflections is the pleasant knowledge that every year more millions of women regard the Heinz kitchens as their own kitchens —and that these women gladly leave to us the important task of selecting and preparing food that shall be nourishing, healthful and unexcelled in taste and flavor.

Howard Heinz

PRESIDENT

H. J. HEINZ CO. • MAKERS OF THE 57 VARIETIES



OLD-Timer says, "'Yankee' Ratchet Screw-Drivers appeal to younger men—they want to get work done quick."

Try this "Yankee" way of driving screws. You just turn to and fro . . . easy like . . . without letting go of handle. A slick ratchet movement drives screw home. Right and Left Ratchet, and Rigid. Saves time and strength.

No. 10—With ratchet shifter moving lengthwise with tool. Eight sizes: 2- to 12-inch blades. 65¢ up.

No. 11—Same as No. 10, except shifter moves across tool.

No. 15—With "Yankee" Thumb-turn on blade (see illustration), for starting wobbly screws with thumb and forefinger. Six blade lengths, 2- to 8-inch. All blades, ⅝" diameter. 70¢ up.

Remember, no screw-driver is a "Yankee" Ratchet, unless marked with the name. Ask dealer for "Yankee."

Write for "Yankee" Tool Book

Action pictures show how "Yankee" Tools make work easier. Bit Braces with famous "Yankee" Ratchet. Quick Return Spiral Screw Drivers. Two-speed (11-inch) Hand Drills. Automatic Push Drills. Ratchet Breast Hand, Chain and Bench Drills. Ratchet Tap Wrenches. Removable Base Vises, Etc.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

MAKE BETTER MECHANICS

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
You may send "Yankee" Tool Book, Free.

Name ...

Address ...

(Continued from Page 80)

She smiled and curtsied

"Thank you, suh, fo' yo' praise of our humble abode. And may Ah bid you welcome, suh? If you will accompany me to the po'ch, Ah shall have my manse'vant, Esau, concoct a julep fo' you."

They faced each other in the cool shade of the spacious veranda. The manservant brought a mint julep which Eddie enthusiastically declared was a mint julep. Then he guided the conversation to the all-important subject.

"You you live here alone, Miss Barton?"

"Oh, no, suh. My aunt, she has lived with me since my father—Cunnel Barton—passed to his reward. It's right lonely out heah, suh; 'specially fo' po' folks like us. Ah reckon you cain't hahdly understand that, can you?"

"We-e-ell, yes. But it's so beautiful. Dog-gone it, miss, I've been wondering where all the South had gone. I've met heaps of folks since I came down here, but they're not Southerners. They don't talk Southern and they don't act Southern."

She sighed. "How true yo' utterances are, suh! Ah reckon that the spirit of the South cain't hahdly live much longer, what with this jazz music and such evil things."

He gazed off through the avenue of majestic live oaks.

"It'd be almost too much to think that you could possibly be seriously interested in the proposition I have to offer, Miss Barton."

"Oh, no, suh. Times have been hahd since the wah—meaning the Civil Wah, of co'se, suh. Even my deah depahted father, the cunnel, was in straitened circumstances, and ——"

"Well, it's this way, miss: I am prepared to offer you a definite, binding four months' contract at one hundred dollars a week. You would have to accompany me to Hollywood—of course with your aunt, if you insist ——"

"No, suh, Ah wouldn't think of insisting on that. But, of co'se, if you were willin', we could take her."

"I think it would be better. The crudeness and vulgarity of the place might shock your fine Southern sensibilities. Your job out there would be to confer with the supervisor, director, art department and actors to make sure that in creating this epic we were adhering rigidly to the true spirit of the modern South."

"And, suh, may Ah inquire whether Ah should have an opportunity to act?"

"Would you—really?"

"Ah would try, suh."

"Hot dog! Sure, you'd get a chance. In a small part, of course. And if you made good there would be a permanent job for you there." His face was radiant. "Can't I imagine the faces of the boys when I appear on the lot with you! And as for your voice—pardon me, Miss Barton, but you have the only perfect Southern voice and accent I have ever heard."

"Oh, thank you, suh. And you really will take me with you?" Miss Barton asked.

He whipped a paper from his pocket.

"Here's the contract, miss; all drawn up by our legal department and lacking only the name of the young lady. If you're willing, we'll sign it right now."

"Ah'm quite prepared, suh."

He hesitated for just a moment. "Of course this binds the company absolutely, Miss Barton; but remember that once you sign this you, also, are bound."

"Ah am sensible of that fact, suh; and you may be sure that the honah of a Barton will assuah you that Ah shall do mah best."

"Great! And when can you go? How soon, I mean?"

"How soon do you wish me, suh?"

"Day after tomorrow?"

"That will be satisfactory, suh."

"Oh, boy! And we'll take your aunt along. The company will be glad to pay her fare both ways. Now listen. Where shall we meet?"

"Suppose you send me my tickets and Ah shall meet you on the train at ten o'clock day after tomorrow mawnin', suh."

Two hours later Eddie was back in his hotel writing a telegram to his supervisor:

BOY IS GOT I STOP THE SPIRIT OF NEW S[illegible] COMING WITH M[illegible] MASSIVE MISSUS S[illegible] S[illegible]R PROD[illegible]CTION A TRU[illegible]PI OF NEW SOUTH STOP AND HOW STOP MEET HER[illegible] MONDAY MORNING WITH CAMERAS STOP ONE FLASH OF THIS DAME AND PUBLICITY DEPT WILL GO MORE GOOFY THAN USUAL STOP AM I HAPPY STOP ASK ME. EDDIE

The day following, Eddie busied himself taking pictures, and the following morning he overslept and was forced to rush for the train. He boarded the last Pullman just as it was pulling out, and immediately went in search of Elise Barton.

He didn't see her, and a great fright clutched his heartstrings. Suppose his delicate flower had become terrified at the thought of Hollywood and fainted at the last moment? But no! She had signed her name and thus committed the honah of the Bartons, suh. She was on that train, he knew. But where?

Twice he walked past the section he had reserved for her. There was no sign of his little Southern girl. In fact, in that very section was a pert little flapper; pretty enough, he thought, but otherwise just a girl.

She had bobbed hair and flashing black eyes which smiled somewhat flirtatiously into his. She wore a pert little hat and a suit that he knew would look snappy on Hollywood Boulevard. Her skirts were alarmingly short and the display of chiffon hosiery was frankly interesting.

Swell dame, he classified her, but just at the moment he wasn't thinking of flirtation. He was worried about Miss Barton. And then, when he passed the section for the third time, the flirtatious little flapper deliberately smiled at him. Worried as he was, Eddie was no less than human. He also smiled. And then—brazenly—the girl spoke:

"My aunt is in the observation car, Mr. Rogers!"

Eddie grasped the back of the nearest seat. He closed his eyes and swayed dizzily. That voice! The same tones, but the inflection, oh, so different! As from a great distance he heard her again:

"Sit down, please."

He collapsed by her side and looked at her dazedly.

"You—you're not Elise Barton, really, are you?"

"Wrong! I most certainly am Elise Barton."

"B-b-but you can't be! Your your clothes ——"

She laughed lightly. "Goodness, Mr. Rogers, you surely didn't expect me to wear those absurd things where folks could see me, did you?"

"And your voice, your dialect?"

"Discarded with the clothes. Now, listen, and try not to get sore. That place does belong to my folks and the lady with me is really my aunt. My father and mother were quite willing for me to come. So I approached you in the only possible way that offered a chance of success."

"You mean you fooled me?"

"I didn't do anything else. I'm sorry. And I want to tell you right now that you're not bound by that contract unless you wish to be. We'll tear it up and I'll go back home from New Orleans. Really, I didn't want to trick you, but this chance meant so terribly much to me. You see, I am a lady and I am educated and I am not entirely a dumb-bell. I understand perfectly what your company wants. It wants a picture that will reflect truly the spirit of the modern South. Well, I know the modern South. I was born and raised here. My family has lived here since Colonial days. But that foolish dialect and those silly clothes—don't you see that I couldn't continue that masquerade here on a train? I wish you'd forgive me and take me along anyway. I want and need the chance, and I'll try so hard to make good. Somebody was going to get the opportunity ——"

His head was whirling.

"And—and you mean that no Southern girls wear clothes like that?"

"Certainly not. They haven't for ages."

"And they don't talk like you did out there on the plantation?"

"Don't be silly! That isn't Southern dialect. That's merely the way Northerners think Southerners talk. Down here, Mr. Rogers, we talk just like any other folks. Maybe there's a little difference, but not like you imagine. And if I can do my bit to make this picture of Massive's a real true thing ——"

He rose abruptly. "Excuse me for a minute or two, Miss Barton. I want to collect my thoughts. You see, this is rather a shock."

He lurched down the aisle of the car and stood for a long time on the platform, where he smoked half a dozen cigarettes.

He was bewildered by the problem. And then, the faintest hint of a smile turned the corners of his lips upward, and he nodded with satisfaction. He returned to the Pullman and seated himself beside the anxious girl.

"Miss Barton," he started, "I've been thinking."

"Yes?"

"And I've decided to take you with me to Hollywood on one condition."

"Gee, that's great! What is the condition?"

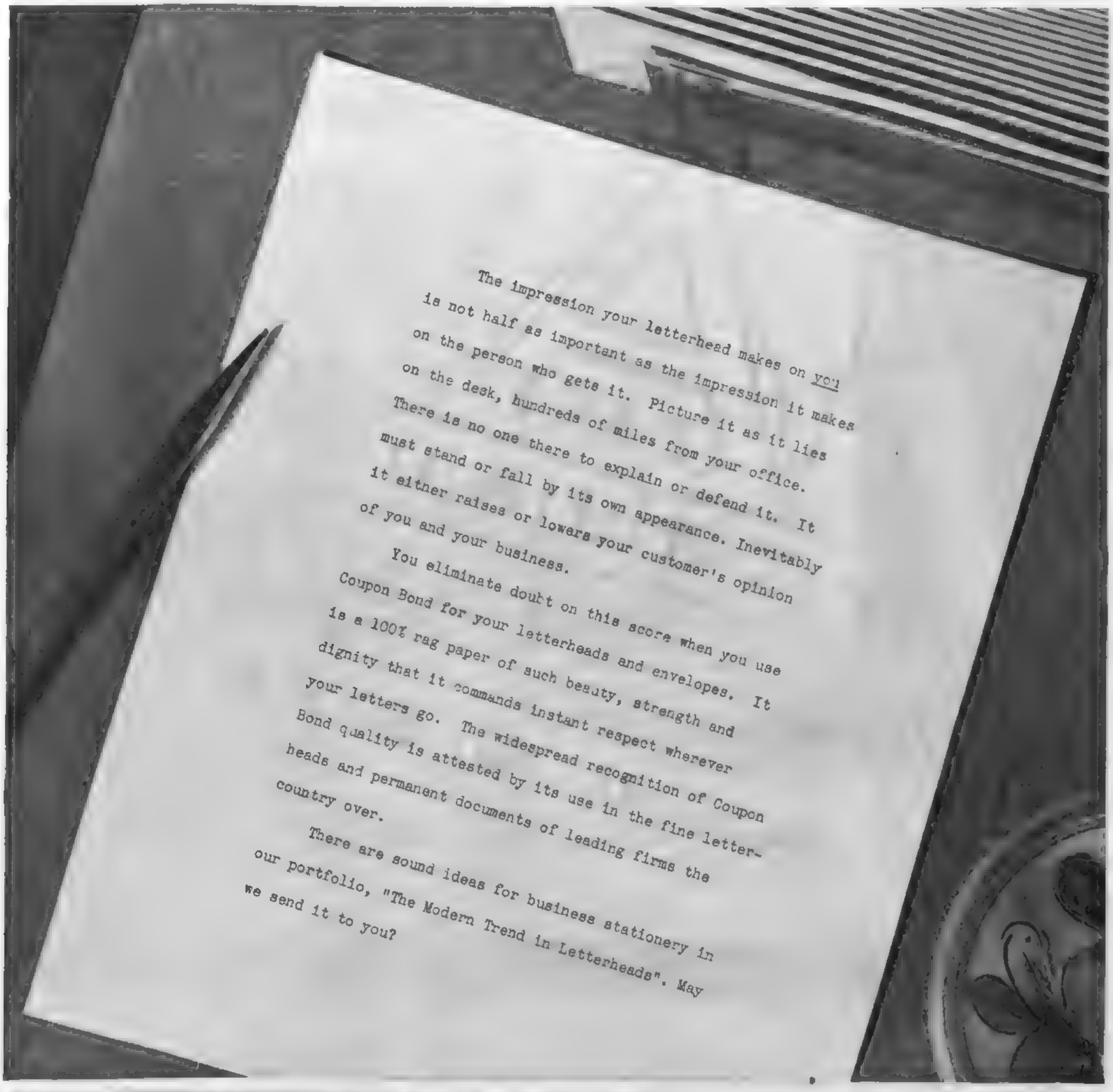
"Just this: I want you to give me your word that just before this train pulls into Los Angeles you'll put on your long dress and picture hat, and that you'll wear nothing but that type of clothes all the time the picture is in production, no matter what anybody says. And I want your word of honor that you won't talk any way except in the dialect you used when I met you at the plantation."

She was silent for a moment. Then: "Very well, Mr. Rogers, I promise. But would you mind telling me why I must dress and talk so ridiculously?"

"Because, my dear young lady," he explained patiently, "we must have realism."

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY INCORPORATED

HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS


The impression your letterhead makes on you
is not half as important as the impression it makes
on the person who gets it. Picture it as it lies
on the desk, hundreds of miles from your office.
There is no one there to explain or defend it. It
must stand or fall by its own appearance. Inevitably
it either raises or lowers your customer's opinion
of you and your business.
You eliminate doubt on this score when you use
Coupon Bond for your letterheads and envelopes. It
is a 100% rag paper of such beauty, strength and
dignity that it commands instant respect wherever
your letters go. The widespread recognition of Coupon
Bond quality is attested by its use in the fine letter-
heads and permanent documents of leading firms the
country over.
There are sound ideas for business stationery in
our portfolio, "The Modern Trend in Letterheads". May
we send it to you?

EAGLE·A·PAPERS

Want 30% more miles *from every tire* ?

TESTS conducted by leading tire manufacturers prove that *even five pounds* too little air reduces tire mileage 25 to 33%.

By keeping the exact pressure your tires require, you can eliminate, tire makers say, at least 80% of all premature tire failures.

But you must use an accurate, durable gauge. The Schrader is such a gauge. That's why leading tire authorities recommend it.

This gauge works on the "direct action" principle. There is no delicate mechanism to get out of order.

Schrader Gauges are sold by more than 110,000 dealers throughout the world. Buy one today. Check your tire pressures every Friday. Notice how tire life increases by many miles per season.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, INC.
Brooklyn, Chicago, Toronto, London

Schrader
Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844
Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

MUSSEL BOUND

(Continued from Page 52

On the Wildcat major's head was a hat of which any admiral might be proud. It sagged fore and aft, and bore aloft, midships, a trio of ostrich plumes secured by a crimson pompon of baby ribbon.

"Hot dam! Boy, dat ol' Gin'ral Toro suttinly does turn out his majors mighty eleet." The Wildcat realized his personal pictorial effect and craved a looking-glass, but this bit of excusable vanity was frustrated by the stern call of duty.

"Come with me now and I will get you to receipt for the care and custody of General Toro's game chickens. The general asked me to swear you in under oath, but it will be sufficient for you to promise that you will faithfully defend and uphold the safety and well-being of these four prize possessions of our chieftain, with liberty, equality and fraternity. Answer 'I do.'"

"Us does. Whah at's dese chickens? Whah at's dem two aides whut gwine to help me in dis war? Lemme take up one mo' military matteh wid you. How 'bout gittin' two-three dollahs wages befo' you leaves me? Whah at's de quartermaster whut puts out wages? Like to git me three-fo' dollahs to last me till Sat'day night. Jus' seed a lot of things along de street heah us craves to buy. Git me a drink of dat pink lemonade an' some of dat sweet cane to chew on whilst I militaries round camp wid de gin'ral's poultry."

A bugle call, ringing clear, cut short the reply to the Wildcat's oration relative to his immediate needs. "The army is moving!" the interpreter exclaimed. "General Toro's chickens are in a little pen in the third house to the left. Get them at once and follow along."

The Wildcat dived into the adobe hut which the interpreter had pointed out. Except for two dogs, a bundle of firewood and four small crates, each of which contained a militant young rooster, the place was deserted.

The Wildcat looked at the roosters and made a quick decision: "Go ahead an' move, does you crave to, army. Move along widout me. When a army moves it's lookin' fo' trouble. Us ain't!"

The Wildcat kept a vigilant watch until the last of General Toro's soldiers had left the vicinity. Then, with a grunt of relief, he wrapped his gilded regalia a little tighter around him, removed his plumed hat and lay down on the job, seeking a dash of tranquil sleep. He slept through the long afternoon.

Waking up late that evening, "Whut us majors need is nutriment," he reflected. He eyed General Toro's quartet of game roosters. A moral problem served as a momentary impediment to action. He selected one of the roosters, after the problem had been solved, exercising a judgment born of long experience.

"You look plump," he said to the rooster. "Too plump to fight. Neveh mind flutterin'. Fur as you is concerned de war is oveh."

Thirty minutes later, by the dying embers of a little fire which he had kindled outside the hut, "Whuf! Dat fighter was middlin' good," the Wildcat commented, pronouncing an epitaph on the first departed member of the chicken quartet. "Li'l' bit too lean, but middlin' tasty."

Preparing again to sleep, a bugle call and the shuffle of a thousand sandaled feet alarmed him. "Dog-gone dat pesterin' army! Sounds like it's comin' back." In some haste he parked the three remaining roosters under his brass-buttoned blue coat.

"When dat revolvin' army gits back heah it's gwine to find me some place else. No use tryin' to 'splain chicken featehs to no army. Chicken featehs does dey own 'splainin'."

In the night a slouching military figure, bulging slightly at the equator due to a concealed cargo, ducked down a back street of the town toward the railroad.

"Fust train dat comes th'ough, us takes it, inside or out."

Traffic seemed to have stopped on the railroad. Here and there in the moonlight the Wildcat saw figures of men seated beside little fires. He caught the glint of an occasional bayonet. "Dey is some mo' of dem dog-gone Mess-can soldiers. Lawdy, seems like dis country is 'fested wid war!"

He started down a dusty highway that paralleled the railroad half a mile from it. At sunrise he sought concealment in a tangled jungle. He spent the day in this retreat, utilizing another one of General Toro's feathered fighters to help him along. A decision as to what to do was promoted early in the evening by the sharp blast of a locomotive whistle.

"Dem railroad trains is begun runnin'," the refugee decided. "I betteh git out to de railroad track an' hop on board."

When he got to the railroad, traffic seemed to have fallen off. Instinctively, realizing that General Toro's army might now contain a minimum of friendship as far as he was concerned, he headed south and plodded down the track during one of the longest nights he had ever experienced.

The two roosters which he carried began to weigh more with each mile, but their weight was nothing compared to the burden of a growing apprehension that cluttered up the fugitive's mind. "In de fust place, Ise a A. W. O. L. major. In de second place, two of dem pussonal fightin' chickens is gone beyond recall. In de third place, dis Messy-co is a mighty lonesome land. Feet, lead me. Us craves mileage."

Nearing sunrise, he came to a river. The stream was spanned by a steel bridge. "Us crosses to de fur side an' massacrees one mo' pullet. Craves me some rest. Aims to sleep me some down undeh de bridge whah at nobody kin see me."

The Wildcat began his march across the bridge. Midway of the span he heard a whine that sounded like a close-up of a five-pound mosquito. Instinctively he looked down between the ties at the stream below. "Raises mighty big mosquitoes round heah," was the thought that began to form in his mind.

Before the thinking process was complete, the report of a rifle hit his eardrums. It sounded like the whang of a black-snake whip. "Somebody out huntin'." Then: "Lawdy, dat was a soldier!"

Another five-pound mosquito, and two seconds later a sound explaining its source. "Dat hunter ain't huntin' nobody but me! Soldiers!"

The Wildcat shifted to high and covered the second half of the steel bridge under a forty-mile order. He threw his heavy plumed hat away after the first jump, and in the next ten seconds he had discarded the heavy brass-buttoned coat and its cargo of poultry. "Fly away, nutriment; cain't be cluttered up wid you now!"

Near the end of the bridge, where the guard rails came together, in his flight the fugitive stepped on a loose railroad spike that lay in his path. He saw a dozen more of them under his feet, and noted casually that a length of rail had been stripped of its spikes. "Somebody tearin' up de track. Dey ain't got nuthin' on me, on'y I handles ballast 'stead of rails."

He galloped the next hundred yards with flying feet that touched the earth something less than every so often.

Then, slamming his anatomy into an emergency application of his full equipment of brakes, he came to a halt like a jay bird hitting the Rock of Gibraltar. He stopped three inches in front of three bayonets. "Yass, indeed, black boys! Heah I is," he panted. "Git away f'm me wid dat sharp hardware. Cain't run no mo'."

He sat down on the ground and closed his eyes against the glittering steel. He opened them again after three hearty gulps of stimulating air and was surprised to find himself still alive.

"Dog-gone it, mo' soldiers!" he protested to his inner self.

He noted that these soldiers were dressed in somewhat more formal military attire than the rabble crew which had composed General Toro's band. "Dese boys looks like some of dem soldiers whut fit in France. Mebby dey talks dat French talk."

From his recumbent position the Wildcat smiled at his captors. "Bong joor," he said. "Combien vang rouge?"

At this, one of the trio spoke quickly in Spanish. He addressed a companion. "Take him to the captain's headquarters," he ordered briefly. "If he tries to escape, kill him." Then, in first-class English, to the Wildcat; "Go with this man. If you try to escape you will be shot."

The Wildcat rolled his eyes toward the zenith. "Lawdy, Lawdy, yes, podner; Ise gwine right wid dat man! Lawd bless you fo' dem kind words! Dat's de most homelike talk I eveh heard. Whut's all dis ruckus 'bout, ennyhow?"

General conversation was terminated by a businesslike gesture of a rifle, for which the Wildcat needed no interpreter. "Ise gwine! Ise gittin' up right now. Ise right on my way wid dat boy. Whah at's us gwine? Lead me to it."

The Wildcat's conference with the officer commanding the detachment on guard at the bridgehead was fairly brief. At the outset of his examination the Wildcat was guilty of one important tactical error which colored all the balance of his statement. Seeking to impress his new captors with his own importance, "Ise Gin'ral Toro's right-hand man," he affirmed. "Turned all his pussonal bizness, fightin' chickens an' ev'ything, oveh to me. Him an' me is mighty pow'ful friends. Ennything happens to me, he's gwine to bring de army right in heah an' tell you boys all 'bout it wid bullets! Look at de unifawm he give me. Don't see no unifawm like dat round heah no place. Me an' de gin'ral was podners. . . . You boys betteh lemme go mighty quick, befo' he heahs 'bout dis trouble, else he's mighty apt to come an' see you, an' when he comes, he comes a-shootin'."

An hour later, languishing in the shade of a palm tree with five or six other dark-skinned prisoners, guarded by a detachment of more real soldiers than General Toro had in his entire army, the Wildcat wondered if his line of defense had been free from error.

"Looks like mebby I orated myself into dis mess. Mebby I 'filiated wid de wrong army in de fust place."

He was convinced of his error when, late that afternoon, the local force of half a company was increased by the arrival of two regiments of infantry and a troop of cavalry.

"Gosh, dis army is ten times de size of de one I left. Gittin' bigger all de time."

Half a dozen airplanes swooped down out of the sky. "Dis a reg'lar army! Well, dog-gone if dey ain't got cannons." Across the plain a mile to the east the Wildcat saw a battery of field artillery swing into line. "I suttinly said de wrong thing. Dem boys wid Gin'ral Toro don't stand no mo' chance dan a fish on ice wid dis outfit. . . . Wondeh whut dey aims to do wid me now dat Ise said my say."

All doubt on this point was cleared up ten minutes later by a Mexican who spoke perfectly plain English. "The sentence of the court is that you are to be executed as a spy within the next twenty-four hours."

That was that. At various times in the past, twenty-four hours had been a mighty long time. "Twenty-fo' hours ain't nuthin' when dat's all you got. Twenty-fo' hours is jus' like a minnit when it winds up de same time you does. Wisht some white folks would rally round heah."

The Wildcat crumpled under a sudden burden of fatigue. "Lady Luck, whah at is

(Continued on Page 90)

More people change-over to the Dual-Balloon than to any other two makes of tires ~ ~ ~ ~*

* Ask the General Tire Dealer near you about a change-over to Dual-Balloons on your new car

Archery Practice — Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

The New GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

—goes a long way to make friends

"BUDGETARY CONTROL"

The Magician that turns RED *ink into* BLACK

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

FOR YEARS, JOHN SMITH, specialty manufacturer, did business on the advice and counsel of Messrs. Hunch and Hazard.

He consulted his intuitions, took chances. Usually things turned out pretty well.

But came the day when his hunches began to go back on him. Sales costs mounted alarmingly—and he didn't know why. Operating expenses ran rampant—and he didn't know why. Somewhere in the business there were hidden chasms, hungrily swallowing revenue—but he didn't know where.

So he S. O. S.'d his banker. "What I need is more financing," he declared, "so I can do more volume. That will cut the overhead—and the red in the balance sheet."

"What you need," replied the banker dryly, "is the guidance and warning of more facts and figures. Scarlet fever in the balance sheet is usually due, so I have observed, to fact-and-figure malnutrition in business. You need a Budget Control."

. . .

There are times when even disappointing advice has to be considered. So Smith began in the Sales Department. Installed a *Visible* "Customer's Record" of the condition of every account in the house.

With this new system, displaying every customer's name and transactions in plain sight, he had only to run his eye over the edges of the record to see at a glance who was buying and how often—and who wasn't and how long since. The vivid color signals flashed the whole story of each account.

Every day's figures . . . every *day!*

But equally important was the daily digest of sales information which the new fact-and-figure-gathering machines and systems automatically brought to his desk. A "break down" of sales-totals for the day, the month, the year, by items, models, prices and colors. Thus he got a constantly up-to-date and accurate picture of sales trends, pocketbook appeals, style preferences and changing tastes.

With these semaphores of demand to guide him, supplemented by sales estimates from his salesmen, managers, and dealers, he was able to formulate an intelligent and a reasonably safe Sales Forecast for the coming year, a dovetailed production schedule and a proper allocation to each department of expenses and income.

The composite of these forecasts, he called his *Budgetary Control.*

And so he began sailing his ship by the compass of reliable information instead of by his wits and the stars.

And vermilion changed to ebony!

At the end of the first year, the vermilion in the balance sheet had been changed to a healthful ebony. Inventories were almost nil. Waste and extravagance were astonishingly reduced. For whenever any department had stepped out of line with the Budget, his daily statement showed it—and he promptly probed for the trouble.

Today it is comparatively easy for any business to install and enjoy the intelligent guidance of adequate facts and figures. Automatic machines and systems are available for making lightning records, tabulations and digests of all the statistics, operations and transactions in any given business.

If you feel the need of skilled and unbiased counsel on any feature of your fact-and-figure-gathering business equipment—or even if you merely seek to make sure you are right in every detail of your present office systems and machinery—please feel at liberty to call on Remington Rand!

The services of a Remington Rand Business Analyst, to confer with you in your own business, are yours for the asking—with no obligation entailed on your side.

His counsel will be unbiased. For Remington Rand men are not special pleaders for any particular device or system. Remington Rand is centralized headquarters for the best of *all* office equipment and machinery.

Simply write or 'phone to the nearest Remington Rand office.

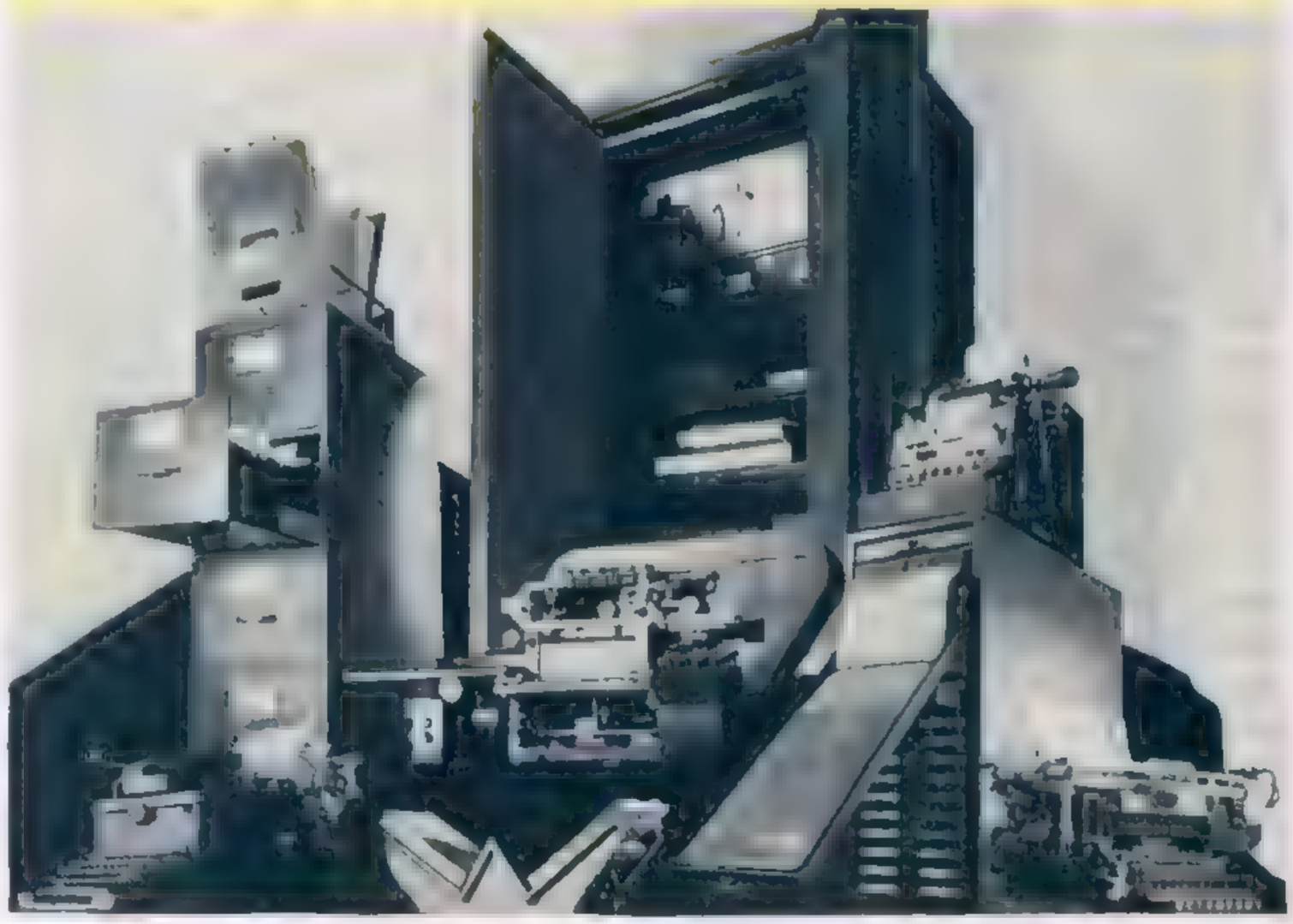
Remington Rand

BUSINESS SERVICE

REMINGTON *Typewriters and Accounting Machines* . . . LIBRARY BUREAU *Filing Systems and Indexing Service* RAND & KARDEX *Visible Records* . . . SAFE CABINET *Record Protection Devices* . . . INDEX VISIBLE . . . POWERS *Accounting Machines* . . . DALTON *Adding & Bookkeeping Machines* . . . KALAMAZOO & BAKER-VAWTER *Loose Leaf Equipment*

Executive offices, Buffalo, New York. Sales offices in all leading cities.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



Dirt-filled oil comes from your crankcase to the AC Oil Filter

Clean oil flows from the filter back to your engine

CHANGE YOUR

AC

OIL FILTER CARTRIDGE

every 10,000 miles!

THE factory which put an AC Oil Filter into your car did its best to protect the life of your engine.

You can easily make that protection permanent by changing the Cartridge once every 10,000 miles.

A clean filter keeps the oil so pure that you can use the same oil for 2,000 miles.

From the standpoint of money-saving alone, it pays to keep the filter doing its duty, by asking your dealer to put in a new Cartridge now.

AC Spark Plug Company

FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-SPHINX Birmingham ENGLAND

AC TITAN Clichy (Seine) FRANCE

© 1929, AC Spark Plug Co

(Continued from Page 86)

you? Stand by me fo' twenty-fo' hours an' I neveh axes you no favors notime no mo'! Lawdy, I feels downtrod. Wisht I was back on de beach, sleepin' in de warm sand at Monterey. How come I git tangled up in dis trouble? Time is scarce but it sho hangs heavy. Bes' thing I kin do wid de nex' li'l' while is sleep it away. Ain't no use stayin' awake. Ain't no use doin' nuthin'. Might jus' as well git me some sleep whilst I kin wake up. Ain't no fun goin' to sleep when you cain't wake up an' look back at whut a gran' rest you've had. . . . Wisht my white folks was heah. Dog-gone dat Lady Luck! Whut fo' did she mingle me into dis war an' den go 'way an' leave me? Nex' time I ketches up wid ——"

The Wildcat's ebbing tide of mental activity left him suddenly high and dry on the beach, sound asleep in the warm sand of dreamland, a thousand miles away from the territory just then under the iron rule of Old Man Trouble.

Awakening came abruptly, with a rattle of rifle firing coming from a line a thousand feet or so into the rebel territory of General Toro's forces. A chorus of yells to an accompaniment of chortling bugles followed the alarm, and then a dozen sentries who were strung out ahead of the Federal line dropped flat and began throwing lead into the country up ahead.

The Wildcat batted his eyes and estimated the situation. To his surprise he discovered that something more important than guarding his carcass had engaged his captors. They had disappeared.

"Bes' thing I kin do is run sideways. One bunch of boys up front shootin' dis way, an' dem otheh boys droppin' back, shootin' at me—dog-gone if I ain't a targit fo' both armies!"

The air overhead was suddenly filled with a chirping of bird notes which marked the sizzling trails of copper-jacketed hornets. "Bullets, stay high!" A reasonable amount of crawling seemed to be advisable. The Wildcat crawled for a while; then, elevating himself slightly, he ambled along on all fours until the whine of an especially vicious projectile close above him accelerated his gait. He felt the angel feathers sprout.

Forthwith he galloped. He brought to the business of galloping all the enthusiasm of a thirst-crazed camel smelling a desert spring. The bullet song above him had thinned to an occasional note, but he kept on galloping. He galloped with his head down most of the time, looking up now and then to chart his course, which lay in a straight line away from the hornet zone. He deplored the altitude of his equator.

Two miles of this, and he slowed to a trot. A railroad embankment loomed ahead of him. "Dog-gone it, dis country seems 'fested wid railroads. One thing I ain't gwine to do is go oveh de top dis time. Meek an' lowly—dat's me."

He halted in the sanctuary of a pepper tree whose drooping branches formed a cave of shade in a world of brilliant sunlight. "Right heah I stays f'm now on. Ain't nuthin' gwine to move me outen dis place 'ceptin' a angel whut kin outwrassle me loose f'm my toe hold."

The fugitive tried again to sleep, but sleep was driven away by the necessity of thinking about the more important subject of food. "Wisht I had me dem two game chickens. Wisht I was whah I could git me anotheh five gallons of dem Monterey mussels offen de rocks. Whut I wishes most of all—mo' dan ennything else in de world—is dat I was back on de sunshine beach whah I started when Ol' Man Trouble fust met up wid me."

The distant wail of a locomotive whistle interrupted the Wildcat's wishing contest. "Dat's mighty funny. Wondeh whah dey's enny wagon road crossin' down in dis country. Seems like I been all oveh dis land, an' I ain't found me no wagon road yet whut amounted to nuthin'."

The whistle sounded again five minutes later, and the Wildcat's thoughtful expression became troubled. He frowned. "Whut's wrong wid dat whistle? Mighty funny. . . . Hot dam, I knows! Ain't nuthin' wrong wid it!" A smile of delight replaced the frown of despair. "Dat's de best whistle I eveh heard! 'Stead of two longs an' two shorts, dat engineer is tootin' de new Espee music. Dat man is California white folks! Wait till he gits heah, an' I lays down on de track to stop him. Mebby he thinks he's tootin' a crossin' signal, but it sounds like a ration call to me. Come along, rations! Ise ready when you is."

The rations seemed to come along mighty slow. Half a mile away from him the Wildcat saw a pilot engine, running light at a fifteen-mile rate. A thousand feet or so back of the pilot engine there followed a train of ten Pullmans hauled by two locomotives. Ahead of the first locomotive was a flat car, and the Wildcat saw six groups of men seated around that many machine guns.

"Dog-gone it, dey's comin' loaded like ev'ybody else in dis land. I'd like to meet somebody, sometime, some place whut don't pack his guns in front of him. How's I gwine to stop dem boys? Ain't even got a hat to wave."

Stopping the pilot engine was a simple matter. The pilot engine seemed to enjoy being stopped. It slowed up a moment after a hard-faced man in the cab, riding with the fireman, sighted the Wildcat standing beside the track. The hard-faced man yelled a few harsh words in Spanish at the Wildcat.

"Yass-suh!" the Wildcat agreed. "Main thing is I cain't undehstand dat talk."

Then the fireman took up the conversation. "Climb on board here," he said in good English.

"Ise climbin'!"

The Wildcat answered forty questions in the next ten minutes. Then, when the hard-faced man's expression had softened, "Lawdy, seems like heaven to git back wid my home folks!" the victim of the inquisition exclaimed.

The fireman, who had helped out with most of the translating, smiled at the Wildcat.

"Crawl down off of here, boy. Hop that string of Pullmans when they come along. Hand the boss of that train the note that this officer gave you. It'll get you out of the country with the other Americans on that train."

"Sho will." Then, to himself, "Dis de fust time I eveh knowed fo' sure I was an American." He pranced around in the ballast a little, while the Pullman train was coming up. "Out of my way, lizard!" he said to a timid reptile sunning himself on the hot end of a tie. "Out of my way, befo' us Americans trods down on you."

Five minutes later, eating an emergency ration which tasted four times better than any food he had eaten for a month, the Wildcat began to recite the first of his adventures for the benefit of a cinnamon-colored porter who was helping him with the food. "Fust thing I did was take a sword an' kill off fifteen or twenty boys down in dat Mess-can town oveh by de ocean. Den I got me a coupla guns an' shot me a road right th'ough one army till I come bang up again anotheh army. Dat second army was a mighty solid army. When I hit it I bounded back as fur as de railroad track, an' heah I is. . . . Pass me anotheh can of dat corn beef. Dey seems to weigh mighty light fo' two-pound cans. By de way, whah at is us headin' fo'?"

"Most of dese refugee white folks gits off in Lost Angeles. Dey's quite a few, though, whut travels on to Sam Francisco."

"Hot dam, boy—dat's me. Dat's right whah Ise gwine! Li'l' bit dis side of Sam Francisco is my home town. You eveh been in my home town—Monterey?"

"I knows it well. Dat's a mighty good town."

"I says it's a mighty good town. How soon you figger us goes by dat place?"

"Cain't say fo' sure. Ought to make it in fo'-five days."

It took the refugee a week to get back to his sun-drenched sanctuary on the beach below Monterey. He gained his objective at early evening, after a truck driver had given him a lift over that part of his route which lay away from the main line of the railroad.

"Lawdy, Ise glad to git back! Dis ol' beach looks mighty homelike. Craves to load my stummick wid dem gratifyin' mussel fish once mo'. . . . Dog-gone if dey ain't somebody built hisself a shack right whah at I used to sleep."

A driftwood hut marked the site of the Wildcat's old camp.

"Somebody trespesterin' on my land." A hundred feet away from the hut he raised his voice. "Who dat livin' in dat house?" he yelled.

Demmy's voice answered him: "Dat you, Wilecat? Whah at you been so long?"

"I be dogged if it ain't li'l' Demmy! Demmy, how is you? Come a-runnin' an' help me git a bushel of dem mussels whilst I tells you all de news."

When the mussels were steaming, "Demmy, I been ev'yplace," the Wildcat began. "Main place I was was right between two armies. I had me a unifawm an' a sword. Fust thing I did was back one army into de ocean. Den I run de otheh one fur as de railroad, but it wasn't no use. I couldn't ketch up wid dem boys. Dey kin outrun a horse race. I seed it wasn't no use, so I hop me on de railroad train an' come back. Dat's all I done."

"Whah at's yo' sword?"

"I th'owed de sword away. No use to be cluttered up wid no sword afteh all de fightin' is done."

"Whah at's all dat money you said you got outen dem banks in all dem towns whut you konkered?"

"Dey was so much money I couldn't carry it. Nuthin' but gold money ev'yplace. Had to th'ow it away. It was bearin' me down. Didn't want to be bothered wid no gold money. 'Sides dat, I figgered you'd have plenty of money, workin' all de time dis way. How much you got, boy? I needs a li'l' fo' 'spenses. You ought to have a mighty big roll, workin' all de time like you says, caddyin' on dem golf links fo' de white folks at Pebble Beach."

Demmy hung fire with his answer until the Wildcat gave him a verbal prod. "Come along, boy, tell me 'bout it. Sweat or die was yo' slogum—which is you done? Whut you do wid yo' money?"

Slowly and with some reluctance, Demmy made his confession.

"Dey was a woman whut aimed to git married. She finally 'suaded me 'bout dis marryin' thing. Finally talked me into it. I tol' her ——"

"Nemmine whut you tol' her. When was de last time you seed dis woman?"

"Seed her 'bout six o'clock dis evenin'," Demmy confessed.

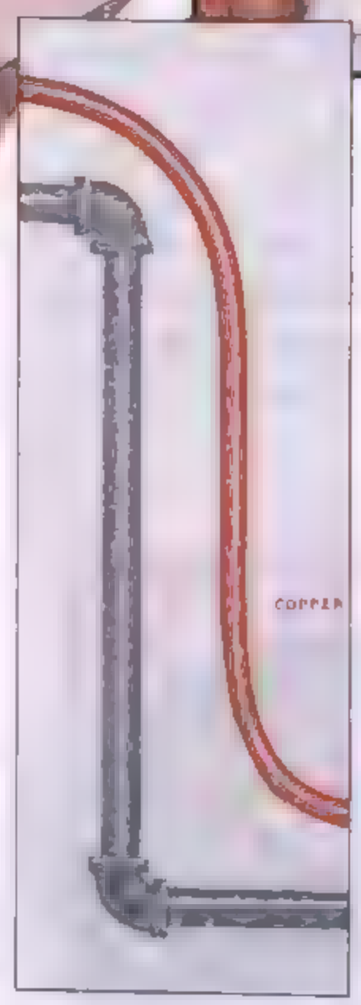
"Dat means you ain't got even today's wages left on you, is you? I bet she took yo' money on de 'stallment plan. I knows dem marryin' women—right afteh each day's work you steps up an' donates all de cash you got wid you. Mighty good thing I come back. F'm now on Ise yo' manager. Sweat or die is still yo' slogum. You does de sweatin' whilst I manages so dat you don't die. F'm now on Ise yo' bank. I tol' you dat survive or perish was my slogum—Demmy, you an' me does de survivin'. Mighty lucky fo' you I got back befo' you was too far gone to git away f'm dat woman. . . . Hand me dat loaf of bread. You betteh git to sleep right away, an' rest yo'self up fo' yo' caddie work wid dem golf white folks."

"Mebby you betteh git up wid me an' see does dem golf folks need anotheh caddie."

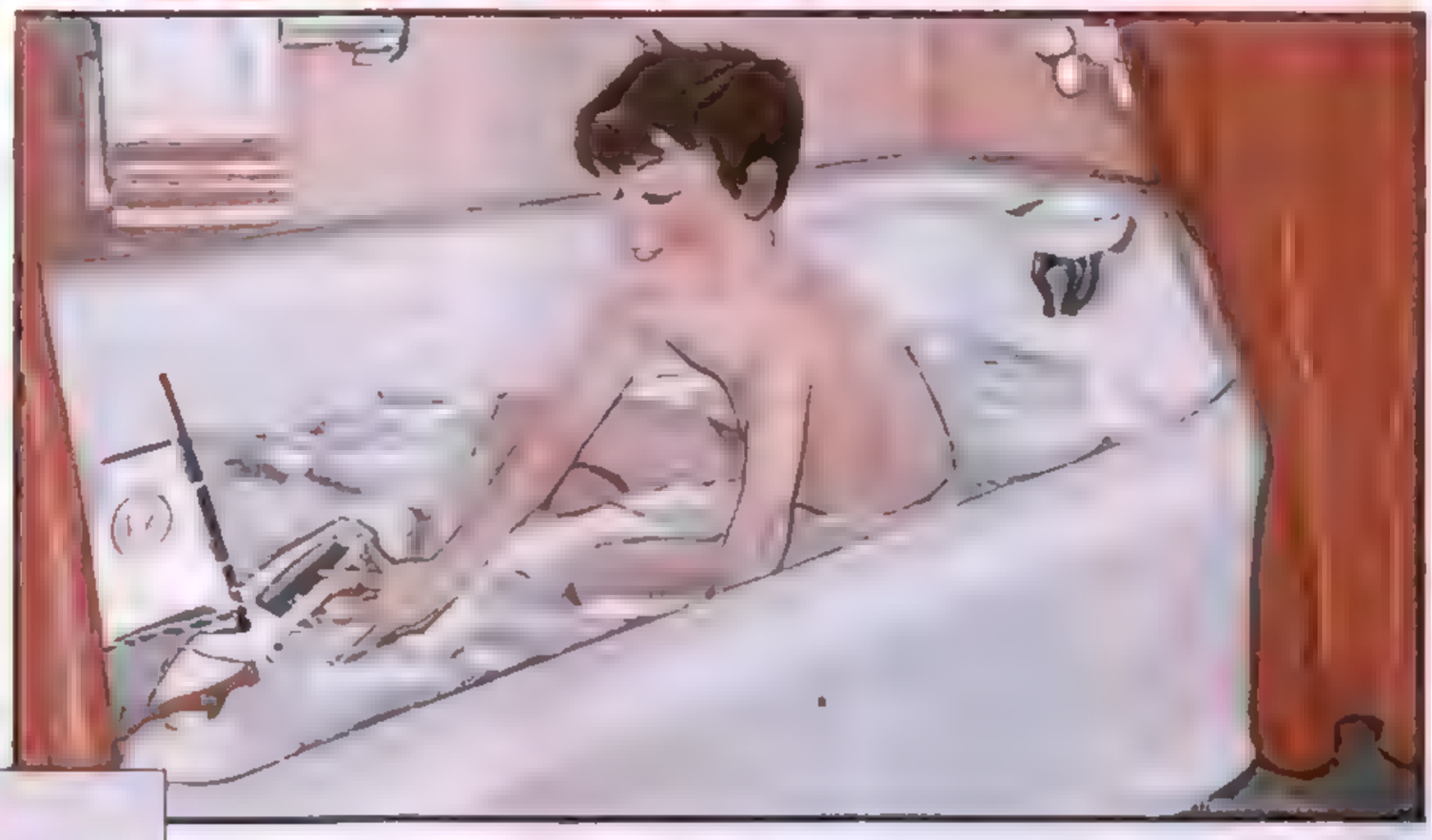
"Naw, suh, Demmy. Survive or perish is my motto. I aims to survive right heah on de beach f'm now on till anotheh good big war comes along. You handles our work bizness, an' I handles our war bizness. Dat's fifty-fifty. Fair enuff, ain't it? Git to sleep."

Have your plumber replace old, rusty water pipe with CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING

Your plumber can install Chase Copper Water Tubing in your home quickly, inexpensively, without ripping down walls, tearing up floors. It's a permanent job, too, for this new water tubing can never rust. It's 99.9% pure copper



Here you see old piping that calls for an elbow connection at every turn. Contrast this with the Chase Copper Water Tubing. This new-type tubing bends around corners, needs few fittings. Because it is flexible and can be used in long lengths, it can be run through walls like electric wiring.



Always plenty of clear, clean water at full pressure from Chase Copper Water Tubing.

It's the new and easy way to put an end forever to leaks, rusty water, clogged pipes, and costly but temporary repairs

YOUR PLUMBER has a new story to tell you the next time you call him in to fix a leaky or stopped-up water line. It's a story of a brand-new method of worn-out pipe replacement that's a boon to plumbers and house-owners alike.

"I can repipe your whole house now without damaging walls or floors," he'll tell you. "And give you a permanent, rust-proof job in the bargain," let us add.

The new Chase Copper Water Tubing has made this promise possible. It assures you at all times a full flow of crystal-clear, sparkling water instead of dirty, slow-running, unhealthful water.

One of the big advantages of this new copper tubing is the quick, easy way it can be installed. It's flexible. It bends around corners, eliminating many costly fittings. It can be used in long lengths. It can be run through walls like electric wiring. A few tiles removed from the wall, a floor-board or so lifted—and that's all the upset now to your bathroom or kitchen.

Glance over the unusual advantages given at the left. Then—

Ask your plumber for costs.

Let him give you an estimate for ending for all time water-pipe troubles—something he can't always do when you call him in to find and fix leaks. And if he hasn't yet stocked the new Chase Copper Water Tubing, send us his name. We'll see that he is supplied immediately with all your home requires.

Chase Copper Water Tubing is Chase Marked every 12 ins. Each Chase Compression Fitting carries the Chase-Mark.

Flexible. It runs between walls and around corners like electric wiring, and yet it is hard enough not to dent or flatten easily.

Strong. It will stand over 3,000 lbs. water pressure. (Average city water pressure 30 to 120 lbs.)

Freeze-Proof, Heat-Proof. It will stand the expansion from freezing water without cracking. Will stand water heated to 400° Fahrenheit. (Water boils at 212°.)

Can't Rust. Made from 99.9% pure Chase copper.

Inexpensive! Used in long lengths, it eliminates useless fittings, saves useless cutting into walls and floors. Total replacement cost less than that of any other kind of water pipe!

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., INCORPORATED • WATERBURY, CONN.

» » WITH A NEW EVEREADY RAYTHEON 4-PILLAR

4-PILLAR TUBES

Showing the exclusive, patented Eveready Raytheon *4-Pillar construction,* with its solid, four-cornered glass stem, its four rigid pillars, and anchorage to a stiff mica plate at the top.

YOU can get the *best* out of your present receiver with Eveready Raytheons. People everywhere, using these splendid new tubes in their receivers, report amazing results . . . more power, increased distance, clearer, more natural tone and quicker action.

This greatly improved reception is made possible by the exclusive, patented Eveready Raytheon *4-Pillar construction* —a unique feature which you can actually *see* in the tubes themselves. Examine one—or look at the diagram on this page. See the solid, four-cornered glass stem at the base of the elements. Notice how the four rigid pillars imbedded in it give support to the elements at each side as well as at the ends. Observe the stiff mica plate at the top, increasing rigidity and bracing the structure at four extra points. None of the jolts and jars which all tubes receive in shipment and handling can possibly budge the elements in an Eveready Raytheon from their original position.

That is most important, and here is why: When Eveready Raytheon Tubes are made, their elements are accurately placed in the exact position which assures the best possible performance. Inspections these tubes must pass do not permit a variation of more than three-thousandths of an inch. This extreme care results in marvelous reception. Where the performance of ordinary tubes is endangered in shipment, Eveready Raytheons, because of their sturdy *4-Pillar construction,* are immune. They come to you in the same perfect condition as when they leave our laboratory test-room.

No other tubes are so strongly built to safeguard the precision of their elements. No other tube can use the Eveready Raytheon *4-Pillar construction*, for it is patented. But now you can get the splendid reception which others all over the country are telling of, if you put a new Eveready Raytheon Tube in each socket of your present

TUBE IN EACH SOCKET OF YOUR PRESENT RECEIVER » »

ASTOUNDING RADIO PERFORMANCE

ADVANCING IN NEW FIELDS

Above are Eveready Raytheon Tubes for television tranamission and reception.

receiver. You can buy them from your dealer.

Eveready Raytheon 4-Pillar Construction is Vitally Important in Screen Grid Tubes

The screen grid tube has four heavy elements requiring rigid support if the tube is to function with greatest efficiency. In no other make of tube are the elements strongly braced by a *4-Pillar construction* like Eveready Raytheons. Another point: With receivers using push-pull amplification, it is especially important for both tubes in a push-pull pair to be exactly alike. Eveready Raytheons are—on account of their precise manufacture, thorough testing, and the sturdy *4-Pillar construction* which prevents distortion of their elements.

Receiving tubes of all types, in addition to tubes for talking pictures and television

You can buy Eveready Raytheon Tubes in every type, for A.C. and battery-operated receivers. Eveready Raytheon Kino-Lamps and Foto-Cells are used extensively for talking pictures and television. There is also the famous B-H tube, the original gaseous rectifying tube for "B" eliminators.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago Kansas City New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY RAYTHEON

Trade-marks

4-PILLAR SCREEN GRID

Eveready Raytheon Screen Grid Tube, ER 224. The weight of the four large elements in this type of tube makes the exclusive Eveready Raytheon *4-Pillar construction* vitally important.

Here is a tip for those who just love to have their automobile shoot out ahead of the others. Buy a car, the engine of which comes equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons and you're always out in front!

This new piston made of Bohnalite, which is 62% lighter than iron, means that dead weight in the motor is eliminated, reciprocating parts lightened, vibration vanishes, and a smoother, sweeter, snappier engine action is the glorious result.

The leading cars in all price classifications come with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. So when you buy, see that you get an automobile equipped with this advanced product—not one that isn't—and enjoy the exhilarating difference.

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORP., DETROIT, MICH.
New York Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland Pittsburgh

NELSON
BOHNALITE
PISTONS

CLOSED MARKET

(Continued from Page 27)

Old Dave received the sample, separated the folds and glanced at them, then pulled off a small wad and stapled it for length. In both grade and staple it was what D. O. Hord wanted.

"Purty nice cotton," Old Dave cooed. "What did they offer for it?"

"Mighty near nuthin'. They want to steal it for seven and a half cents. Said they might give three-quarters if I'd close out."

Dave looked the cotton over again. "Believe you were right when you said they'd like to steal it. Seems to me that it ought to be worth nine cents anyhow—maybe a quarter too."

"Want to buy it?" asked the farmer, brightening.

"I'd like to, but that banker back there"—jerking his thumb behind him—"wouldn't let me buy cotton here." He returned the sample. "He said there were enough buyers here now."

The group exchanged glances. Finally the young farmer said, "Yes, he's in with them. They know it's too far to haul our cotton off, an' they've framed us. They buy it like they want to and split."

"You're wrong, Brooks," responded an older man. "He's not in with 'em. He's them."

"Why don't you farmers jump him about it?" Old Dave asked.

"Don't do no good. He just about owns the bank," the young farmer called Brooks explained.

"H'm," Dave murmured; "worse all time. Right tough, ain't she?"

They agreed with him. It was tough on the Chillet farmers. It also was tough on Old Dave. The season was over at Wilton, and until the next season opened, in August, was a long wait. It would be a hard summer and he had visions of a note at the bank with his aging signature or unpaid bills. Still, there was a way, although it might reach its conclusion in another mysterious murder. The doughty old back stiffened; something of a ramrod ran down between the rounding shoulders.

"Say, I'll tell you something," he started. They focused their eyes on him. "I'm going to buy cotton here or bust a hamstring. Saturday is your big day here, isn't it? Lots of cotton sold?"

They admitted that it was.

"Well, today is Wednesday. Suppose you pass the word around that a cotton buyer—a real, honest-to-God cotton buyer that can pay nine cents for bollies without battin' his eye—will be here Saturday, and see if you can get a lot of cotton here, so it will interest him. Maybe we can move a lot of that cotton down in the yard. What do you say?"

"Mister, if you kin deliver the goods we'll pass the news around a-plenty," replied the army-overcoated Brooks.

"Well, I can deliver the tomato catchup and tobacco too," Old Dave said in reply. "Can you get the word to some of those farmers that own the big lists—fifty or seventy-five bales—so a real cotton buyer can get enough work to do?"

"Won't be any trouble 'bout that," replied one of the older farmers. "I've got a nice bunch down in the yard myself. Then we might tell Big Tom Bivens. He's got a lot. He's mad. Says a cotton buyer's lower'n a pickpocket. But if the farmers hear there's a cotton buyer that can pay nine cents in town, they'll come a-flockin'. Won't they, Brooks?"

The young farmer assented and supplemented, "An' I'll see that a lot of 'em know about it."

Old Dave knew they would come "a-flockin'," if they were advised that a new buyer had arrived. The psychology of a new buyer in town brought out all the flies.

"You just tell 'em then to get their cotton tickets ready and we'll do some trading," he said in conclusion. "Saturday, you remember Saturday."

He was reassured that the word would be noised about, and then they parted, Old Dave meandering down to the far end of the shotgun street, to the station of the Trans-Plains & Eastern, where he met and chatted with the station agent. Then he shuffled back down to the butt of the street, to the gins. He observed that wagons and trucks stood in long rows before the gins, awaiting their turn under the suction. He counted more than one hundred and estimated that more than two hundred bales would be ginned during the day. Then he climbed a farmer's wagon, rode over to the cotton yard and passed the time of day with the weigher. Very little cotton was being sold, he ascertained. A general dissatisfaction with the price being offered was noticeable, and considerable of the farmers were holding, the majority charging the poor price to the buyers, some to the future market, and a few to the cotton, because of its red tinge from being frost-bitten in the bolls by an early freeze before maturity.

Later he strolled back to the hotel, chuckling. "Things look mighty ripe for good pickings unless I happen to get mixed up with Big Tom Bivens' darter, who I don't know and am not exactly pining to meet, or ram a steering-wheel column through me, which I hope I'm not going to do. Sweet game. No wonder they don't want an outsider here. Purtiest little playhouse I ever saw. First Jesse James comes here and lights and establishes a bank, and then sends for his brother, who opens a gin, probably with the bank's money, and then they keep all the other buyers out and make the two here come in with them and then they split. Ten to fifteen thousand bales a year and they make better than a five-spot average on each bale. Fifty to seventy-five thousand bucks a year to split. That's what I call a corner on the market. Maybe I'd better hold conversation with D. O. himself, or perhaps I'd better wire him and use a little code language to keep the telephone operator from chirping."

So he strolled back to the hotel, rummaged his bag, obtained from it the private code D. O. Hord & Co. used, and then retraced his steps to the depot, where he sent a long day letter by the puzzled agent.

"Funniest danged telegram I ever seen," the agent said doubtfully. "'Companion worthiness actuate bewailing ——' Whose a-goin' to wail, mister?"

Old Dave chuckled. "Don't know exactly. Maybe me, maybe somebody else. You can't always tell just when sorrow'll come."

"You're the new cotton buyer, ain't you?"

"Don't know exactly. Sure would like to buy cotton here."

"Then I reckon you'll be the one a-wailin'"—he glanced about—"before they get through with you," he finished.

"Maybe so," Old Dave responded, "but I never have been to my own funeral yet."

The agent smiled, but shook his head. "You don't go but once."

On Friday night Dave received two visitors. One was the agent of the Trans-Plains & Eastern, who found him near the big red-bellied stove, poring over the stirring depths of a six-months-old magazine.

"Hello, Mister Bewailin'," said the agent as he pulled up a chair. "When do you start your gnashin' of teeth?" He grinned.

"Don't know. But I'm reading about a young buck here that's doing plenty of it."

"I got a package fer you on the 4:52. I tried to find you on the street, but reckoned you was hiding up here."

"Package? Suppose the wife sent me a cake, figgering that they didn't have cake out here in the wild and woolly."

"Not much cake, if my guess is right," responded the agent. "Might be six-shooters 'r something, but not cake. They don't generally insure cake. Anyhow, do you want to git it tonight 'r wait till tomorrow?"

"Reckon I'll wait and have my cake for dinner tomorrow," Dave replied. "I'll be down in the morning."

"All right," agreed the agent, "but it looks like that bank of clouds in the northwest might bring a rain, an' if it does, that cake'll be so soggy it won't be fit to eat. But it's your loss."

Old Jordon, or Jurdon, as the case might be, hitched up a chair and folded his limber joints into it. "Don't you like the fare you git in this hotel?" he inquired, momentarily ceasing his pursuit of the elusive atom of food perennially lodged in his teeth. "Got to write home to git a cake sent out?" he bridled.

"Nope. I suppose the old woman just rigged me up a cake, or she might have sent me some flannels. Besides, those red beans and that roast heifer you put out are the best in Chillet."

Old Dave mollified the innkeeper, who entertained little doubt that the culinary efforts of his hostelry exceeded any results of such chefs as might live along the banks of the distant Seine.

Old Dave's other caller that night was in the person of fishy-faced Jim Flaig, whose clothes, besmeared with grease and wisps of cotton, and whose eyes, haggard with long night runs of the peak of the cotton season, would have dubbed him ginner anywhere in Texas.

Flaig dropped down beside him, lowered his voice and said out of a corner of his mouth, "Heard you're goin' to cut high jinks round here tomorrow. Farmers wouldn't sell me a bale all day, tellin' me you're goin' to bust Chillet wide open Saturday. The agent said there's goin' to be some wailin' in these here parts."

"Haven't heard any cryin' yet here in Chillet," Old Dave answered. "Everybody seems to be purty happy. Somebody's natural gas must have been running wild. But" and his eyes lighted with the naiveté of a pleased child "I sure have a good magazine here. I've been reading about a boy out in the wild and woolly West whose gal was captured by a band of hoss thieves, and he took out after 'em with his trusty six-gun, and they've got him surrounded, and the gal is hollering to him that she'll sacrifice herself for his safety, and for him to throw down his gun and go on back home and leave her to her fate, but he says ——"

The ginner, whose facial expression had altered from incredulity at the simple meanderings of an old fool to disgust, and then to anger at the possibility he was being made the butt of a joke, rudely broke into the drama of the hoss thieves:

"Cut out that stuff. I ain't here to learn about a gal an' her Willie. I told you I heard you was goin' to pay nine cents fer bollies tomorrow. I'm tellin' you now that if you pay nine cents for cotton it'll cost your company more'n nine dollars to git your carcass home."

Old Dave laid down the magazine with a perturbed expression. "Mister Flaig, you seem to be worried some. How can I pay nine cents a pound for cotton when your brother won't let me operate in his bank? Any other bank opened up here this week?"

"'Course not. I'm not here to do any arguin'. Just to tell you if you pay nine cents Saturday, your hide won't be worth seven by Saturday night."

The old man grinned. "Nobody ever said it was worth much more anyhow," he confided to the angry ginner. "You remind me of the boss of the hoss rustlers, only you ain't possessed of a rifle," he said innocently. "He talks mighty mean in this here story. Let me read it to you where he says to Christopher—he's the hero, you know—that if he don't drop his six-gun and reach for the stars, he'll let daylight

(Continued on Page 97)

THERE'S that black, powerful pipe that you love so well, but perhaps not so wisely. A milder mixture would do a lot for that pipe, men, a lot for you, and a lot for your domestic peace and quiet. And that milder mixture is Sir Walter Raleigh. If you don't believe it, try a tin, *at our expense*. If you don't find your first pipeful a lot milder and mellower, a lot smoother and cooler than anything you ever smoked before—why, some few millions of pipe smokers are fooling themselves and having a most enjoyable time doing it!

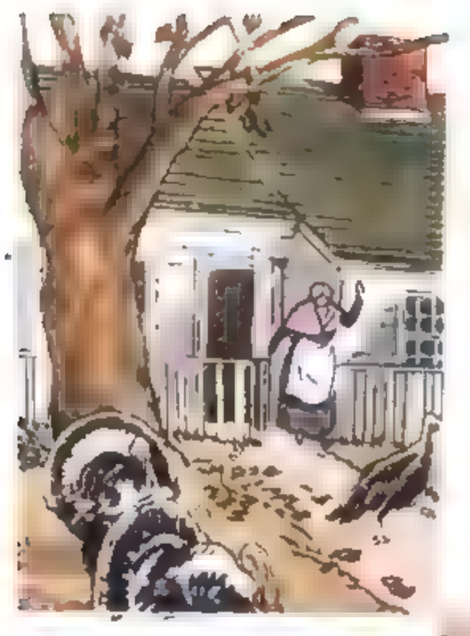
If you don't know Sir Walter Raleigh, send us the name of your regular tobacconist and we will see that you have a chance to get acquainted with this rich, milder tobacco.

Dept. 20, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

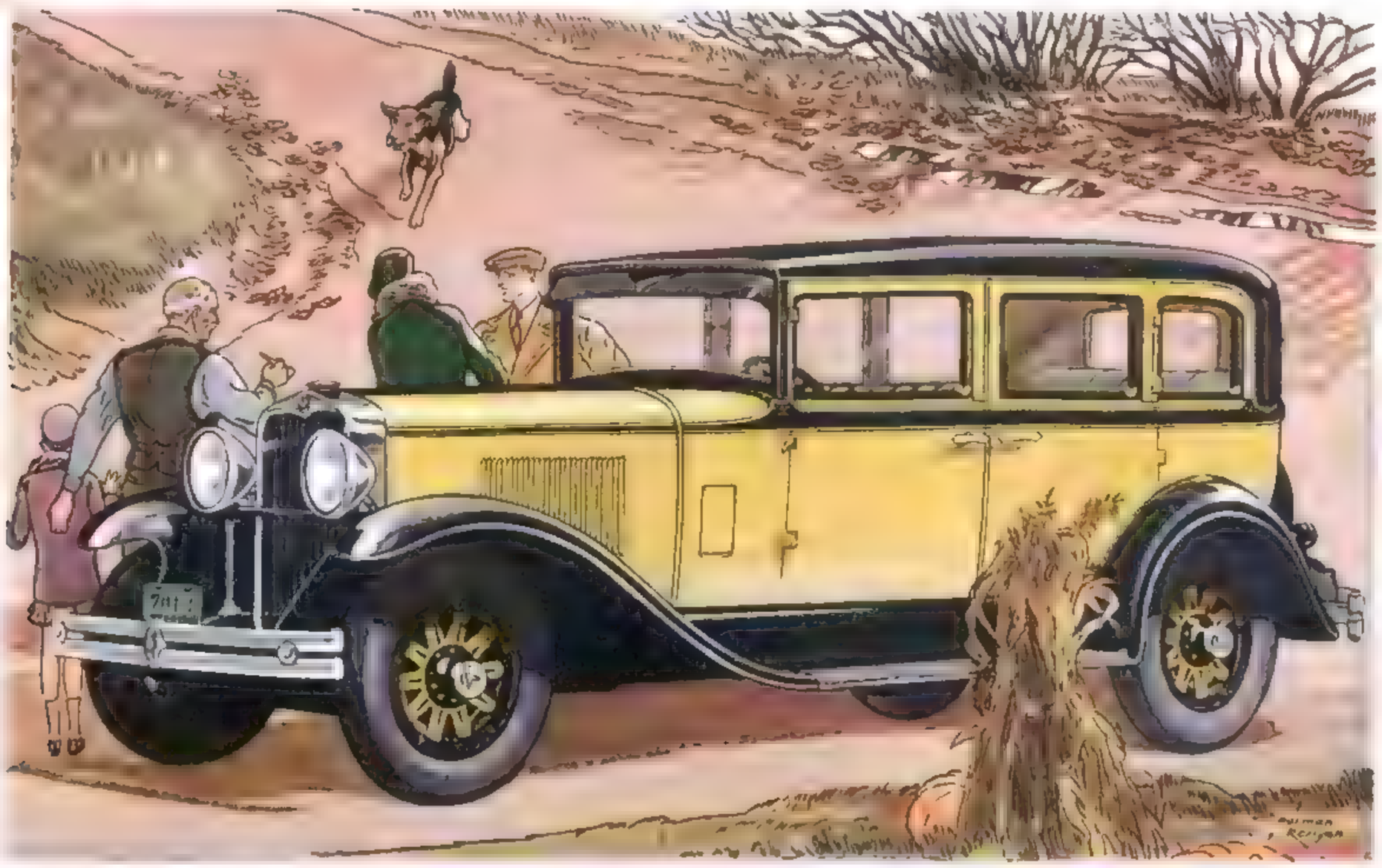
SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*



Styled for the Smart Set Priced for the American Family



THE ARRESTING BEAUTY of the luxurious new Viking Eight stamps it at once as an automobile of distinctive style and distinguished character.

Never have Fisher artist-engineers exhibited greater creative talent than in the design of the new Viking. Never have Fisher craftsmen wrought more skillfully or more carefully. And never has a motor car body more perfectly interpreted the lithe swiftness and sinewy stamina of a worthy chassis.

To the trimness of line and grace of contour that establish it among the smartest of motor cars, Viking adds the luxury of spacious, homelike interiors . . . richly appointed, beautifully upholstered, and wonderfully comfortable for both driver and passengers. Wide, deep-cushioned seats, flexible springs, four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, and a low center of gravity give further assurance of restful travel.

Moreover, in fleet, virile performance—as in brilliant styling—Viking reveals characteristics which have heretofore been considered exclusive to higher priced cars. Its 81-horsepower, 90°, V-type eight-cylinder engine delivers masterly power to conquer steep hills and deep mud or sand. It is capable of thrilling speed . . . far greater than the average motorist ever uses . . . speed so easy and effortless that it permits complete relaxation. Response to the throttle is remarkable, both in getaway from a standing start and in acceleration at the higher speeds. And throughout the entire range of its abilities, Viking performance is smooth and quiet.

Styled for the smart set, but moderately priced, the new Viking is the ideal car for the American family. Visit your Oldsmobile-Viking dealer. Inspect this car and drive it. Then, when you know through personal experience how much Viking offers you in the way of smart appearance, fine performance, and all the luxuries of modern motoring—judge its value by a point-for-point comparison with other cars at or near its price.

$1595

f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Mich. Spare Tire and Bumpers Extra.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. Viking delivered prices include only reasonable delivery and financing charges

VIKING

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 96)

through his mangy hide until it will shine like the Milky Way and ——"

The angular Flaig cursed, spat against the stove, which hissed in return, rose in anger and disgust, stamped across the floor to the door, snatched it open and slammed it.

Old Dave grinned at the closed door. "Feel right sorry for your hinges," he condoled with that inanimate object. "Must have been a terrible strain. But I better see what Christopher did, so I'll know how to conduct myself if I meet up with trouble in the great open spaces of the wild and woolly."

He resumed that treat of the fiction world, but before he had definitely determined whether Christopher and Geraldine had successfully escaped with life and honor and had lived happily in the years that followed a gory conflict, a rush of wind against the side of the building and the patter of drops on the roof aroused him.

"Rain!" he ejaculated.

It was. There was another rush of wind and drops. The patter increased in flurries, and shortly it became the steady roar of an all-night downpour. Old Dave grinned.

"They'll all be here tomorrow," he advised himself. "The farmers will bring the whole dang family, and the cotton pickers too. There won't be much ginning except what's already been picked, but there's plenty of cotton down in that yard that ought to move."

His eyes lighted in expectation and danced, then dimmed, and he went back to the dénouement of the king of the hoss rustlers and the honor of a maid.

When Old Dave awoke, early Saturday morning, he looked out through a fly-specked window at a purified, clear blue sky arching over a wet world. Pools of water puddled the low places and the red clay street was already furrowed with several deep wagon tracks.

"H'm," he announced, his graying head extending from between folds of heavy blankets; "they can't hit a lick of work today, and the clear sky will bring them to town. All set for my big day or murder. Well, I won't drive an automobile today, and I'll run if I see a girl that might be Big Tom Bivens' darter. I wonder how far they'll go? Those Flaigs don't look like bluffers to me. That banker's mean as Jesse James. The ginner's just dirty."

The aroma of coffee that would float a horseshoe invaded his room, and he tumbled out.

Three-quarters of an hour later he was inspecting a sign at the lumberyard that had been turned out for him. It said:

D. O. Hord & Co., Cotton.
—DAVE BEACH, *Agent.*

It possessed a hand pointing upward, to show the direction to the upstairs office, and it was satisfactory except that the indicating hand seemed that of a colossus and resembled more a mailed fist than a direction pointer. Accompanied by the sign painter, Old Dave wended his way to his office. The attention of the idly curious was attracted by the hanging of the sign, and by the time it was finished there had accumulated quite a knot of farmers and the customary rainy-day loafers of the small country town. Finished with the ceremony of sign hanging and after answering numerous questions and replying to some remarks, silly, curious or otherwise, Old Dave puffingly climbed the outside stairway with its accompaniment of creaks and echoes.

Before he had reached the upper floor he heard heavy steps behind him, and upon arriving at the small landing he turned to see who was following. He saw a bowlegged giant of a man under a wide hat, dressed in corduroy coat and pants, the latter being tucked into cow boots. As the giant came to the top, Old Dave looked into a red, sunburned face, molded along decidedly strong lines, with cold eyes under a bush of reddish eyebrows.

"You the new cotton buyer?" demanded a deep voice drawn between two cakes of ice.

"I'm it," replied Old Dave. "My name's Beach."

"Mine's Bivens," growled the other. "I've heard you're goin' to pay nine cents for red bollies. Is that just cotton-buyer bluff or do you mean what you say?"

"I bluff in some things, but when I come down to coin, there cannot be much bluff. I'll pay nine cents for red bollies. Got any?"

"More'n I want."

"Come in then and let's get started."

They went into the musty, cold office, furnished with an aged desk, several light cane-bottomed chairs and a table. Old Dave offered a chair, but the giant elected to remain unseated.

"I've got some good cotton as well as bollies," continued the giant. "I haven't sold a bale this year, and I want to sell the whole herd and get rid of 'em. Damn this cotton business anyhow. I'm goin' back to cattle. Too much shilly-shallyin' around. Are you goin' to steal white cotton at the same price you pay fer bollies or are you goin' to pay up?"

"I'll pay what it's worth. Low middling is worth twelve; strict low middling fourteen. How does yours grade?"

"How the devil should I know? More'n half of it is white cotton and the rest red bolls. What'll you gimme?"

"I can't tell you exactly until I cut samples from it."

"Any man that cuts my cotton 'll git his throat cut," rumbled the giant. "I've got seven hundred bales, more 'r less. If you can crack down and buy it, say so. If you can't, I can find something else to do."

Seven hundred bales offered at one crack by Big Tom Bivens, and not a bale to be sampled! Old Dave had seen this type of owner before, who detested having samples cut from his cotton as much as having a chunk cut out of a steer to determine whether the beef was stringy. If he purchased Bivens' cotton without knowing its actual value, he might be responsible for D. O. Hord & Co. losing several thousand dollars. Also, if he did not make a deal with Bivens, it was a bad psychological break with the farmers. So he calculated swiftly. The cotton would probably range from strict middling downward. Strict middling was worth sixteen and a half cents, and middling sixteen. He had not quoted these prices to Bivens, lest the idea of sixteen cents become a minimum. If half of the cotton was worth from twelve to sixteen cents, more of it would be worth sixteen than twelve, as there had been little rain to damage the grades that fall; and as his bollies were worth ten to Hord, the probability was that the cotton would average around fourteen cents. At least, fourteen cents would be conservative. But if he made Bivens an offer that seemed too cheap he made another dangerous enemy.

"Mr. Bivens," he said to the giant when he had finished his calculation, "I've never seen your cotton, but you have, and you know what it's worth. About how much do you think you ought to have for it?"

"I don't know what it's worth at all. I know cattle, but not cotton. But I'll sell the whole danged seven hundred bales at thirteen and a half cents. Now, if you've got any nerve, crawl on or shut up."

"As man to man, you're giving me straight information about half of your cotton being white, aren't you?" Dave searchingly inquired.

The ice under the sunburned bushy eyebrows grew colder. "That's the only way I shoot—straight," rumbled the giant.

"Fair enough. I'll take it. Now, about paying for it ——"

"Spot cash," interrupted Bivens. "And what's this talk about you not being able to pay off?"

Old Dave chuckled. "That will come out all right. Where are your tickets?"

"Out to the ranch. I'll send one of the boys out after 'em. But he won't be able to get back until this afternoon, 'count of the mud. I take it you'll pay off when the tickets get here?"

"Exactly. But now I want to ask you to do me a favor."

"I ain't much on favors."

"All I want is for you to walk down the street with me."

"Let's get goin'."

The two clambered down the stairway, the boots of the giant setting up heavy echoes against the adjoining building, the flat shoes of the shuffling old man making a softer and lighter note. At the bottom they met a group of farmers, some of whom pressed forward offering samples of cotton for inspection, but Old Dave requested them to await his return. First, he and Bivens proceeded to the depot, where they received the "cake" from the station agent, and then to the bank. As they entered the institution the cashier rose from his desk and faced them. With Bivens in tow, Old Dave approached him.

"I've just bought Mr. Bivens' crop," the old man said, "and I want to open an account."

The banker glanced swiftly at Bivens, discovered nothing disconcerting, and then replied: "I told you I didn't know your company and would not permit you to open a cotton account and lend you money and take a chance on my bank being wrecked," stated the banker. "Do you know him or his company, Tom?"

"No," replied Bivens shortly.

The banker's manner chilled. "Then I again refuse to lend you money to buy cotton with," he stated with finality.

"Listen, old man ——" Bivens snapped, his red face crimsoning more so, if at all possible, and his eyes narrowing; but Old Dave stopped him with a wave of his hand.

"Just hold your bollies a second," he said to Bivens. "I merely wanted you for a witness." He turned to the banker.

"You can refuse to lend money at your discretion for cotton buying or anything else," he instructed that official, "but this being a national bank, you cannot refuse to accept a deposit. Now I want to make a deposit."

He drew the package of "cake" from under his arm, removed the containing canvas sack, broke the inner wrapper and seal.

"Here's two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Two hundred and fifty bills of one thousand dollars each. That will buy about five thousand bales, me paying by check. Now, will you accept this deposit, or will my company have to take the matter up with Washington?"

The banker's face blazed. He stood nonplused, yet the bold lines of his face took on the aspect of a marauding Comanche. Bivens stood motionless. Old Dave fancied a glance from Flaig to Bivens, but when he swung to look at the latter, there was nothing to be seen in the red mask. He turned back to the banker. Flaig's face was still clouded with murder, but he motioned silently to the teller. Old Dave advanced to the window, laid the bills on the oak stand, witnessed them counted, and received in Bivens' presence a slip acknowledging the deposit, and then the two walked out of the bank.

"Am I through doin' favors?" Bivens demanded when they emerged on the sidewalk.

"Yes, Mr. Bivens; thank you for the favors," Old Dave replied. "Come down when you get your tickets," he added.

Bivens grunted and crossed the street. Old Dave shuffled down the walk, occasionally looking backward at the back of the giant.

"Queer cuss, that Bivens," he told himself. "Cain't exactly figure him out. I buy his cotton fifteen dollars a bale higher than he can get here, and he still growls like a grizzly with the colic. Wonder if he owns any stock in that Flaig gin or cuts in on the profits? If that's the case, trouble starts when he comes to get his check. But not until after he gets the check."

Upon reaching the stairway to his office Old Dave found a knot of farmers, samples

YOU CAN'T
CHANGE THE WEATHER
-but YOU CAN
CHANGE YOUR PLUGS

▲▲▲You can't start a cold motor by blaming it on the weather.

▲▲▲It is more to the point to put the blame where it belongs. Poor starting and slow pick-up are often caused by worn spark plugs. And you can remedy the trouble by changing the plugs.

▲▲▲As a cold-weather precaution—*have your plugs checked.* They may need merely cleaning or adjusting of spark gap. But if plugs are badly worn, replace with a new set of Defiance *regardless of mileage.* Sold by dealers from coast to coast who display the well-known orange-and-black Defiance sign.

DEFIANCE SPARK PLUGS, *Inc.*
Toledo, Ohio

© 1929 D. S. P., Inc.

Junked!

Dust did it...

AIR-MAZE would have saved it...

THOUSANDS of cars are junked before their time because they have not been properly protected against the tiny, invisible particles of dust and grit that are everywhere in the air.

This dust, sucked in through the carburetor, grinds away valves and bearings, scores cylinder walls and wears away pistons. AIR-MAZE, the perfect filter, gives complete protection against this insidious form of motor destruction. Have AIR-MAZE installed on your car today—lengthen its life, improve its operation. $6.50 and up, at dealers everywhere.

AIR-MAZE CORP.
323 Caxton Bldg. - Cleveland, Ohio

AIR-MAZE

An Air Filter
for Automobiles, Airplanes and Motor Boats

ready for inspection. They pressed forward eagerly.

"Come upstairs," he invited them, "and let's start the fireworks."

They trooped clattering up the rickety stairway behind him. On entering his barnlike office he found a larger group awaiting him.

"Hello," Old Dave greeted them. "We're all here, aren't we? It's about time for the convention to open."

There were various assenting remarks.

"Come over here by the windows and let me look at this cotton."

The movement was unanimous. He glanced swiftly at sample after sample. The cotton was largely identical—red bollies.

"I'll pay nine cents for everything in the house," he announced when he had finished the inspection. "Do I buy 'em?"

There were grins of satisfaction. One or two intimated that they could stand a slightly better price, but the majority opinion was: "It's your cotton, mister"; "Pay off"; and "Gimme my money."

They followed him to the desk, presenting yard tickets, and he commenced figuring the price against the weight and writing checks. Long before he had finished, there had accumulated another crowd, impatiently waiting. When he had completed the checks, a simular performance was enacted. Nine cents for red bollies. More for better cotton. Shortly he was swamped again with figuring amounts and writing checks, and he sent a man for his tabulated calculator in his bag at the hotel. As the morning passed on, the crowd steadily grew.

Finally the young farmer, Brooks, appeared in his army overcoat and offered six bales for sale.

"What kind of a newspaper do you run?" Old Dave greeted him. "You sure spread the news."

"The Grapevine Telegraph," responded the farmer. "I told you I'd get a crowd."

"I told you I'd get a real, honest-to-God cotton buyer here, didn't I?"

"You didn't lie," agreed Brooks.

"You didn't either," grinned Old Dave.

Later Brooks was pressed into employment for the day to assist in writing checks. Cotton certainly was coming in. Farmers brought all the way from single samples to armfuls, and one large grower brought in nearly two hundred samples. Later in the morning the farmers were required to figure their own checks, with Brooks writing them out and Old Dave appending his signature after checking the amounts against the calculator. However, shortly before noon one farmer announced he was bid nine and a quarter. Alarmed at the rate cotton was being sold, the three local buyers were beginning to strike back. Old Dave bought his cotton for nine thirty-five. Later bales were offered with nine and one-half bid on them, so for a short period he bought at nine sixty. Nine seventy-five was the price being offered at one o'clock, and in the afternoon he was paying a flat ten cents.

Chillet was on the boom. The yard that had been an omen of evil to the credit merchants was being emptied. Farmers who had been holding for months in hope of future market going higher were selling out. Even Big Tom Bivens had sold. Christmas had come more than a month earlier than due. Fall accounts were being paid. The old man was crazy, perhaps, but his money was good. Flaig had been robbing them all fall, but the farmers were receiving a fair price for their cotton at last.

As the cold afternoon light began to fade, the buying and selling slackened, until only an occasional bale was offered and most of the farmers, who had left their tickets with Old Dave, had called for their checks. Old Dave was beginning to realize that he was fagged from the hectic rush of the day, and a gnawing stomach reminded him that he had not even known when the lunch hour had arrived and passed. He propped his feet upon the desk and leaned backward in the hard, cane-bottom chair. The dusty floor of the room was strewn with cotton. In one corner was a great heap of samples as large as several bales of cotton. Dave's pockets were stuffed with tickets and the drawer of the battered desk was heaped high.

"Whew!" he panted as he slumped in his chair. "Never in all my born days have I seen such a rush to get a fool's money," he told Brooks. "Just like the women used to fight for jardineers in the old days down in the big stores at Dallas. I've got the writer's cramp and my hand is so inked that it looks like it might have belonged to a colored man once. I wonder just how many dang bales I bought."

He began to fish through his pockets, emptying handfuls into the drawer. When he had finished, he and Brooks began to count, separating piles into hundreds. When the total was reached it showed 3271 bales.

"And Bivens has seven hundred more to come," Old Dave ejaculated. "What a day! Bought more cotton in ten hours than I did all fall at Wilton. Purty good year after all."

With rubber bands they bundled the tickets in hundreds, and Dave leaned back to wait for Bivens, while Brooks went below to the grocery establishment to borrow a broom to sweep the fragments of paper and loose cotton into a corner of the room. When he returned he brought news.

"Jim Flaig's lickered up and talking big," he informed Old Dave. "The farmers are goatin' him an' telling him they'll never sell him another bale, and he told 'em he'd be the only cotton buyer in town by night."

"Wonder what he's got up his sleeve besides a dirty arm?" Old Dave commented. "He ought to done his work this morning and kept all that cotton from being sold."

"His arm's dirty, all right," Brooks allowed. "So's his whole body. He might start something."

Steps were coming up the stairway. Both listened to the heavy tread.

"Reckon it's Bivens coming for his money," Old Dave said.

It was the giant. Shortly he appeared with a deep cigar box full of tickets. He had seven hundred and eleven altogether, they counted. Not having an adding machine, they attempted to strike an average of the weights of the bales, agreeing on four hundred and ninety pounds, and shortly Dave drew Bivens a check for $47,032.65.

Bivens looked at the check for a few silent moments and then at Old Dave.

"You're either the dernedest fool or the nerviest man I've ever run into," he announced. "I reckon you've heard the Flaigs have allowed they're goin' to get you?"

Crater Lake, Oregon

Dave thought he detected a friendly note. Yet this giant had killed for Flaig.

"Nope. I haven't received any communications," he answered. "Seems like they ain't on speaking terms with me."

"Got any shooting irons on you?"

Old Dave considered this to be rather inquisitive, considering the circumstances, but he replied equably: "Don't hardly ever carry 'em." He didn't add that he had never carried one.

"Then, old man, you're in for it if you don't get out of town pronto. Plenty of talk on the streets."

"H'm," responded Old Dave. "Didn't think they'd go that far."

"I met Will Flaig in the hardware store while ago," Bivens rumbled. "He was gettin' some cateridges."

Old Dave wanted to ask Bivens what he was doing at the same time, but refrained.

In the moment of ensuing silence there was a sound of loud voices below, something of a hum, apparently at the foot of the stairs.

"What's that?" Bivens said, cupping his red hand to a redder ear.

There seemed to be a number of voices. The words were indistinguishable, but there was volume. Brooks quietly arose and moved slowly to the windows at the front of the office. Getting out of a possible line of fire, Old Dave supposed, as he kept a close watch on the giant, whose hairy paw was still bucketing his ear. Presently there were steps on the echoing stair. There were a number of them. Still eying the giant, Old Dave slipped his hand into a drawer and extracted a cotton-sampling knife, a razor-edged weapon halfway between butcher knife and machete. The feet on the stairway increased. Brooks quietly returned, shucking his army overcoat.

"Fix battle packs," he whispered, with the grin of a terrier.

"Thanks. Help yourself to a chair." Old Dave grinned back.

Together they quickly parted one of the rented chairs and Brooks grasped a leg in baseball fashion. The stairs sent forth the rumble of many feet. The steps were nearly at the top.

The giant arose and started ponderously for the door. Knife in hand, Old Dave closely followed. If the giant started the festivities, at least he would be eliminated early in the game. Brooks took up a position with a chair leg on the opposite side of the door and stood tensed, the leg in both hands and above his head. Voices were heard now, a curse; the steps were louder; they reached the landing, feet shuffled; a hand was placed on the door knob. The giant reached down and flung open the door. As he did so, Old Dave placed the sampling knife against his ribs.

In the open door stood several men. One had a rifle. There were others behind him—some visibly armed, others apparently concealed. Old Dave recognized two of them. The one with the rifle and with a toothpick protruding from his mouth was old Jordon, or Jurdon, the hotel keeper. The other he recognized was the grocery merchant below.

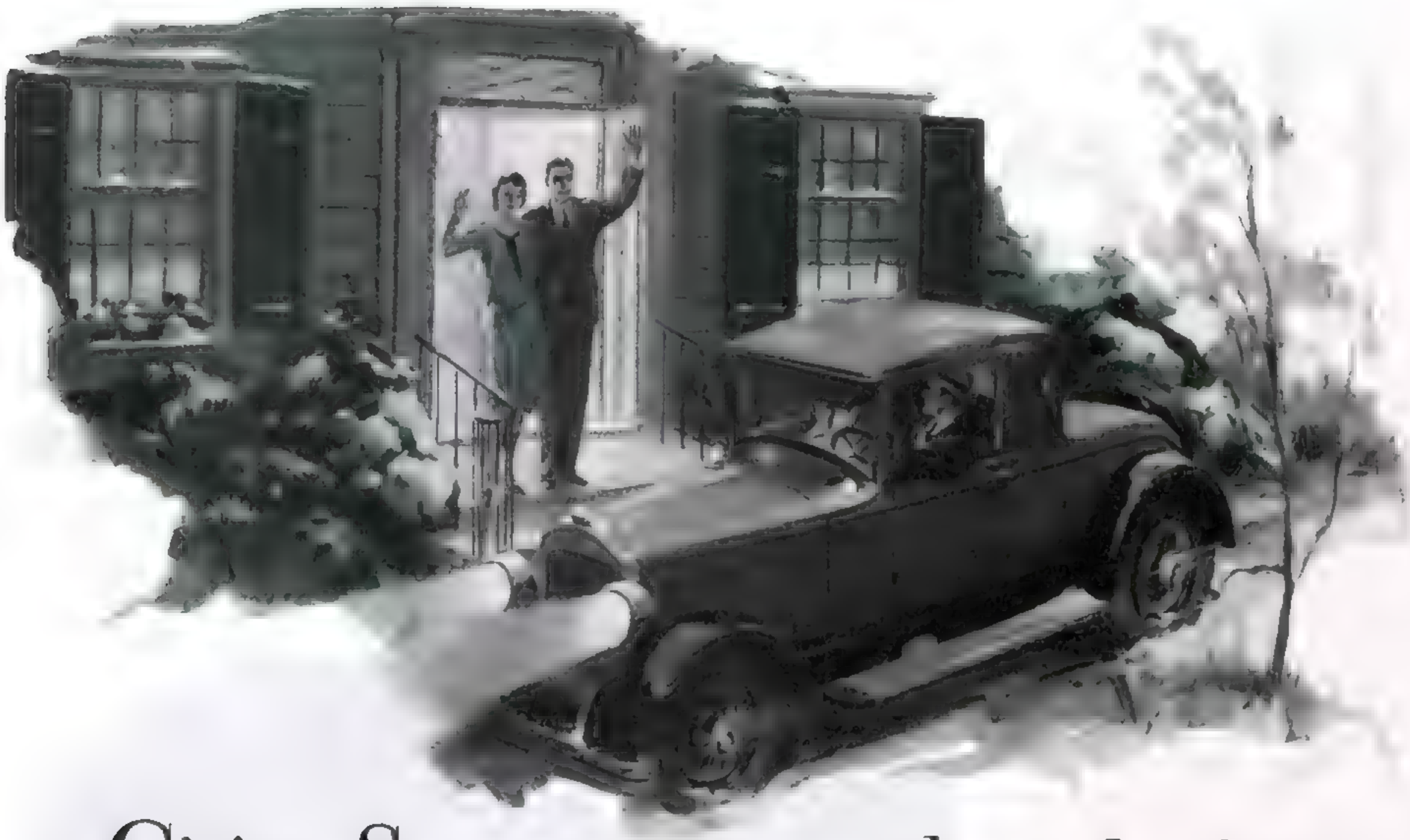
"What's this—a posse?" growled Bivens.

"Naw," scorned the innkeeper, who removed his toothpick for purposes of easier conversation, "this here's a business men's committee that's goin' to make this town safe fer cotton buyers," Jordon informed him. "This old man," indicating Dave, "has put more money in Chillet in one day than anything this year, and we're on our way to notify Flaig that the old man's goin' to stay an' Flaig's goin' to keep his hands off him. The farmers has been robbed for more'n ten years and business ain't worth a whoop, an' there's been too much rough stuff. Ain't that right, men?"

A growling murmur of assent answered him.

"And what about you, Bivens?" demanded the grocer. "Are you with us?"

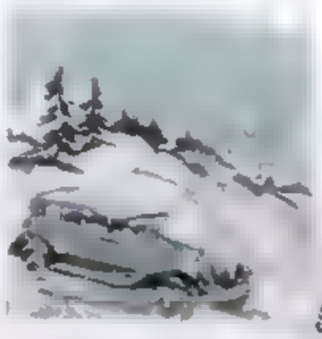
"This old man's made me about ten thousand dollars today. I'm goin' to do the talkin' fer this committee. Take that cleaver out of my ribs, old man, and lemme git my gun out," the giant rumbled.



Cities Service experts have built *Summer Performance* into Winter Oils

LET winter come . . . no matter how cold . . . zero or below . . . just refill your crankcase with the correct winter grade of Cities Service oil and drive on . . . carefree, trouble-free, exempt from winter driving worry and inconveniences.

Cities Service experts have done your winter worrying for you. They have built "summer performance" into winter oils and *have proved it!*



The ability of Cities Service oils to meet every winter driving demand is not based on guesswork. In the cold room of the Cities Service laboratory, at zero and below zero temperatures, these oils have to prove their ability to flow freely, assure easy starting and give absolute winter protection to your engine.

The requirements imposed by this cold room test are more severe than the average winter driver ever encounters. This guarantees an added margin of safety for your car—no matter how long or how hard you use it.

Hard starting, the bane of a winter driver's existence, disappears before the quick rush to duty of Cities Service oils. In eliminating hard starting, Cities Service oils eliminate excessive use of the choke and undue strain on your battery.

Equally important as the use of Cities Service oils in the crankcase, is the use of Cities Service grease for your gears, transmission, differential and other lubrication points. This high quality grease assures easy shifting and smooth operation throughout, even on the coldest of days.

For "summer performance" during the winter months, stop at the nearest Cities Service station or dealer for a crankcase full of fresh Cities Service winter oil and a complete chassis lubrication with Cities Service grease.

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY, 60 WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Broadcasting by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra assisted by the Cities Service Cavaliers, on Fridays, at 8 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations of the National Broadcasting Company: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WJC, WCAE, WTAM, WTIC, WWJ, KYW, WDAF, KSTP, WFAA, KSD, KOA, WOW, WKY, WTMJ, WOC.

Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

the ROYAL

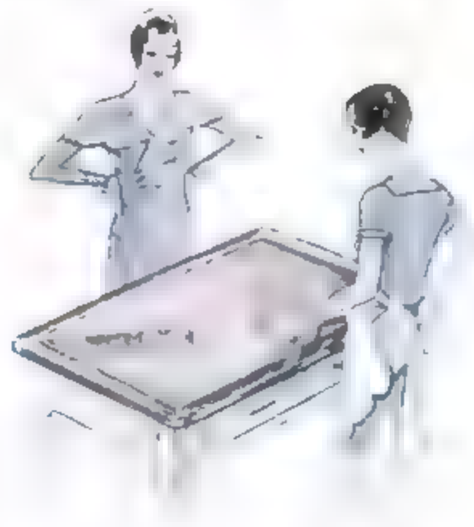
MASTER

A FINER SUPER-TIRE BUILT BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RUBBER . . AND LEADING THE WHOLE U. S. LINE TO RECORD-BREAKING POPULARITY

The recent introduction of the new Royal Master was one of the most significant events in the 37-year history of the United States Rubber Company. This new super tire had been designed and produced with complete disregard of costs. It brought into existence qualities of beauty and performance literally beyond the conception of the average motorist. It had been created expressly for the owners of the world's finest automobiles; and was, of necessity, priced at levels which seemed to preclude any widespread popularity. Yet from the day of its presentation, the Royal Master began demonstrating that the demand for the ultimate in tire quality was not restricted to the owners of high-priced cars. All motordom, it seemed, immediately sensed that the costliest tire built by the world's largest producer of rubber would inevitably give the greatest satisfaction at the lowest cost per mile. Royal Master sales quickly began to reach unexpected proportions. And each day the volume increases—swelling the tremendous public acceptance of the whole new U. S. Line.

U N I T E D S T A T E S R U B B E R C O M P A N Y

A bright idea . . . *to make your home* MODERN



MAKE your dreams come true—let your ideas of kitchen convenience become realities. Now, Monel Metal shows you how to make your kitchen the modern and pleasant place you have always wanted it to be.

The lovely mellow beauty of Monel Metal—like the richness of old silver—reflects and enhances desirable color schemes. Blending perfectly with any decorative plan, Monel Metal has the enduring charm that grows with use.

A Monel Metal sink . . . a cabinet top . . . or a table top, for instance, will work wonders in bringing your kitchen up-to-date. Monel Metal won't rust. It has no coating to chip, crack or wear off. It resists corrosion and is easy to keep gleaming with cleanliness. And Monel Metal has the strength of steel to resist the wear and tear that come from years of hard service . . . it is the lifetime metal.

You can obtain Monel Metal equipment from your regular dealer. If you are planning to build or remodel, talk with your architect or sheet metal worker about using Monel Metal in your home. Your name and address on the coupon will bring you booklet and sample.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 Wall Street **New York, N. Y.**

Monel Metal is a technically controlled Nickel Copper alloy of high Nickel content. It is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by The International Nickel Company, Inc. The name "Monel Metal" is a registered trade mark.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
I shall be glad to receive without cost or obligation a sample of Monel Metal together with your booklet, "Good Housekeeping Made Easier."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Occupation*_____ S. E. P. 11-9-29

MONEL METAL
MODERN AS TOMORROW

THE SHYSTER

(Continued from Page 7)

lad who carried it. I wore my blue-serge Sunday suit; it was only six months old and had been worn very seldom. My Sunday shoes were also in good condition, and I had a new broad-brimmed felt hat.

When the mixed train, twelve freight cars and two passenger coaches, came rattling and snorting over the uneven roadbed at seven o'clock, I had been waiting fully three-quarters of an hour. There really had been no need for my starting at five o'clock, but I couldn't sleep much after four. As soon as the train came in, the station agent opened the ticket window, and at the same moment the bus from the local hotel clattered up to the platform and unloaded four traveling salesmen, also their rather bulky baggage. Some eyes would have seen them as tired, disheveled men whose clothing needed cleaning and pressing and whose faces bore evidence of hasty work with the razor before cracked and peeling mirrors in country hotels, but to me these men were demigods who flitted luxuriously over the face of the earth, demanding the best of everything and speaking of vast sums of cash with the utmost familiarity. I let them line up before the ticket window in front of me, because I still didn't know how much my ticket would cost. I hadn't been too stupid to ask, but I knew the sum would be perilously close to all I had, so I wanted to put off the bad news just as long as possible.

One of the traveling men called for a ticket to the capital; immediately I felt feverish. He slapped down a twenty-dollar bill. The agent stamped the ticket, pushed it forward, picked up the bill and made change. I was still wondering how much the ticket cost and trying to count the change when the agent remarked, "Fourteen dollars and sixty-five cents." That let me out. I couldn't pay any such sum.

There was not much more time to lose, so I hurried out of the station and along the tracks toward the freight cars which were ahead of the passenger coaches. One box car was open and I climbed in. All day long I sat in that car without a drink and without food. The train stopped several times, but I didn't dare take a chance of showing myself. About two hours after dark the train made a long stop in rather a large station and two trainmen appeared in the open door, carrying lanterns.

"Come out of there, bo," one of them barked. And I came out. They looked me over with considerable interest. "Where you bound for?" was the next question, and the tone not unfriendly.

"I'm bound for the state university," I said, "and I didn't have enough money to buy a ticket."

"Have you got three dollars?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can buy a ticket now. You're just three dollars away from where you're going. Clear out!"

I walked through the yards to the station and found out that I could get a train at three o'clock in the morning. Under the circumstances I decided to eat and drink, then take a nap on a bench in the station. At half-past six I arrived in the capital, somewhat sleepy and somewhat tired, but not nearly so worn as you might imagine. The eagerness to see my journey's end burned far too intensely to admit fatigue. My journey's end would be the university, not the railway station. I invested twenty cents in breakfast and then made inquiry about the location of the university. It was thrillingly reassuring to find that everyone I questioned knew of its existence. I walked about three miles, asking everyone I encountered for directions, just to enjoy hearing them reaffirm the report that had brought me here. Finally I saw the buildings and the campus! Life has afforded me no greater thrill. I sat down on a campus bench to wait until these peculiar people should begin to stir. It was a long wait, but finally the graveled walks showed files of boys and girls moving toward certain of the larger buildings. My excitement was so great that I had to wait another half hour before I could risk stopping one of the passers-by to make further inquiry. It seemed to me that just finding the place ought to have been enough for the first day. Eventually, however, I felt sure enough of my voice to stop a youngster and say: "Friend, where do you sign up for the law course?"

He grinned cordially, pointed to a certain building, and told me the name of the man I should ask for.

"I'm going to work my way through," I informed him. "Is it true that there's a place here where they've got a list of jobs?"

"Sure," he said, and pointed to the building

I thanked him and started at once. It seemed to me advisable to get a job first and register later, because if I didn't get a job, registering for the law course wouldn't do me much good. Following directions, I came to a big room where a pleasant young man sat behind a plain desk.

"I want a job," I told him.

"They're pretty well picked over," he answered, "but here's the list of what's left."

To my amazement the three jobs that paid the highest wages listed had not been taken. These jobs were delivering milk. One went to work at four o'clock in the morning and finished at seven. Here, as I saw it, was the ideal job for a boy working his way through.

"What's the matter with these?" I asked.

"Nothing," the man answered, "except that the boys don't like to get up so early."

That anybody would object to such ordinary hours was news to me. What time would they want to get up? Well, he thought most of them preferred to remain in bed until about seven. As for myself, that would have constituted torture. I grabbed a milk job without further delay. Law course or not, it paid better than ranch work and I couldn't help wondering whether common honesty permitted a man to accept wages for a mere three hours out of twenty-four.

With this all-important matter settled, I went to register, and there encountered my first serious difficulty. It developed that I not only lacked sufficient credits to enter but didn't have any credits at all. The high school from which I had been graduated wasn't affiliated with the university. More than that, they didn't even know of its existence. Still worse, the little town that supported it wasn't yet on the map. The town was only five years old. The registrar, however, was not strict. He suggested that I could employ a tutor for a small sum; there were several of them within walking distance of the campus. He recommended a recent graduate, a young man who had become blind during his senior year. With his aid I could make up my credits and at the same time study law. The test would come at the end of the first semester. If I worked hard I would pass the examinations and that would be sufficient. Universities were not crowded in those days. A cow hand carrying his belongings in a clean oat sack received encouragement far beyond what the rules prescribed. In short, he actually permitted me to register, and I went at once to consult the blind tutor.

He proved to be a cheerful, rotund, energetic little person, as businesslike as a spring robin. I couldn't believe at first that he actually was blind. We talked for five minutes before I was certain that his clear blue eyes were glass. First, he questioned me about history. I knew the date of the Declaration of Independence and that was about all on the Revolutionary War, except that I had heard who won. As for the Civil War I informed him that it was caused by Abraham Lincoln "in order to free the slaves." We then took up English literature. I remembered Edgar Allan Poe; the rest was either fog or news. Mathematics ended abruptly with long division and fractions. Latin I had not even sampled, nor could I see why anyone should bother with it now that everything had been translated. After going over the various subjects in which I should have to achieve credits in order to be a bona fide freshman, he said: "Look here, boy, you can't pay for all that at the regular rates. It would run to about fifteen dollars a week. You're a dead-game sport or you wouldn't be here, so I'm going to show you that I'll be just as game as you are. I'll attempt to put you through the whole shooting match for five dollars a week. If we don't make it you'll know it in three months. How about it?"

"But I don't want all those things," I objected. "All I want is law."

Naturally this led to a lecture on the subject of what a lawyer really should be. As nearly as I can recall his remarks they were sane and to the point, but the impression they made upon me then was quite different. In fact, I gathered that he was a visionary, who had imbibed more campus atmosphere than was good for him. The last thing on earth I wanted to do was scatter my energies over the broad fields of scholarship. To try cases and win them was my sole aim. For me the practice of law would be a business. I wanted to earn money. His lecture served only to remind me of the remark of a girl in my class in high school who failed in geography because—as her teacher informed her before the whole class—she took no interest in the subject.

"Aw, you know so much geography, and what good has it done you?" she fired back at the teacher. "You're twenty-five years old and you ain't got no husband, and my sister that don't know no geography at all is sixteen years old and been married eight months."

Without telling him the story, I undertook to present the point of view it expresses, and probably succeeded only too well. But this blind man was a healthy soul. "I'll cure you of that!" he snapped out cheerily. "You just stick around here a while and you'll soon get the spirit of the institution."

It's queer how confident such people are that they can accomplish this miracle. I doubt that he would have advised me that Paderewski could have made a musical genius of me if I lacked the essential love of music, still he thought that he could implant scholarship where no desire for it existed. Nevertheless, his confidence was so infectious that I decided to begin studying under his direction.

It was a remarkable and enlightening experience, common enough no doubt in every seat of learning, and yet one that has rarely if ever been described by the baffled, hostile and unsuccessful student. For that reason I shall give an account of my impressions as this earnest, excellent teacher bit granite.

We began on the first day with mathematics, and I saw at once that the algebra problems he offered could be solved by arithmetic. Of course, since their only purpose was to introduce the symbols and method of procedure! But I judged that algebra must be a mere plaything for those who took pleasure in making a simple matter complicated. Next we took up geometry, and I discovered that I could visualize a problem so perfectly that the answer became apparent. This ability to visualize hampered me even more in algebra as we advanced. My innocent teacher thought it an excellent idea to present the problems in terms of cattle. We would begin with a herd of a certain size, and various things would happen to increase, decrease and divide that herd, which would eventually be sold for various prices, and how much would A, B and C receive? Now all of that

Here is Conklin's contribution to those who want to pay $3.50 for a fountain pen and $2.50 for a mechanical pencil. . . These Conklin Cream and Black pens and pencils are worthy of anybody, and products in which this old established manufacturer takes genuine pride.

They are modern, they are beautiful . . and they are thoroughly dependable. The material is practically unbreakable. . . . Here is the solution to many a gift problem.

Conklin pens and pencils at the same prices are available in other colors. . . . Then there are the famous Conklin Endura pens and pencils covered by a perpetual and unconditional service guarantee at $5, $6, $7, and $8 for the pens, and $3.50, $4, $4.50 for the pencils . . . the first cost is the only cost. . . . In fashionized color combinations.

Conklin desk sets $6 and more. . . . Conklin Pens, Pencils, Sets, Leads in leading stores everywhere.

The Conklin Pen Company
TOLEDO, OHIO
New York 148 King St. W., Toronto, Canada Chicago San Francisco

Conklin
Pens-Pencils-Sets

Give it the "TASTE TEST"

As a cereal with milk

or

in any of the hundred combinations in which Toast is used—

for instance

Cheese delights

Spread Rusks with a generous layer of well-flavored American cheese. The somewhat soft package kind is particularly good. Place a strip of bacon on top of cheese. Place on grill close to heat and broil until bacon is done. An excellent dish for late-at-night suppers (Page 8, Dutch Tea Rusk Recipe Book, sent Free) Try this dish, and learn why Dutch Tea Rusk has been described as "the Toast Supreme." An old-world delicacy, distinctive in flavor and rich in quick energy. Ideal for children.

DUTCH TEA RUSK COMPANY
Holland, Michigan

You must taste the Toast Supreme to appreciate its goodness. A delightful surprise to appetites that crave something new and different. Send 10¢ for full size introductory package

DUTCH TEA RUSK

DUTCH TEA RUSK COMPANY
Holland, Michigan

Send me special, full size, introductory package (20¢ enclosed).

☐ Send, free, recipe book, "A hundred ways to serve".

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

was so familiar to me from actual experience that I simply knew what each would receive without having the faintest notion of how I arrived at the result. If the problem mentioned five hundred steers I saw five hundred steers in the pasture. If A owned one-fourth of one-half of them I rode into that herd, cut out the right number and moved them about one hundred yards away. The whole process was absurdly simple. I enacted it step by step and never for an instant forgot my scattered bunches of cattle any more than I would have forgotten them if they had actually been standing on the prairie. To call them *x* and *y* and *z* made me laugh. By the time he finished stating a problem I knew the answer. And between problems I wondered how on earth he thought this mumbo jumbo would ever assist me in drawing the petition to the court on behalf of a client who might, for example, desire a divorce.

History was more interesting, but he persistently lowered the curtain on its drama in order to lay stress upon the evolution of forms of government. I wanted none of that. For me there was but one form of government—our own. It had come into being long before I was born, hadn't evoluted since, and never would. Other forms would evolute toward imitation of ours, but that matter concerned Europeans, not me. What I wanted to know was how to operate as a practicing attorney under our government, not how men had conducted affairs centuries ago.

English literature took first place among the net losses. Apparently all the men who had produced it took a loss; and worse still, some of them seemed to have been not quite right in the head. How could there be beauty in this absurd realm of misdirected energies? And even if there was, what of it?

Between "go-rounds," as I called them, with these obstacles, I made many acquaintances on the campus and questioned everyone I met about what he intended to do. In the course of these inquiries I encountered quite a number of young men who had got the university habit in about the same way that other unfortunates got the drug habit. Some of them already had degrees but were remaining to take special courses. One anaemic, bespectacled, string bean with a complexion that reminded me of tooth paste told me that his ambition was to become a financier. His father was president of a bank and wanted the boy to become a salesman of investment securities. This youngster had already spent four years acquiring the degree of bachelor of arts and then decided to remain another year for Professor Somebody's lectures on psychology. These, he was convinced, at the time I talked to him, would make him a much better salesman. There was a rumor, however, that Professor Somebody Else might deliver a course of lectures on the theory of business; and if the rumor proved to be true he thought he would remain another year.

I met prospective teachers in the school of pedagogy who had been there four, five and even six years, some of them engaged in unlearning what they had learned two or three years previous. They explained that this was necessary owing to the rapid advances being made in this field. All I could make out of this was that either they were fools or too lazy to go to work or so enamored of the social life of a university that any excuse for remaining would serve. And to some extent I was right. All of these people were not entirely sincere. They disturbed me to such an extent that I could no longer feel the necessary faith in my tutor. That was unfortunate because he really was a remarkable young man, intellectually honest, capable of inspiring his pupils, and utterly wholesome. But I began to suspect him of too close affinity with these dawdlers. The academic spirit, in fact, the university atmosphere in its entirety began to smell sour. Along with the rest my really able instructors in the law department also became suspect. What, I asked myself, would they be doing here if they really were outstanding legal minds? No, the whole thing savored of fraud. Not fraud, exactly, but time wasting. These people could live without working to earn money and that had corrupted their analytical powers. I must get away from them before they contaminated me. Not that—they couldn't contaminate me—but why waste time with them since they had nothing to give? We were aliens. Between them and me rolled a vast gulf—their lives had never run parallel to mine, nor would mine ever run parallel to theirs. Back in their homes were prosperous fathers; in mine, Slim. Their mothers awaited their return as social events; mine was washing dishes and worrying about Duck, Jane, Piggy, Sawdust and Scan'lous. I had no time to moon over the mysterious meanings of Shakspere's Hamlet. I must get busy and help raise that houseful of kids. If I went on with this course it would mean four years. Four years! That seemed an eternity. And what did it all amount to? Algebra with an *x*, *y*, *z* for cattle. Anyone who meant business ought to master the whole shooting match in a month.

Fired with these thoughts, I went to my tutor and said: "Look here, friend, this foolishness takes too much time. It's all right for kids that lack entertainment, but I've got to make a living. Can't you introduce me to some lawyer who will let me study in his office in return for sweeping the floor or some such thing as that? I can be a lawyer in a couple of years if I don't have to bother with the rest of this rot."

"I was afraid this was coming," he said. "Yes, I've been waiting for it. You've got a mind, and I hate to see it go wrong, but there's no use of my trying to hold you here any longer. You're too impatient. I'll tell you what I think you've got to do. You go to San Antonio. That's the biggest city in the state. There are more than three hundred lawyers there and one of them will take you in. My advice is for you to offer to come in as a clerk without pay. Just use the library and pay for the privilege by looking up references and citations when they need them. Other boys have done that and come out pretty well. I want to warn you, though, against some of the firms there, because they'll hire you as an ambulance chaser. Know what that is?" I didn't, and said so. "The ambulance chaser," he explained, "hunts up damage suit cases. It's a rotten business. I warn you because those fellows will offer you pay or commissions. Let them alone. You can probably get a job right away that will pay your living expenses, so do your studying in the offices of a high-class firm where you can enjoy contact with ethical, learned, honorable men who realize that the practice of law is a profession. I'll give you two lists: they aren't complete but they will help you as a guide. One is a list of firms that you must stay away from and the other is a list of firms with which you ought to seek contact."

"What makes you think a job is so easy to get?" I interrupted.

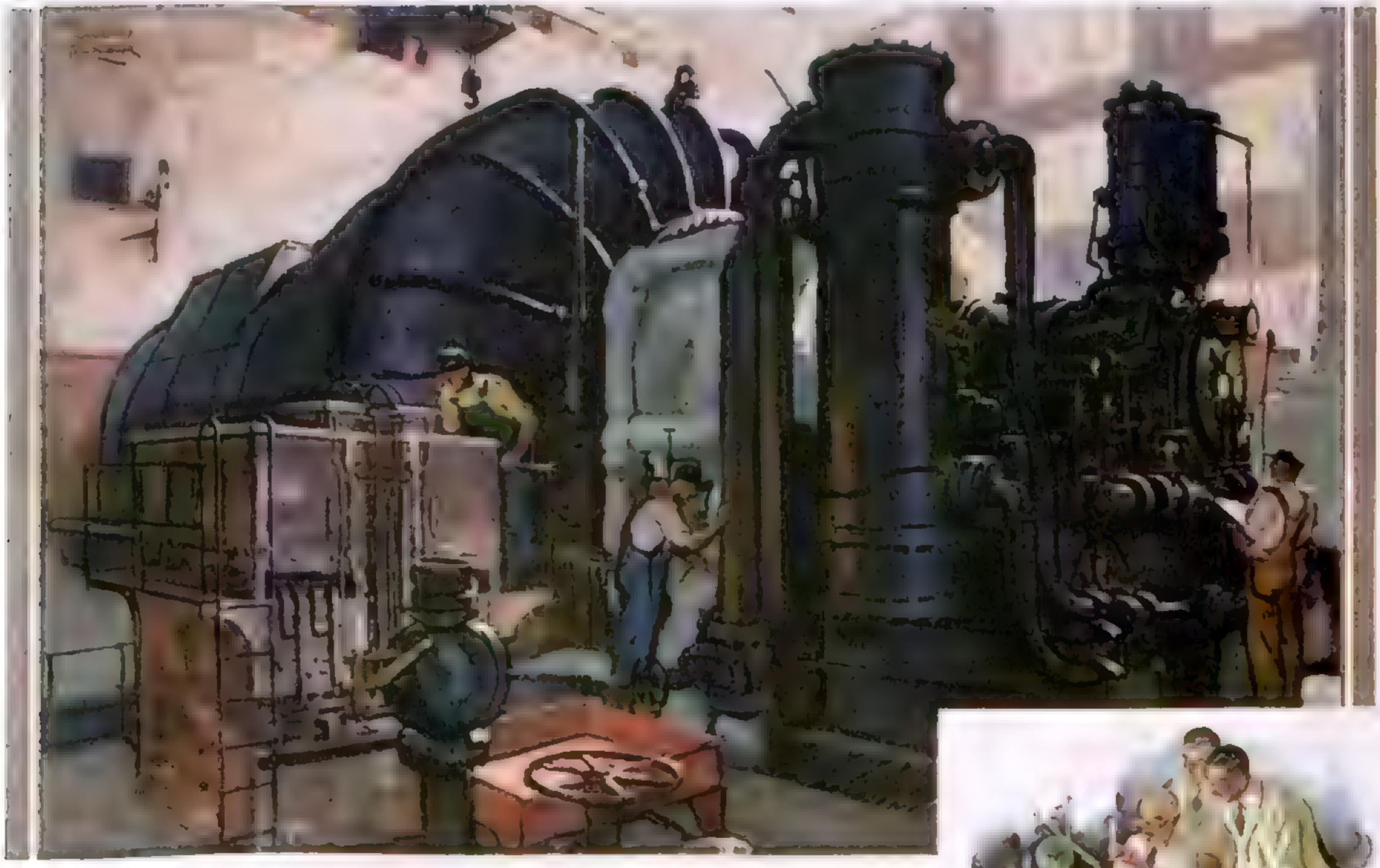
He smiled. "I know it is," he said, "because so many boys have gone there and found work. The street-car company prefers country boys. They are honest, polite and dependable. The company hires hundreds of young men and vacancies occur frequently. You are a country boy and of just the type they like. You can get a job that will leave nearly your whole day free. You can go to work in the afternoon and be free at midnight. You're strong and you can be up at eight o'clock in the morning. You'll get a job all right. Does that sound like what you want?" I assured him that it did.

He went to his desk and fished out two carbon copies of a list of law firms. While he was writing on one, "Let these alone," and on the other, "Apply to these," I smiled because I intended to use these lists in exactly the opposite order. I had heard enough of ethics, scholarship, learning, beauty, and monkey-doodle business. It seemed to me that the best possible way to get an introduction to the actual practice of law would be to solicit business for a firm of attorneys while studying in their library. If I could make a living that way it would be much better than collecting fares on a street car while listening to the scholarly remarks of some bewhiskered old dodo who wished to air his impressions of Blackstone as a literary gent. To hell with these amateurs of the law! What I wanted to meet was a man who made a living. And if he could pay commissions for clients, grand! I bade my tutor an appreciative farewell and departed next morning, after collecting my wages from the dairy, writing a letter to my mother, holding funeral services over the railroad fare for a ninety-mile trip, and counting, with palpitation of the heart, the dangerously small amount that remained in my pocket.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Klamath Lake, Oregon

Tiny Wheels, Giant Turbines Run Smoother on TEXACO



IN every branch of industry, in the nation's steel mills, mines and manufacturing plants there are power giants—high-speed, time and labor saving machines whose very life is dependent on oil!

Texaco Lubricants plus Texaco Lubrication Service have gone hand in hand to save millions for the industries of the world. There is no industrial lubricating problem too complicated for Texaco; there is no type of machinery made, from the sewing machine in the home to the giant turbine generating power for the electrical needs of an entire city, which is not being lubricated effectively by Texaco.

There is a Texaco Lubricant for *every* purpose. Throughout the world—everywhere, the Texaco Red Star with the Green T is known and respected.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing

RESEARCH...THE GUIDE TO PROGRESS

Anticipating every development, insuring ever higher standards of quality Texaco Laboratories are the source of Texaco progress

TEXACO

TEXACO

The mark of quality for petroleum products

I WENT TO GET A STORY *and I got the* THRILL *of my life!*

by GEORGE W. SUTTON, JR.

(One of America's foremost automotive writers)

RUMOR had it that Reo was putting out a new transmission —a transmission entirely different from any the automotive world had ever known—and the tales of what it would do sounded almost unbelievable! I hopped a train and went to Lansing to get the story from Reo.

Eighteen hours later I was talking with H. T. Thomas, Reo's chief engineer. "We have a car equipped with this new transmission," he said. "I'll take you out in it. That car will tell you more in ten minutes than I can tell you in two hours." And out we went.

I had been told that with this new transmission, second gear was as silent as a wooden Indian, that you could drive unbelievably fast in second, that you could shift from high to second—*or from second to high*—at any speed without "feeling in" your gears. But right at the start I got a bigger surprise than I ever expected!

So silent it fooled me!

We rolled out of that garage as smoothly and as silently as a stream of oil. "She certainly starts off swell in high," I remarked.

"We're in second," said Mr. Thomas.

In *second!* . . . and traveling so silently, so smoothly that I did not know it until I was told!

Weaving through traffic, we cut around cars with amazing ease. From close behind a truck doing 10, and still in second, we flashed ahead of that truck in an instant—with approaching traffic close enough to scare me!

We stopped at a red light. It flashed to green — and we were up and away at 93 — leaving cars 100 feet behind. Then, beyond the limits of the town, Mr. Thomas turned to me and said —"Now I'll show you what this second gear will do."

Better than 40 miles an hour in second!

We were stepping along in high at 38. Without slackening his speed one bit, Mr. Thomas shot that gear-lever into *second*. Not a clash, not a grind, not a murmur from that gear—just one quiet "click" was all I heard. It was the most amazing thing I ever saw!

Then he stepped on the gas. Up went the speedometer . . . 40 . . . 45 . . . nearly 50 miles an hour we went *in second!* And that second gear was as smooth, as quiet, as silent as the ordinary high!

It's great on hills!

"If," said Mr. Thomas "you're going *up* a tough hill with traffic coming down at you and a truck crawling ahead of you—just slip into

second and wait for a chance to cut out. When that chance comes, step on her—and you will scoot around that truck like a meteor.

"And this new transmission will be just as big an advantage coming *down* that hill. If you get part way down and 'wish you were in second' you can get into it without a bit of braking—and that gear will take you down as slowly or as fast as you want to go."

I learned about Reo from him!

I glanced at the speedometer. It showed 31,297 miles. "Something's wrong with your clock, isn't it?" I asked. I was certainly surprised to learn that 31,297 was the number of miles this car had covered—for it looked like new, it sounded like new, it acted like a car that had just rounded out its first thousand!

"Reo lasts longer than any other car of American origin or make," explained Mr. Thomas. "Reo is good for 100,000 miles, and I mean *good*—with close to new-car performance all the way."

"I'm sold," I said, "long ago!" You will be, too! Visit a Reo salesroom. Drive a Reo Master Flying Cloud with this new Silent-Second Transmission—and you can take my word for it—you'll get the surprise of your life!

REO MASTER FLYING CLOUD SPORT SEDAN, F. O. B., LANSING, MICHIGAN, $1870, Two Spare Tires Extra.

Try REO'S *new transmission . . . with a second gear as silent as the ordinary high!*

WITH the new Reo Silent-Second Transmission you can shift from high to second at any speed—and from second *back* to high at forty miles an hour—easier than you can with any other car at 10 miles an hour.

You can go *more* than 40 miles an hour in second if you care to—as smoothly, as quietly, as silently as in the ordinary high!

You can shift gears—at any speed—without grinding, without "feeling your gears in." And you can shift with one finger, the gear-lever works so easily.

You can get away from a traffic light like a streak—leaving cars that were abreast of you a hundred feet behind. You can be hitting 40 before they're under way—and at that speed, 40 miles an hour, you can shift right into high—easily, quietly.

You can crawl up a hill behind a milk wagon—and shoot around him like a meteor at the first opportunity—in *second* gear. Going *down* a hill you can shift from high to second whenever you want to—without slowing down—without even touching your brakes. The new Reo Silent-Second Transmission offers you this unsurpassed flexibility—at the same time reducing, rather than increasing the amount of gear shifting.

The new Reo Silent-Second Transmission is the product of four years' research and development by the Reo engineers. It is the exclusive property of Reo. Unless and until Reo permits its use, this revolutionary new transmission will be available in no other automobile.

If you now own a Reo Master Flying Cloud, you can have this new transmission installed at a very nominal cost. Orders for the new transmission will be filled as rapidly as production makes them available—and in the order received. Thus does Reo maintain its traditional policy of improving Reo without obsoleting the Reo cars now in use. Your dealer will give you full details.

REO

GOOD *for* 100,000 *miles*

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Michigan

Reo Flying Clouds are priced from $1375 to $1495. Reo Master Flying Clouds from $1595 to $1870. All prices f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

The Helpful Hand *for* Voyageurs Abroad

It is when you step ashore from the steamer's gangplank that your foreign trip REALLY begins and it is at this precise moment that the American Express, through its uniformed representatives, extends the Helpful Hand of Service.

To voyageurs abroad the Helpful Hand has an important duty to perform—that of making travel easier and simpler. Travelers consult it about passport intricacies, hotels, railroads, steamships and knotty travel problems. And whatever the question may be this Helpful Hand knows the answer or will find it with courtesy and dispatch.

The Helpful Hand is a guarantee of carefree travel service, and an automatic introduction is YOURS the moment you purchase American Express Travelers Cheques. Recognized and accepted for almost two generations they have earned a popularity and use second only to America's own dollar bill. Issued in denominations of $10, $20, $50, and $100. Cost 75c for each $100. Sold by 22,000 Banks and at offices of the American Express and Railway Express Agency.

for safety and spendability

AMERICAN EXPRESS *Travelers cheques*

Steamship tickets, hotel reservations, itineraries, cruises and tours planned and booked to any part of the world by the American Express Travel Department

I KNEW HIM WHEN—

Continued from Page 15

production. Nobody liked Zuchy's promotion because it brought Zuchy out on to the lot and gave him a better chance of pulling the dirty inside politics which he loved to play. Whenever somebody lost a job in his department it was generally one of Zuchmeyer's friends who got the berth—if you get me—and now he was where he'd have a larger field.

Well, Jake began signing up song writers and Broadway actors and playwrights until we needed a steam shovel to handle 'em with, and as fast as Jake hired these new treasures, it was up to me to get rid of the deadwood, including Lila La Farge.

Lila was no longer the riot she had been with the public at first, but she'd settled down to commanding a pretty steady box office, and under ordinary circumstances would have been good for another four or five years. But as I remarked before, the real Lila—the girl whose beautiful dumb shadow her fans still loved—had changed, and her voice showed the change badly. It was the peevish, affected voice of a petty tyrant. And when we tested her voice, what the mike did to her was a plenty! On the speaking screen her whole personality was different from what it had been on the silent one, because the addition of speech showed her up for what she had become—a common, conceited, bad-tempered little mutt. Jake and I heard the test in private, and when the projection was over, Jake gave a long whistle and passed the buck to me.

"You'll have to let her out, Tommy!" he says. "Use that girl Ziegfeld sent us—Helen Hoyt—in Lila's place for the first production. It's a lucky thing Lila's contract has just run out."

No, no; say, Jackson, you're all wrong there! Jake ain't heartless about the people who work for him. It's just that in pictures, the same as in any other line of business, the materials used in manufacture must be fresh and sound and generally O. K., or the finished product won't be any good. Jake had made Lila's name world famous, he'd paid her a big salary, and there was no reason why he should regard her as an object of charity. The formula of his product had changed, and she wasn't any longer one of the necessary ingredients, that was all. But I get what you're driving at, just the same. Lila had stuck to her work mighty faithfully, and I felt sorry for her. Take away the limelight, and what else was she going to have left? And I felt even more sorry for little Eddie Jones, her half-portion husband, whom she'd got out of the habit of working, ruined with fool luxuries, and probably demoralized beyond repair.

I don't often feel under any obligation, Jackson, to wet-nurse my employes, because if I commenced that here at the studio, I'd have to start a pond especially for our lame ducks. But somehow Lila had been such a showy star, and so sort of childishly proud of her glory, that I hated her to crash right here on the lot, where people would immediately get wise to the fact that she was being given the gate. So I thought I'd run out to her house and tell her in private. I was taking this Helen Hoyt girl out to the beach that night anyways, so we just dropped by, and Helen waited in the car while I went in to get a bad job over with as quick as possible.

"Mr. Jones is upstairs, packing his suitcase," says the maid as she let me in. "But I'll call Miss La Farge right away."

"No, lemme up to his room!" I says, because I had the idea to speak to Eddie first—and maybe only to him. The maid let me go up, and there, sure enough, was Eddie, foundering around among suitcases, striped shirts, flowered neckties, and checked pajamas, and looking completely lost, while in the doorway of the next room stood Lila, tear-stained and angry, apparently supervising, although not assisting at the packing act.

"Hello!" I says. "What's all this? Where are you folks going?"

"Eddie is going," says Lila, "and high time too! We're going to get a divorce!"

"No!" says I. Somehow, I had never once thought of divorce in connection with these two, because I knew them when—but anyways.

"Yes!" says Lila. "I've stood all I'm going to! I'm not going to give him another penny of Revelation's money, that's certain!"

"It is indeed," says I, trying to break the news tactfully. "You never said a truer word, Lila!" She looked up at me, startled.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "Explain that, Tommy."

"Well," I says slowly, "whatever salary you have to spend on anybody, Lila, it won't be coming from Jake Rausch's outfit."

"What?" she said, as if she hadn't heard right. "Do you mean the test was a flop? Jake didn't sign the renewal?"

"Sorry, but I'm afraid I mean just that," I says. "I hate to have to tell you, Lila."

"But that dirty Jake can't do this to me!" she yelled. "He can't! Why, if he lets me out right now, what am I going to do about expenses? Jake must be crazy if he thinks he can leave me stranded this way!"

"But Jake paid you good money," I says. "Surely, Lila, you can't be broke enough to go into such a panic as this?"

"But I am, I tell you!" she said, suddenly awed. "I haven't got a red. Even the cook isn't paid. I'm overdrawn at the bank, although yesterday was pay day. I can stall 'em all for a week, and I've counted on it. I've got to have my next check!"

"But, Lila, at five thousand a week!" I says, stunned. "It's impossible! Why, your bracelets alone ——"

"The man took the bracelets back!" she snapped. "Do say you're kidding me, Tommy! Good Lord, man, with all my experience, I couldn't be let out! Why, I won't even have money enough to pay for our divorce!"

All this time Eddie hadn't said a word. He had just stood there, hidden behind his thick cheaters, as if somebody had knocked him groggy. But now he came to life and swallowed his Adam's apple a couple of times.

"What's the matter with her voice?" he asked almost aggressively.

"Too much high frequency," I said, "and—well, a lot of other things besides. It's a darned unpleasant voice, if you want to know the truth."

"That can be overcome," says Eddie. "It's just a matter of a modifier that ——"

"Some day, yeh, when we reach the millennium," I says. "But in the meantime there's no use arguing; she's out! I'm terribly sorry, but there's nothing I can do."

He saw that I meant what I said then, Jackson, and he did a funny thing. At first he didn't utter a word, but his manner changed as he turned around and commenced throwing his belongings out of the suitcases and back into the bureau and closet. Bright ties and striped shirts flew through the air like birds, and jazzy shoes walloped into the cupboard like artillery.

"What are you doing?" yelled Lila, staring at him in amazement. "Aren't you leaving?"

"I am not!" says Eddie. "You're not supporting this family any more, so I'm going to stay and attend to things."

"But the divorce?" says Lila. "Just because I can't pay the lawyer ——"

"The divorce will have to wait," snapped Eddie.

"This is all your fault, Tommy Wangle!" screamed Lila, turning on me. And about then something in the atmosphere made me realize that Helen was waiting outside in the car, and had been waiting quite long enough. After all, there's no use letting a motion-picture star scratch your eyes out unless she's working for you, is there, Jackson? Which reminds me, I got to telephone. . . .

Hello, Miss Daimler? Call up Roger's Agency and tell 'em to send out about twenty fat women tomorrow. Jake told me to get someone to play the pound of flesh in The Merchant of Venice, and I forgot all about it until now. No, don't bother to tell me what they say. I'm in conference! . . .

Well, Jackson, after that visit out to Lila's, the next thing I saw of the Joneses was an ad in the Sunday paper. It read:

For sale, magnificent Beverly Hills residence, complete except for ice box. Purchaser can take over al. time payments. Very little cash necessary.

And it gave Eddie's address. So he hadn't been fooling about the ice box being paid for. I wondered if he intended living in the darned thing, for I couldn't imagine where he was going to get the rent of a flat.

But I didn't waste much time thinking about him, and when presently he came around here again, presumably looking for work, I refused to see him, because, after all, I couldn't in conscience regard four years of loafing and liquor as the right training for our personnel. Then one day Eddie crashed our gate.

This side of the office looks out over the main entrance, as you see, Jackson, and occasionally those windows over there enable me to say just the right thing to the office boy. Well, one morning, a long time after Lila was through and forgotten—must have been three or four months at least—I was standing by that window when I saw Eddie walking along, carrying a black suitcase. He was a forlorn-looking little figure, and as he was going by he paused and gazed up wistfully at our gates. He looked kind of like an outcast cherub staring at heaven; only, of course, if it's true what they say about rich men getting into heaven, I expect heaven will never have as many big cars parked outside its gates as we do here. Well, anyways, Eddie paused, and as he did so, Jelks, who is assistant to Colum, the director, ran out and grabbed Eddie by the arm and started dragging him in. I could hear every word that was said.

"Hey, you!" says Jelks. "Colum wants to see you in a hurry! He's on the set, but he told me he wanted you the minute you showed up."

"Who, me?" says Eddie. "Say, I can't stop now. I've got a job to deliver at the radio shop, I've ——"

"Let 'em wait!" growled Jelks. "I guess Colum is more important. Come on, now, get a move on!"

"All right—all right!" said Eddie meekly. Jelks hustled him in and the two of them disappeared. This got me kind of curious, so I decided to walk over to Colum's set and see why he wanted Eddie all of a sudden. And I got there just in time. Colum was in a bad temper, because even our big directors were in the hands of the sound man, and Zuchmeyer was taking his time with the set, while Colum cooled his heels, waiting. And just as I walked into the thermos, Jelks presented Eddie and the black bag.

"Where the devil have you been all this time?" says Colum. "Have you got it with you?"

"Sure," says Eddie humbly. "And I'm so glad you've finally decided to give it a tryout, Mr. Colum. I've been endeavoring to get to you for weeks, and I'm sure you'll be pleased." Eddie leaned over and started to open his bag, and Colum hung over him.

"What is it—Scotch?" he asked.

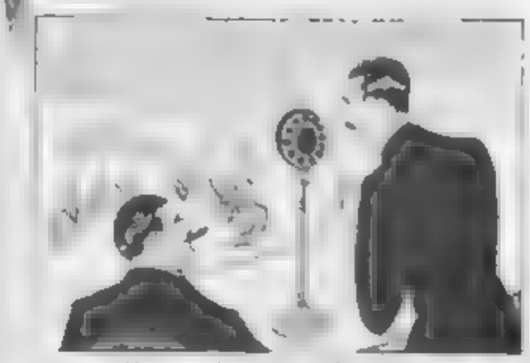
"Scotch?" repeated Eddie, puzzled. "Why, no, since it's my own invention, I guess it's American."

"Gin, eh?" says Colum. "Well, after last night, that's better than nothing."

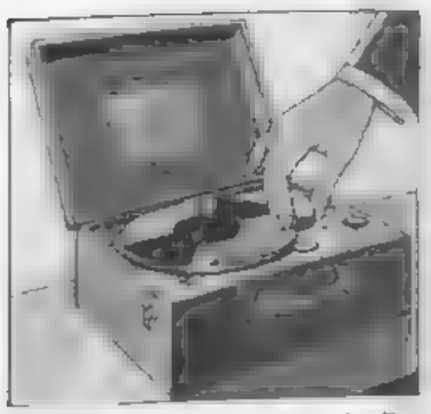
(Continued on Page 111)

Healing by Music

Modern hospitals put the Western Electric Public Address System on staff



Now all can hear in the hotels' large meeting rooms.



The Western Electric Music Reproducer, ever ready to provide entertainment from phonograph records.

Music hath charms—and healing powers. Lucky is the hospital patient whose convalescence is cheered and hastened by entertainment through the Western Electric Public Address System.

It amplifies and distributes sound to all parts of the hospital by means of loud speakers in private rooms and telephone headsets in wards. And patients can listen to radio broadcast, or entertainment put into a microphone in the building, or phonograph records played on the Western Electric Music Reproducer.

Here then is a soothing bedside visitor always on hand at the right moment.

The Western Electric System has many advantages which appeal to progressive hospital managements. Architects and engineers value it because it is electrically reliable, made by the makers of your telephone.

To hospitals, hotels, schools, amusement parks and communities, it offers new opportunities for service to their public.

Dancing to the Music Reproducer at restaurant or country club.

The school principal can, by loud speaker, address all rooms at once.

Western Electric

PUBLIC ADDRESS AND MUSIC REPRODUCTION SYSTEMS

DISTRIBUTED BY *Graybar Electric Company* · · · · OFFICES IN 72 PRINCIPAL CITIES

. . . . . HOWEVER YOU LOOK AT IT

"There's a reason"

Grape-Nuts for breakfast—or for lunch—sends you on your way with an energetic body and a quick, clear mind...From the man's point of view—

→ THAT'S a reason

Grape-Nuts is a food rich in nourishment—supplying needed proteins, iron, phosphorus, carbohydrates and vitamin B . . . From the doctor's point of view—

→ THAT'S a reason

Grape-Nuts is a remarkably nourishing, easy-to-digest, ready-to-serve food that children love to eat! . . . From the mother's point of view—

→ THAT'S a reason

Grape-Nuts brings health-giving, beautifying aid to modern teeth—because its unique, delicious crispness encourages thorough chewing . . . From the dentist's point of view—

→ THAT'S a reason

HERE'S something exceedingly good to eat. Different! The nut-like flavor of whole grains—the delicate, natural sweetness of malt sugar. Combined in zestfully crisp, golden kernels—like no other food in the world...From everybody's point of view

→ . . . . . THAT'S a reason

Grape-Nuts

. . . . . buy it today for breakfast tomorrow

© 1929, G. F. Corp.

(Continued from Page 108)

"But it's not gin; it's my voice modifier!" said Eddie, bewildered. "To regulate the tone of the voice before it registers on the mike, you know."

Colum got purple in the face and turned on Jelks.

"What the devil do you mean by this?" he roared. "Haven't I told you one million times to keep these would-be inventors out of here? I send you to bring in my bootlegger and you have to drag in this specimen! Some assistant, you are! Get out, both of you, before I kick you out."

"This man insisted on my coming in," said Eddie with half-portion dignity. "I was peaceably on my way to my old job at the radio shop, when he interfered. I happened to have my invention with me, and I wish you'd look at it, now that it's here."

But Colum, his tongue hanging out with disappointment, wouldn't even listen, and next thing he knew, Eddie found himself in the street, bag and all, Zuchmeyer assisting at the exit. And somehow, when I saw him helping to run Eddie off the lot, I liked Zuchy less than ever. He was a rat, and we all knew it except Jake Rausch, but he flattered Jake to such an extent that Jake was letting him get away with murder in spite of everything we told him. But even though I knew that anyone who went after Zuchy would get in wrong with the big egg, it was all I could do to keep my hands off of him when he got rough with Lila's nice little husband.

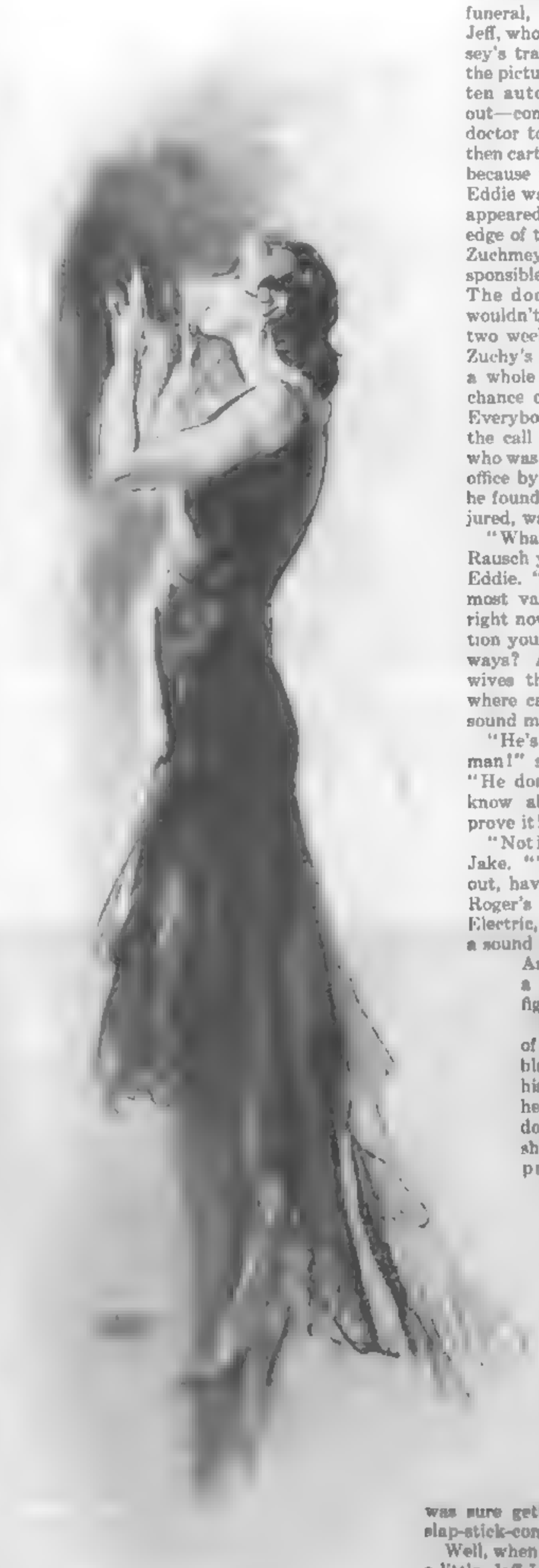
Well, I thought that was the last we'd see of Eddie, but it seems I was wrong. You may have noticed, Jackson, that the soft-looking people are sometimes the hardest to beat. They give in when you punch 'em, only to bulge out in another spot immediately. And it appeared Eddie was like that. Being mistaken for the bootlegger had given him an idea, and darned if three days later he wasn't on the lot again, black bag and all, and this time he had kidded the watchman at the truck entrance into believing he was the piano tuner come to fix up the big box on our permanent symphony-orchestra set, where they make the musical synchronizations. I heard afterward where he actually did fool with the piano, but he didn't stay there long.

Instead, he managed somehow or other to get on to Colum's set, a big drawing-room scene full of fancy furniture, with flowers and window drapes, in all of which microphones were concealed. You know how they have 'em hidden all over a set to catch voices from any angle, Jackson? Well, placing 'em just right is the most important part of dressing a set nowadays. This one was all ready for shooting, and Zuchmeyer had worked at it for eight solid hours, although a real modern expert could probably have done it in three. The company was called for 2:30, and about two o'clock Zuchmeyer walked in past the guards, accompanied by Jeff Lowe, his helper, to give the job a final O. K. But since there seemed nothing to do, they evidently had a little talk, and then, in the midst of it, who should they see standing quietly behind the camera but Eddie Jones! And, boy, not only was he standing there but quite evidently he had been monkeying with the machine.

Remember, Jackson, how, way back in the early days of the talkies, the camera used to be put in a glass cage so's to make it absolutely noiseless? You could run it half an hour without anybody two feet away knowing what was going on unless they happened to look. And, boy, I'm telling you, when they caught Eddie he'd apparently run off more than a hundred feet of precious film. Say, was Zuchy mad, and how! He was so darned furious that he never stopped at the time to think about the wasted film. All he thought about was bouncing Eddie off the lot for good and all. I happened to come in just then with Colum and Helen Hoyt, because I wanted to watch Helen work, and so I saw the big fight. Eddie was dancing around twirling his puny little fists at Zuchy, and Zuchy was trying to get at him with his claws, and both of them were saying things that weren't fit for publication.

"Monkey around my set, you nasty little rat, will you?" snarled Zuchmeyer. "I'll learn you to stay off the lot, once you've been put off!"

"You dirty crook!" bellowed Eddie in a surprisingly deep voice, "you gyp! I'll



You Ought to See Helen in an Evening Gown

pull your ugly nose for you if my hands are big enough to hold it! If anyone belongs with this company, it's me, and you know it, you yellow—yellow journal, you!"

"Say, since your girl friend got kicked out of here, she can't leave her kept poodle dogs around, either!" says Zuchy. And then Eddie swung into some real action. I never saw a man three times his size one-half so mad!

"Don't you dare say one word against my wife!" he screamed. Then he jumped clean through the air and landed all of his hundred and thirty-five pounds square on Zuchmeyer's chin. He must have landed just right, because down went Zuchy like he was candidate for a gunman's funeral, and there he lay while Jeff, who used to be one of Dempsey's trainers before he went in the pictures, commenced counting ten automatically. Zuchy was out—completely out. The staff doctor took one look at him and then carted him off to the hospital, because it seemed that, after all, Eddie wasn't so strong as he had appeared for a minute, and the edge of the battery box on which Zuchmeyer landed was really responsible for the knock-out blow. The doc reported that Zuchy wouldn't be working for the next two weeks, and then for a while Zuchy's chances for living looked a whole lot better than Eddie's chance of doing the same thing. Everybody was after him, from the call boy up to Jake himself, who was pulled out of his private office by the row, and who, when he found out his pet had been injured, was fit to be tied.

"What you done that for?" Rausch yelled at the unfortunate Eddie. "Don't you know he's the most valuable man we got here right now? Suppose he did mention your wife, what's a wife anyways? Anybody can get all the wives they want out here, but where can you get it a first-class sound man, eh?"

"He's not a first-class sound man!" says Eddie breathlessly. "He don't know half of what I know about sound, and I can prove it!"

"Not in here, you won't!" yelled Jake. "Take him away, kick him out, have him arrested! Call up Roger's Agency, call up General Electric, wire to N'York! Get me a sound man, and get one quick! Are you all crazy, losing half a day over a couple bums fighting?"

Eddie, hustled by a pair of electricians, picked up his black bag and jammed on his silly-looking hat, but as he was assisted toward the door, he turned back and shouted one final desperate protest. "It's me you want!" he yelled. "You've got the proof in your own hands! You'll be sorry for this, Rausch; you'll be darned sorry! You need me here, and if you'll only give me a chance I'll prove ——"

But what he was to prove was shut off by the banging of the door behind him. Eddie might not be able to get into the technical end of pictures, but he was sure getting a swell training for slap-stick-comedy acting.

Well, when things had calmed down a little, Jeff Lowe let out that nothing on the set itself had been disturbed by the fight, so there was no reason why Colum shouldn't go ahead and shoot the scene as originally intended. Of course the cameraman must have noticed right off that something had already been shot, but nothing was said about it, and so, after a couple of sour rehearsals, Colum gave the signal to lock up the sound box, and I sat a while and watched Helen act. Say, Jackson, you ought to see Helen in an evening gown. Gee, she could stand back to back with any woman! Why don't you do an interview with her, all about how she was a city child who never saw a tree except a shoe-tree, until she came out here, eh? Something snappy and original. I'll fix up the interview if you like, any time at all.

Well, to get back to Zuchmeyer's broken head, a little later in the afternoon, as I was walking back to my own office, I got to worrying over had a first-class sound man been located yet. And when I reached my desk, Miss Daimler had news for me. She'd tried every place, and there wasn't a sound man out of a job on the entire coast, and here we were right smack in the middle of production! For a while I sat thinking cheerfully of suicide, and then all of a sudden an inspiration hit me. Eddie Jones! Of course! I remembered the work he'd once done on my radio, and his claims to have invented something to do with the mike, and in a flash I believed the little feller. If Eddie claimed he knew something about sound, the chances were he was telling the truth, and Eddie was free to come to us. He was the only bet on the horizon, in fact, and so I decided to speak to Jake about him that night. After all, Eddie was a good little soul at heart. Hadn't I known him when—but let me tell you!

I had a date that evening to hear the day's rushes with Helen. I was taking a real friendly interest in her work, see, and at 10:30 that night we were due to hear the stuff Colum had made that afternoon. When she and I got to the projection room, Jake and Colum were both seated ahead of us, and the first thing they wanted to know was had I located a new sound man yet.

"I have that," I says. "I've got someone good enough to try out anyways."

"Fix him up and see he's on the lot tomorrow," says Jake. "Who is he?"

"Now, Jake, don't get excited," I says. "But he's the very feller had the fight with Zuchy this afternoon."

"What?" says Jake. "Are you crazy? I wouldn't have that feller set foot on my lot—not if he was to pay me for it!"

"But he's the only one I can locate!" I says, desperate. "Look here, Jake; you can't afford to hold up production just on account of a personal prejudice."

"Say, I know him," sneered Jake. "He's that trick husband Lila was supporting. He couldn't even earn a living for himself, so I should pay him a salary to black eyes for the rest of the help. He's no good. Zuchmeyer told me so twenty times already."

"But he may know sound," I says. "If he could prove that he does, Rausch, would you let me take him on?"

"Yes, if by a miracle he could prove it without first working here," says Jake, "I would hire him for sure." He laughed at the big wise crack he had made, and just then the lights went out and the last set that Zuchy had dressed flashed on the screen.

The lighting was bad, being a little weak, as if the spots hadn't been used, but it was clear enough to see perfectly. However, the actors who appeared were not the ones we were looking for. Instead of Helen Hoyt, who should walk out on the screen but Zuchy and Jeff Lowe! There was a little gasp and gurgle from the crowd as Zuchy crossed the set and picked up a pair of earphones, which he tossed to Jeff. Then the sound tract began to work and Zuchy's voice boomed into the projection room.

"Where the devil are my pliers?" he growled.

"How the devil should I know where your pliers are?" squeaked Jeff. "There they are—in your pants pocket!"

This got a laugh, see, and everyone sat up and took notice of the unexpected show. I must say of Zuch and Jeff that their acting was the most absolutely natural I'd seen on the screen so far, and no wonder, seeing that they hadn't known anybody was watching them. Zuchy threw the pliers at his helper, and then, in defiance of all rules, took out a cigarette and lit it.

"Say, better cut that out!" Jeff says in his high voice. "Old Man Rausch don't like it!" (Continued on Page 114)

WILLYS-KNIGHT

SLEEVE-VALVE POWER

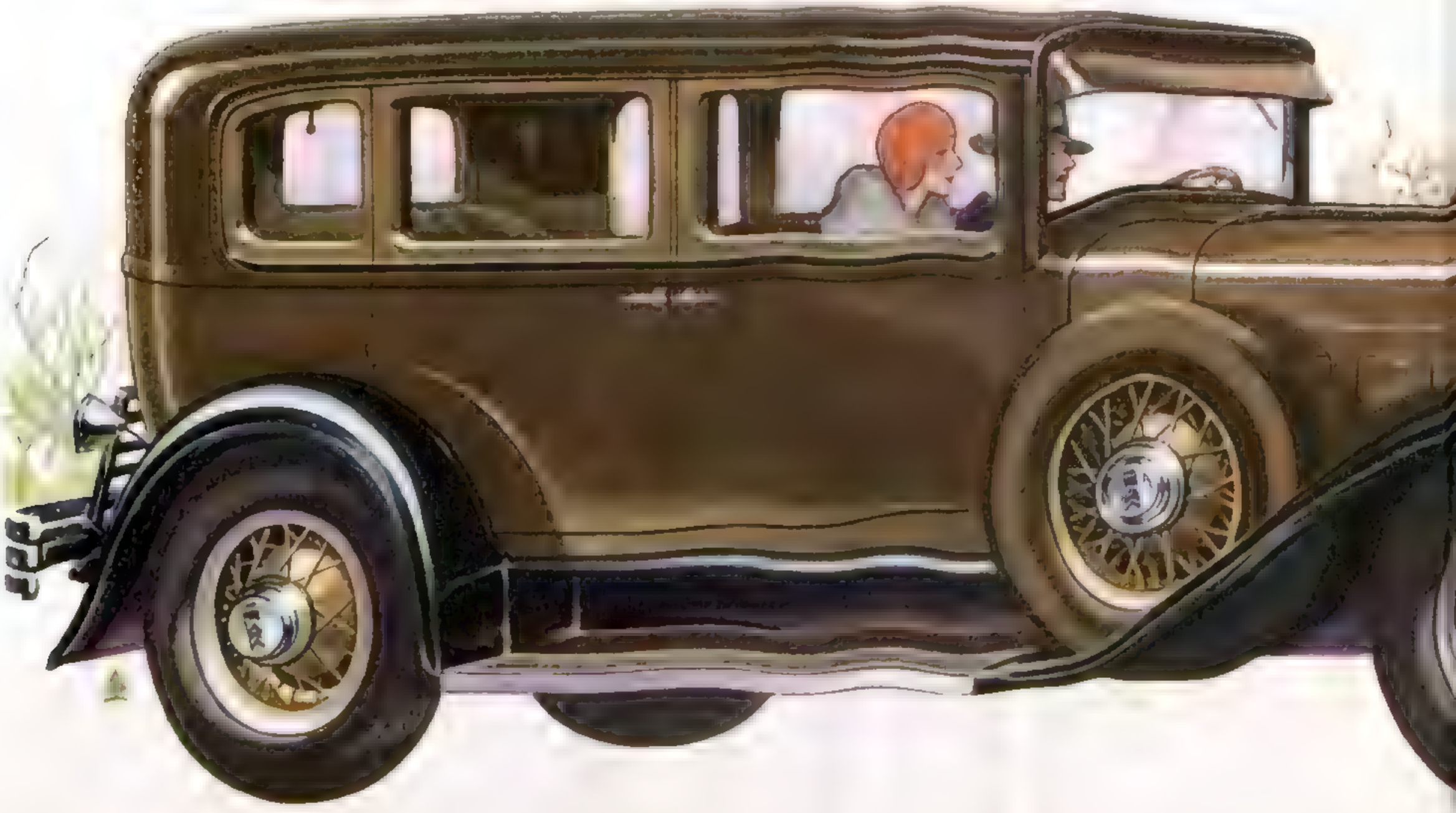
IN TWO SERIES OF FINE CARS PRICED FROM

$1045 to $1895

THE thousands of new style Willys-Knights on streets and highways are revealing to America's motorists the achievement of higher ideals in fine car design. ¶ And the drivers of these Willys-Knights are enjoying an advanced type of motor car performance—such smoothness, such evenly flowing power, such brute endurance and operating economy as only the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine can give. ¶ Willys-Knight's beauty and power now distinguish two series of ultra-modern automobiles—the popular low-priced "70-B," the largest, smartest and most powerful Knight-engined car ever offered at such a low price, and the beautiful new Great Six, which in design, luxury and performance is the outstanding triumph of Willys-Overland's twenty-two years of building quality motor cars.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA



S CUSTOM BEAUTY AND

GREAT SIX SEDAN

$1895

Coupe, 5-pass. Coupe, Roadster, at same price. 6 wire wheels, trunk rack included. Equipment other than standard extra. All Willys-Knight prices f.o.b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

"I guess my brakes didn't hold"

Perhaps they didn't but the charge against you WILL. Charges for reckless driving hold in both wet and dry weather, just like Rusco Brake Lining, and your husband will wish your brakes had been lined with it when he pays your fine.

Holds in wet weather as well as in dry

RUSCO Brake Lining is treated with a special secret compound, so that water has no effect on its efficiency. To secure this additional safety feature, repair men pay more for RUSCO than for ordinary lining, although they do not charge you any more.

Your brakes are constantly subjected to tremendous strains. To keep them fit they need frequent attention. Have them inspected free at least once a month at the nearest RUSCO Brake Service Station, where trained experts use special mechanical equipment to test, adjust or reline your brakes with scientific precision.

When they pronounce your brakes okay, you'll know what good brakes are. Always ready to stop your car quicker. Always safe and sure in any kind of weather.

Send for free booklet. The Russell Manufacturing Co., Middletown, Conn. In Canada, The Russell Manufacturing Co., Ltd., St. Johns, Quebec.

Other RUSCO *Products:* Rusco-Aco Brake Lining, Benlock Brake Lining, Durak Brakeshoe Liners, Transmission Linings for Fords, Clutch Facings and Fan Belts *for all cars*. Hood Lacing, Tire Straps and Towing Lines; Belting for Power Transmission, Elevating and Conveying, Tractor Belts.

Rusco Aero Products—Aero Rings, Shock Cord, Airplane Fabrics, Safety Belts, Etc. Standard Equipment on Military and Commercial Aircraft.

Copyright 1929

RUSCO
BRAKE LINING

(Continued from Page 111)

"What do I care what the old boob likes?" says Zuchmeyer. "If I told him he was the one that had smoked in here, he'd believe it, the darned old fool!"

Say, Jackson, you ought to have seen Rausch jump at that! After all the pet names Zuchy used to call him to his face, eh? But Rausch never said a word, mind you, because this was only the beginning. On the screen Jeff turned around and spat some tobacco juice neatly into the nearest flower vase, and then grinned at his boss.

"Think you're pretty smart, don't you?" he says. "Well you ain't so smart as that young Eddie Jones! Say, if you had that invention of his, you wouldn't have to cringe to the old boy in order to hold your job! Rausch would have to eat out of your hand, and you know it!"

"What do you know about Jones' invention?" growled Zuchy, an ugly look on his face. "Eh, what do you know?"

"Well, I seen it the day you refused to hire him, didn't I?" says Jeff. "What do you think I am, Zuchy—a fool? Well, I'm not such a boob that I don't know you've kept that kid off of this lot because you are afraid of him—that's what! And if you don't raise my salary next week I'm going to tell what I know."

"Aw, you won't do a thing!" said Zuchmeyer. "If you holler one word about me I'll report that you've been crooked about buying that panchro stock!"

"Well, that's gratitude, after you taking half the profits!" says Jeff. "You dirty crook!"

"Nize babies!" said a voice from the audience. Well, just at this point Zuchmeyer had apparently caught sight of Eddie at the camera. And I guess this was where Eddie pushed the stop button, because immediately after you could hear the funny little whining noise which marks a cut in the sound tract, and then Helen walked across the screen in her robe de style and spoke her opening lines. But Jake Rausch wasn't having any more rushes just then.

"Cut!" he yelled. "Lights! Lights, please! Hey, you, Tommy!" he went on to me. "Get the hospital on the wire and see if Zuchmeyer is gonna live, so I can kill him! Get the county courthouse wired for sound, so I can bring this picture in evidence! Call the police station and—and—Oi Himmel! That I should have taken an angleworm in with me, and he turns out to be a rattler! That Zuchmeyer, he calls himself a sound man, does he? Well, he'll never make no more sound, once I get my lawyer on him!"

And that, Mr. Jackson, is how I came to be the discoverer of Edward J. Jones, the inventor of the Jones Improved Microphone, which we use exclusively in our studios, the invention which is responsible for Rausch Revelation Reels being so vastly superior to all other alleged talking pictures. With the Jones Modifier you can make the meanest roughneck bill collector's voice sound as pleasant as a head waiter accepting a fifty-dollar tip.

Of course, Edward J. Jones is an expensive man. He's on a three-year contract with Rausch at seventeen hundred a week. But I, of course, call him Eddie, because I knew him when ——

What's that, Jackson? Oh, no, Lila La Farge's coming back into the pictures wasn't due, really, to Eddie's invention making her voice pretty for the screen. No, her voice changed naturally. You see, she'd had to eat humble pie, and it had agreed with her. Eddie had taken a little flat into which to put the paid-for ice box, and although I guess it was the first time Lila had ever really seen that ice box, she'd had a chance to get real well acquainted with it. Also she'd had to live on the proceeds of the two railroad bonds. . . . Shucks, no, they weren't hers; they were Eddie's. He had bought them long ago out of his savings when he was in the radio business. He didn't get a cent for the big Spanish-type house—just talked Helen, who was getting five thousand a week, into taking over the installments, that was all!

A divorce? Say, Jackson, I was there the night Lila had her chance to get it—yeh, on the evening of the first pay day after Professor Jones signed up with Revelation Reels. Eddie hadn't told Lila a thing about what he'd been up to, and he made me walk home with him from the studio that night, and at the door he invited me to stay to supper.

"We haven't any cook," he explained, "but Lila can grill sardines just like the ones that mother used to open."

"Won't Lila object to unexpected company?" I says, not wanting to butt in.

"Lila most certainly won't object to anything I do in my own house," says Eddie quietly. So I accepted, and in we went. The flat was real cute and as neat as a pin. We could hear Lila singing softly about "That's my weakness now" out in the kitchen, and presently she came in looking more rested and prettier than I'd seen her in years.

Eddie didn't waste any time, once he was at home. He kissed her and then dug both hands into his pockets, bringing out fistfuls of money. Evidently the darned fool had taken the whole of his salary in cash. Lila's eyes nearly popped out of her head at the sight of it.

"What's that?" she says. "Where on earth did you get it?"

"At the studio where I work," Eddie announced calmly. "And if you still wish it, you may take the money and use it to get that divorce you wanted. I told you I'd attend to it as soon as I could."

Of course, she took it, Jackson—don't be a nut! But not for a divorce. Isn't that a woman all over? The minute you give them what they've been asking for, they don't want it any more.

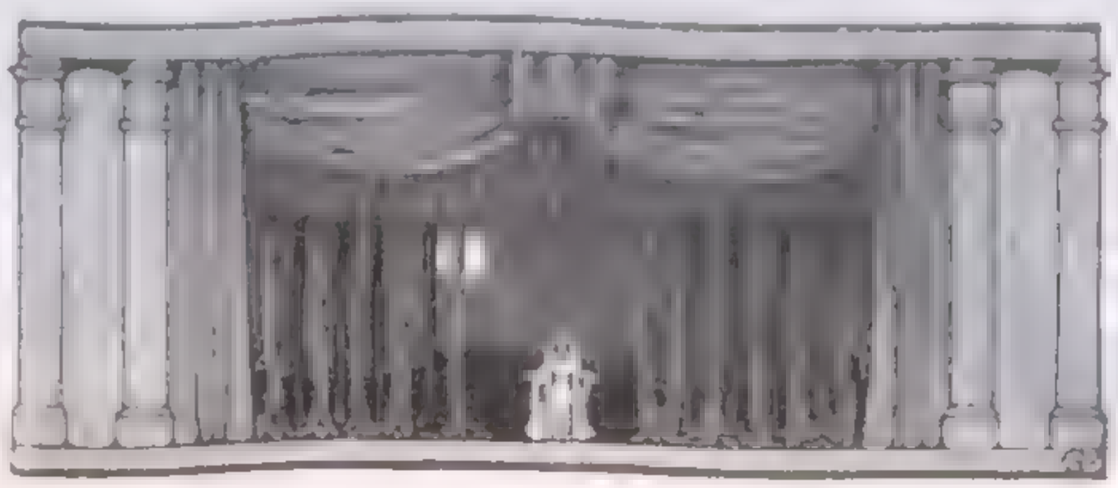
"Oh, darling," says she, "I don't want any horrid divorce! But I would adore a couple of new hats."

Eddie hastily repocketed his money, every last red cent of it, and he gave me a wink and turned to Lila with a pretty good imitation of a frown.

"Why, Lila," he exclaimed, "where's that ten dollars I gave you last week? You mustn't throw money around like that; you know I can't have it!" And Lila took it like a lamb.

"I'm sorry, dear, but I put it in the savings bank," she said meekly, "and I'd hate to take it out again."

Didn't I tell you the money you give to other people ought to go twice as far as when you spend it yourself? And from what I hear, that's just what Lila is making it do nowadays. Why, Jackson, Eddie is going to be a rich man some day, and yet I knew him when ——



Furnish Your Living Room First

Davenport Bed No. 1982 is beautifully covered in rust mohair. It has reversible spring-filled cushions in the same luxurious fabric. As shown the price is $215

Lounging Chair No. 356 as illustrated, is done in high quality tapestry of a distinctive design. The resilient cushions are spring filled, reversible, and covered on both sides with the same fabric. $98

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

This beautiful sofa conceals an extra guest room

YOU would never think this fine piece of furniture performed a *double service,* but it does. It is so skillfully made, so stylishly tailored that even the most careful inspection shows it to be a beautiful, decorative sofa—yet one simple, easy movement transforms it into a full-size *double* bed—ample bedding and mattress room. Accommodates two people with deep, sleep-inviting comfort.

With this original davenport bed you are well prepared for coming holiday guests. And with no discomfort nor inconvenience to the rest of the household.

The most stylish homes use it to double advantage—a sofa by day—a bed by night.

Of course Kroehler workmanship goes all the way through. Nothing skimped—nothing hurried in its construction.

Kroehler Hidden Qualities

The frames are of choice hardwood, kiln-dried. Corners are doweled, glued, corner-blocked and sturdily cross-braced, like expensive custom-built furniture. Contrast this with *soft* wood, *merely nailed together.*

Replacing old-fashioned webbing is a new, improved All-steel Spring Underconstruction. It gives "box-spring" comfort, never breaks through, never needs replacing. Seat springs are tied with tiny helical springs instead of common twine.

The folding frame of the davenport bed is fitted with sagless cable fabric or coil springs.

Cushions are filled with small, resilient coil springs interlocked to form a single unit. New, white, felted cotton is used for padding. Filling is highest grade moss.

Every Kroehler piece is built this way. Yet, because it is made by modern methods in the great Kroehler factories the prices are unusually moderate.

You may choose from covering fabrics of exquisite quality—silk damasks, tapestries, mohairs, Chase Velmo, jacquard velours, Ca-Vel velvets, linen frieze and moquette and soft leathers.

Visit your local Kroehler dealer. If you do not know him, write us. We will send his name and an interesting booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms—by Kroehler."

The label below identifies *Custom quality*—the finest in every respect. Other qualities are the *Sterling,* at slightly less cost for the average American home, and *Standard,* still less in cost but sound in quality and beautiful in design.

KROEHLER MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill., *or* Stratford, Canada

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill., Dallas, Tex.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Los Angeles, California; San Francisco, California, Cleveland, Ohio. *Canadian Factories.* Stratford, Ontario

KROEHLER

This Kroehler Label *identifies the genuine*

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE

WHAT YOU SEE: A monoplane shooting along in the sky. Suddenly the pilot throttles the motor, the plane falters in its flight, then pitches toward the earth in a nose dive. You hold your breath. The engine roars and the plane straightens itself out, resumes its flight.

What You Don't See: The skilled and experienced mechanics grooming that plane for the air, many times, as occasion demands, using Nicholson Files.

There are many jobs around a plane, motor boat or automobile that only a file can do. Beyond any question the best files for these filing jobs are those bearing the Nicholson Brand.

In shapes and sizes for every need. At your hardware dealer's

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON USA

A File for Every Purpose

NICHOLSON FILES

MISFORTUNE'S ISLE

(Continued from Page 19)

the Grand Cross of the Military Order of Saint Hermenegildo, and of the Military Order of San Fernando, and decorated with seven more crosses of merit for war services—once removed in the campaigns of both hemispheres.

"But you, señor capitan—what have you to gain?" he finally demanded.

"Trade. I don't want to conceal anything. This river is full of gold and antimony ore, and the limestone cliffs of the island, I am told, contain edible birds' nests. My friend Houqua at Canton loves bird's-nest soup. He will give me a shipload of raw silk and broken silver in exchange."

Don Narciso got up hastily and said he would consider the proposition further. Flanked by huge halberdiers and standing at the head of a broad damp flight of stone stairs in his earthquakeproof house, he shouted down to the retreating Arad the various honors imparted, the signal obligations conferred by Arad's presence, by the mere shadow of his shadow, on this house and on the family of which he, Don Narciso, was the least considerable member. Doña Delfina stood darkly, ravishingly limned against a lime-washed wall. Captain Arad was stirred; he felt a wash of subtle emotion in his blood. It was as if he had glimpsed under a flying moon the wings and heels of a superb China trader, going with the strength of the monsoon, and suddenly sliding up onto a coral shoal and sticking fast, so that no press of canvas could snatch her off into the deeper water.

"*Adiosito*," her lips had fashioned noiselessly—a little farewell. A farewell with the ghost of a return in it. At Felipe Bustamente's noisy boarding house, when O'Cain roared "Does the lady wear stockings or not?" Arad said somberly, "No matter for that. She has a soul, Mike."

When he found, after the expedition had started, that Doña Delfina had stowed herself away aboard Yang-Po's venerable junk, Captain Arad wished he had not thought so much about the lady's soul. This piece of folly on her part was a threat to trade. If Don Narciso knew she was aboard, he would be quite capable of turning the ship's head for Manila. As it was, he had almost beat a retreat when they had lost sight of the Water Witch in a squall.

It was on the night following that Doña Delfina, barefooted, in the half-breed's costume of blue-and-white-striped pantaloons and a straw-colored piña shirt, put herself in Captain Arad's way. This was in the waist of the ship, near the big pole mast, and in the shadow of one of those enormous bell-mouthed cannon. She hungrily filched a cheroot from the pocket of his coat. She had, she whispered, got herself brought aboard as a sack of feathers. Was he surprised? But she would contrive to make herself useful, she assured him. She would stay concealed until Don Narciso's knees showed signs of buckling under him, and then Captain Arad would see how she could stiffen him. One way or another, she had been present at all his campaigns, and always with good effect.

"Is his nerve still good, after last night's squall?" she inquired.

"Not too good. He fell and bruised his hip."

"If it had not been for those feathers in which I came," Delfina said, "I should be nothing but bruises now. It was worse than the earthquake—this squall of yours. Then, when I heard the cannon fired, I thought the pirates had attacked us."

"We fired that shot to shatter a waterspout."

"And you succeeded?"

"Yes. At least we got the contents of the spout, but in the form of heavy rain, instead of solid water. But the plague of it is, the rain got through the decks into the powder tubs. Our powder is useless—all except that in the firecrackers. But there's no going back. We haven't water enough left. And everybody got so excited over the waterspout that nobody thought of catching water when it fell—or nobody but me, and I prefer river water."

"You would."

"Keep in this bag of feathers one more night, and I will make you a grandee of Spain," Arad muttered. "*Condesa.*"

"*Un condesa.* That is good."

"But now I must get up where I can watch Yang-Po's piloting."

"*Buenas noches,*" Delfina whispered, and blew smoke deliberately into his ear. "How well this title would become you, señor—*el conde.* The great count with his black hair, and this mouth which it is certain you have inherited from your mother. It is so very sweet. Ah, *adiosito.*"

The foot of the bamboo ladder he ascended had pasted on it a red label in the Chinese, reading, "May the going up be peaceful," but with Delfina's smoke—her fire—hot in his ear, he couldn't at once recompose himself.

Yang-Po, the Capitan China, had been smoking opium, and now, to keep himself awake, had knotted his pigtail to the rigging above his head. He swayed like a hanged man with each motion of the junk, but each time they swam past one of these black headlands, the helmsman sent Jamboo, the interpreter, to touch the Capitan's shoulder. Whereupon the Capitan would look at his chart and order a cock sacrificed to the Queen of Heaven. The chart, unrolled at his feet, was on peach-colored rice paper, and showed the one proper course—a straight track—with serpents and dragons writhing out of the deep on every hand. Arad, glancing over Yang-Po's shoulder, went a little cold to see that on this chart Siberia was jammed up close against Africa, with disastrous effect on the two or three surrounding oceans. Still, it was likely that Yang-Po knew his ship's footing in these waters.

But Don Narciso appeared to have his doubts.

"You are sure this man knows where he is going?"

"He cannot fail," Arad said. "I know him of old. I met him first when he was a student at Canton, a literary graduate of the third degree. That, of course, is a guaranty that he has learning enough to fill five carts. Later he was one of the keepers of the temple of the Silver Moon off Lin Tin, and he used to come out and beg rice of us when we were bound down the China Sea."

"Beg? Beg, you say?"

"This rascal was born begging. Whenever we smoked the rats out of the ship he was at hand to catch them when we threw them overboard. A forehanded man, Excellency. Later he was foolish enough to sell us, out of the Number One Temple at Honan, the sacred hog that was being kept to die of its own fat. We bought it for opium, and that came to the emperor's ears. Our man wasn't judged fit for strangulation after that. They crammed the wooden collar over his ears instead; that thing was four feet across any way you measured it. Yang-Po couldn't lie down, he couldn't feed himself, and the penalty is strangulation for feeding anybody in the collar, as you know. I found him in a ditch, took him aboard the Witch, got the ship's carpenter to saw the collar off, and gave him rum and salt horse. You see whether he is obligated to me."

"It was after that that he joined the Brotherhood of Heaven and Earth?"

"Yes. He and this fellow Jamboo joined forces, got a fast sampan, and preyed on the Chinese market boats and petty traders coming into Batavia—those fellows who do a smuggling business with the Dutch monopolists. Our friends got some pretty rich hauls. Molucca spices, coffee and pepper from Sumatra, gold dust, camphor, slaves and rattan from Borneo, tin from Banca, tortoise shell and dye woods from Timor. You can imagine they weren't long in getting to be pretty respectable citizens, Excellency. Jamboo was busy learning all those languages; and, in fact, I believe the fellow knows the very language of the birds; he will tell you what the trees are whispering in these plaguy rivers."

"You say they are pirates themselves?" Don Narciso said, aghast.

"Not any more." Arad laughed. "Not since they got hold of this junk. No, they are traders, like myself. This very voyage, for example, the junk is full of—sacks of feathers," he dropped out with a grim twist of his mouth and a look over his shoulder at the crooked pole mast of ironwood with the bark only half scraped off. "You will find, Excellency," he went on, quoting Byron, a favorite of his, "that this Capitan China is as mild a man as ever cut a throat."

Don Narciso brought out, with a quaver, that they ought not to close with these pirates before sighting the Water Witch, lost sight of in last night's squall.

"Our powder is useless, remember," the captain general of Zamboanga said.

"That may be a providence. These gun barrels are cracked, and wound with nothing but bolt silk. The touch holes are as big as the muzzles. Two men were injured destroying that spout last night. Better, in any case, trust to stabbing knives."

The fierce Jamboo, in his quilted fighting clothes, came direct from the helmsman to say that Misfortune's Isle was now in sight. Yang-Po untied his pigtail, picked up from the chart his supper of salt, dried vegetables and rice in a coconut shell, and lifted the canopy of red cloth over the compass. The little whirligig of a man there, carved out of sapan wood and fixed to the huge needle, kept on pointing his finger north. The limestone cliffs of Misfortune's Isle were close enough for them to see the broken coral belt at its foot, gleaming in wicked white patches against a black background of mangrove jungle on shore.

"Do we attack tonight?" Jamboo inquired, grounding his spear on the deck. His bronze head with its cluster of godlike curls moved closer. Arad, remembering the look of worship he had cast at Delfina on the Calzada, thought it would be just as well if Jamboo, as well as Don Narciso, remained in ignorance of her presence on board. Jamboo was a waif, he did not know his own father or so much as the place and hour of his birth; but to an imaginative man, this may have advantages. These slumbrous watches, when he had had nothing to do but shake awake that stuffed figure of the hanging Yang-Po, it had been easy for Jamboo to imagine himself the son of a king, or perhaps a pirate by descent, as he was one already by taste. What if he were the son of Seriff Sahibe himself, and so in his own person the inheritor of these resplendent gardens of the sun and master of fierce lives? Yet, in fact, he was only an interpreter.

"Attack? There is no hurry," the Capitan China yawned. "The coiling Peach Tree of the Royal Lady of the West was three thousand years before it had a blossom, and another three thousand before it bore fruit. Who knows whether it will be necessary to attack, venerable elder brother?"

"But if we do not attack the tiger in his den, how shall we have his cubs?" Jamboo insisted.

"I have been dancing with women in the palace of the moon. I cannot answer questions," the Capitan China said. "Sacrifice a cock," he ordered, "to the Queen of Heaven."

In the storm just passed, the Queen of Heaven, sitting in her apartment aft, cross-legged in a ribbed and gilded shell, had toppled, and would have fallen if some of the sailors had not, with their profane hands, held her in her place.

(Continued on Page 121)

The Film [illegible] dental research [illegible] and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE... *a 10-day tube to everyone who wants white, dazzling teeth*

Will you try the tooth paste dentists urge so widely? Prepared especially to remove the film that discolors teeth and then destroys them. Send the coupon.

HERE is a marvelous scientific way to combat the beginning of tooth decay and pyorrhea . . . to give teeth a brilliant whiteness you have never dreamed is possible. Will you write for your free tube

Simply try it for 10 days. That is long enough to see results. You will be amazed at what Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, can do

The reason for the change

If you run your tongue across your teeth you will feel a slippery coating. That is film

It clings to teeth so stubbornly that brushing alone will not remove it successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film and make teeth dingy

This film hardens into tartar. Germs breed in it by the millions. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and serious disorders

How it acts

Based on exacting scientific study, a special film-removing dentifrice, called Pepsodent, has been compounded. It acts to curdle film and to remove it in gentle safety to enamel

In this development the world has gained a new conception of what a dentifrice should be and do.

Use for a few days

Get a tube at your druggist's for a few cents, or write to nearest address at right for free supply. You'll see far whiter teeth and firmer gums ten days from now. See your dentist twice a year. Use Pepsodent twice every day.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

[illegible] Pepsodent Co
[illegible] Dept. L, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name

Address

City

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto 2, Ont., Can**
[illegible] **London, E. C. 3, Eng**
[illegible] Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av. **Sydney, N. S. W**

SCRIPPS

NEW YORK, *Telegram* · CLEVELAND, *Press* · BALTIMORE, *Post* · PITTSBURGH, *Press* · SAN FRANCISCO, *News* · WASHINGTON, *News* · CINCINNATI, *Post* · COVINGTON, *Kentucky Post (Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post)* · BUFFALO, *Times* · INDIANAPOLIS, *Times* · DENVER, *Rocky Mt. News* · TOLEDO, *News-Bee* · COLUMBUS, *Citizen* · AKRON, *Times-Press* · BIRMINGHAM, *Post* · MEMPHIS, *Press-Scimitar* · HOUSTON, *Press* · YOUNGSTOWN, *Telegram* · FORT WORTH, *Press* · OKLAHOMA CITY, *News* · KNOXVILLE, *News-Sentinel* · EL PASO, *Post* · SAN DIEGO, *Sun* · EVANSVILLE, *Press* · ALBUQUERQUE, *New Mexico State Tribune*

MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS OF THE UNITED PRESS . . AND OF MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPT., *Stuart S. Schuyler*, DIRECTOR, 230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA · PHILADELPHIA · BUFFALO · DALLAS

Giving LIGHT

. . . to the man who guides a *national advertising campaign*

This morning a typical housewife telephoned the day's order to the grocer.

A package of Post Toasties, a can of Heinz Baked Beans, a dozen cakes of Palmolive and a box of Lux were some of the items on the list.

But she didn't pause to ask "Are these products first-class today?" "Are they as good in your store as in the store up in Maine, where I bought them last summer?"

For one of the greatest services the national advertiser has rendered the public is the assurance of unvarying quality and value he has put into his trade-marked goods.

No matter *when* or *where* purchased, they're always the same in *grade* and *character*.

• • •

But does the advertiser enjoy the advantages of his own formula in buying advertising?

Can he buy his advertising as he sells his product—on an assurance of known and uniform quality?

In purchasing newspaper space, can he select a newspaper circulation in one city matching a newspaper circulation in another city? . . .

—Alike as to character of reader, degree of reader-interest and confidence, average-reader purchasing power, closeness of reader-residence to the city trading area, and lowness of advertising cost, in relation to responsive market coverage?

He CAN . . . in the 25 SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers published in 25 cities.

• • •

Obviously, SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers do not match each other in size of circulation. That size is regulated by the size of their respective communities and each city's degree of interest in clean, accurate and public-spirited newspaper service.

Nor are Scripps-Howard circulations in every case the largest in their respective cities.

But Scripps-Howard circulations, thousand for thousand, are alike in character and in dollar for dollar value given to the advertiser.

• • •

For each one thousand Scripps-Howard readers an advertiser pays to reach, from San Diego or New York, he gets the same high degree of concentration in the trading area.

—The same economy and quality of advertising rate for city coverage.

—The same freedom from scatteration to points remote from the trading limits.

—The same type of reader-interest attracted by live, efficient and accurate news-treatment.

—The same degree of reader-confidence generated by fearless and independent editorial policies.

—The same high net worth of circulation assured by freedom from free offers, premium schemes and other circulation hypodermics.

• • •

Because communities differ, SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers are not standardized as to news content and editorial issues . . . though they are alike in their completeness of news resources and in their common independence, freedom of action, tolerance and fair dealing.

But their business departments are run on the uniform and standard practice of giving the advertiser the highest volume of influential and profit-paying trading area circulation, at the lowest feasible cost.

Thus, the values in Scripps-Howard circulation, whether purchased through an individual newspaper unit or by the group, are *as known, as uniform, as unvarying as are the values in the advertiser's own package.*

HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

Color makes them *know* it's yours!

FROM high above there comes a sudden drumming roar. Heads lift. Eyes spot crimson wings, bold against the sky.

Spoken, or unspoken, comes one thought, "Crimson wings . . . that's a Hawk!"

Make them know it's yours—no matter what business you are in! Color does it—paint products offer you every color under the sun.

Pick a distinctive color combination all your own. Paint it on every bit of your property—movable or stationary—that people will see. There is no finer advertising. For what advertising is more noticeable? What is easier to remember? What kind costs so little?

From transport planes to trucks, from tank cars to taxis, from service stations to ships, from storefronts to steam shovels—no matter what kind of service you have to sell—a distinctively painted color makes them know it's yours.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 18 East 41st St., New York

The primary object of this co-operative movement is to awaken the public to the economic need for paint and varnish products. The slogan "Save the Surface and You Save All"—which belongs to the Paint and Varnish Industry—is not a mark of quality for any brand or product. Your guide to quality is the reliability of the individual manufacturer, dealer or painter.

Send for "The Guide Book of Painting and Varnishing"

Tells when, where and how to use paint, varnish, enamel and lacquer—indoors and out. Includes simple, clear instructions on color harmony in decoration. Dozens of valuable money and time saving suggestions. Lavishly illustrated in color. Only 25c postpaid. Mail this coupon—it saves you time and brings the book quicker than a letter.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, Dept. P-119, 18 East 41st Street, New York
Enclosed find 25c (stamps) (coin) for "The Guide Book of Painting and Varnishing."

Name

Street

City State

"Save the surface and you save all"—Paint & Varnish

BEAUTY PRESERVATION

(Continued from Page 116)

"She is weak!" Jamboo had cried.

"She is angry, perhaps," the Capitan China had suggested. On either hypothesis, it would do no harm to shore her up.

The other omens were not too auspicious. The waterspout was nothing in itself, but the bursting gun had made the cannoneers timid about serving the other guns. Moreover, Don Narciso's black soldiers had been wretchedly seasick the whole time, and some had filed the sights off their guns because of a tendency to catch in the clothing in rough weather. Again there were signs that the typhoon was not yet done with them—as, the sinking of pale phosphorescent moons through the water at night, a spotty haze following a red sunset, the haze alternating with clear patches in which the summits of the hills showed black, and finally an irregular swell across the oily face of the waters. If that Bully of the North meant to resume his antics, it would be well to have an anchorage, the Capitan China said.

The upshot was, they put the junk fairly into the shadow of Misfortune's Isle. When the limestone cliffs seemed ready to fall on the decks, Yang-Po made a motion of his hand, and there followed the splash of the junk's huge, wooden, single-fluked anchor, weighted with stones. This was echoed by a single ominous note from a gong hidden at the heart of a banyan tree on the right bank of the river. Yang-Po answered with three peals on a gong of his own, and all was quiet.

Morning showed the two yellow table-lands of Misfortune's Isle not a biscuit's toss away. In the cleft or notch between them was set a pinnacle rock shaped like a ninepin, and reeling as if for a fall. At the foot of Ninepin Rock stood the upas tree, a mighty tan-colored trunk rising sixty feet without a branch, and crowned with a thick tuft of glossy dark green foliage. Even by morning light, the great poison tree, with its clustering legends, had something eerie, ominous, about it. It stood solitary on its blasted island. Not another tree, not so much as a shrub or spear of grass, was visible there, from the sinister circular halls high on the table-lands, where the Dyaks hung and smoke-dried heads, down to the beach of black volcanic sand at the foot of the upas tree.

Even Arad, getting into the lowered whaleboat with Jamboo and the Capitan China, was glad to turn his eyes away from that tree and toward the river's mouth, where morning was breaking in a hot golden haze back of the stockade closing the channel to anything larger than a proa. The lookout banyan tree on the right bank was full of bamboo ladders, and red monkeys hung chattering from the rungs of these. The tree was deserted, except for the blue flash of the day-flying moth and the flit of leaf-green pigeons with blood-red eyes and feet. The whaleboat passed so close that Arad, standing in the stern sheets, could see the gleam of scarlet figs with honey drops at their tips; and in a few more strokes, they were in the shadow of Seriff Sahibe's house.

The proa called the Singh Rajah, its brass swivels shining in the sun, was moored abreast of this house and was crowded with men. But nobody opposed Yang-Po's going on into Seriff Sahibe's house. This house, perched thirty feet over the water on slender legs, they entered by a ladder of notched logs leading to a hole in the floor. An alligator basking on a stone shelf half in and half out of water slid into the mud like something rolled on casters.

Seriff Sahibe himself was in an antique tunic of chain mail and a helmet decorated with bird-of-paradise feathers, but his legs were bare. He was sick, and lay on a bamboo platform raised a foot or more off the floor, since before now Dyak slaves and others had been known to circumvent the guardian alligator and thrust the tips of poisoned spears through the bamboo flooring, with its flimsy snaking of rattan, and into the bodies of unsuspecting sleepers.

Gapoor, the Dyak chief, was also here. His huge brass earrings he had turned up and toggled against his skull by a tiger tooth thrust through the upper part of the ear itself. This would prevent a sword from shearing the ear from his head, and was a warlike sign, which Jamboo and the Capitan China recognized by merely squatting on the floor instead of sitting cross-legged. Both had previously eased their sarongs up over the handles of their stabbing knives.

Gapoor's Sulu wife, in yellow clothes, and fair as an Italian, with her forehead shaved to match the narrow double arch of hair-line brows, offered betel-nut juice out of a silver mortar. All but Yang-Po drank, and nothing broke the decorum of Jamboo's harangue except now and then the alligator's rubbing his scales against the bark of the house posts, or once suddenly snapping to his jaws, which might have been wide open for ten or fifteen minutes through sheer laziness or inattention.

More insidious was the occasional creak in the rafters, a subtle swaying of the whole house on its attenuated legs; due, Arad found, to the weaving and looping, in the dark overhead, of Seriff Sahibe's pet anaconda, whose body was as thick through as a strong man's upper leg. There was apparently no end to him. He did nothing worse, actually, than dislodge a couple of centipedes from the thatch; but once or twice Arad knew, by a sickening odor and an arrested expression on the handsome face of the Sulu wife, that the seeking head of this pet was within a foot of his own. If the conversation, through any blundering of Jamboo's or through Gapoor's misinterpreting the most innocent words, took a wrong turn, who could answer for the disposition of those giant black folds?

But so far Jamboo was doing very well. He explained to Seriff Sahibe that the white shipmaster had come to trade, and would pluck the riches of the limestone caverns of Misfortune's Isle to gratify his Chinese friend Houqua's palate for bird's-nest soup.

Seriff Sahibe played with his toes and asked why the shipmaster had not come in his own ship? That was pertinent, and Jamboo replied glibly that the shipmaster's ship was refitting at Manila, and that the Capitan China was his friend and knew these waters. Seriff Sahibe fluttered his lids. Perhaps he thought it more likely that the Capitan China had been retained to detect frauds. The Capitan had a gift that way, as was known. If the Dutch at Amboyna hung their clove bags over water to increase their weight by absorption, Yang-Po would know it by squeezing the cloves in his fist. Again, if the Hong merchants at Canton offered, as tea, chopped elm and willow leaves dyed with Prussian blue, or if the traders at Bombay adulterated opium with pounded poppy leaves and camels' dung, Yang-Po's counsel was invaluable. He knew, too—this literary graduate, with his five cartloads of knowledge—how to test the purity of camphor; and he could tell gold from brass filings by simply picking up the stuff on his wet finger ends.

Whatever his thoughts, Seriff Sahibe listened politely. The Capitan China seemed innocence itself. He accompanied Jamboo's remarks with lifts of the brow, shrugs, head slants and polite hissings, but the pirate knew that members of the Brotherhood of Heaven and Earth had to be watched for small signs. Fatalities might result from not knowing the difference between Yang-Po's twirling his queue from left to right and from right to left. But only men born to set crooked things straight would know how to interpret it if a silver cup containing betel-nut juice should be lifted with three fingers instead of two, or set down untasted on the flat of a war drum. Certainly the Capitan China had not drunk his liquor, which was a breach of etiquette, and he had not sat cross-legged in the presence, which was a worse breach.

When the conference broke up, everyone was as wise as when it started, but the whaleboat returned safely to the junk. That night Jamboo deserted, and despite peril from *ranjows*—sharpened bamboo stakes concealed in the ground, with poison at their tips—made his way, it was known later, to the Malay camp.

"Ten thousand bushels of sorrow, how could I suppose this?" the Capitan China asked Don Narciso.

"Pick up the anchor and make sail," the captain general urged. "This man will tell them the truth about us."

"There is one truth torture cannot wring from him, because he does not know it," the Capitan China said sleepily. "That is, that we are aground here, on stiff green mud. There is no moving."

"No moving?" Don Narciso gasped.

"No moving. It is best to retire and take opium."

Don Narciso fell back a step, fetched up on the point of his sword, and muttered, "*Perdido*"—lost. Standing in hot sunshine, which struck also those cliff faces of Misfortune's Isle, and the snake-green leaves of the ghastly upas, Don Narciso cast a horror-stricken look about him. Nature perhaps had joined man's conspiracy against his life. He put a hand to his throat. This air was next to impossible to breathe. It might be nothing but a distillation of those venomous leaves, dropped into a man's blood stream.

"Some kinds of trouble can be avoided by fleeing with a bag of dogwood tied to your arm and drinking chrysanthemum-flower wine as you run, but this is not that kind of trouble," the Capitan China informed Don Narciso. "Excuse me, august one, if I spend a part of this evening dancing with the women in the palace of the moon."

This was the same as smoking opium; and the helmsman brought him his pipe. Narciso shut himself into his cabin, and Captain Arad was able to seek out Delfina, who lay in the shadow of the giant mat sail, crumpled across its two horses.

"The Witch is not in sight?" she whispered

"No. But there is worse news. Jamboo, the interpreter, has betrayed us."

"Never."

"He has gone ashore."

"That is perhaps to spy. I must tell you my secret. It was Jamboo who brought me aboard personally on his shoulders in that bag of feathers. He is my slave; he has no thoughts except what I put into his head. It was I who got him to put into your head the very idea of this expedition, señor. Confess, he was the first to approach you on the subject."

The first. This was true. It had been Jamboo who brought him that English musket and suggested the availability of Yang-Po's junk. Delfina's mirthful eyes gleamed very near.

"You say that you ——"

"I. Yes. I was bored to the whites of my eyes in that sleepy Manila. I prayed for anything—pirates, a change of husbands. Then Jamboo came with that musket, and I had sent him to you before I thought twice."

"Well?"

"You see. He worships me," Delfina explained with a confident motion of her lips.

"Worse and worse. He must think his chances of acquiring you outright, without let or hindrance, are better from the other side. It's probable now he has bartered away what information he has for the promise of you. No doubt he will go right on worshiping you after he has taken you up into his bamboo house and set you to pounding betel nut," Arad went on a little ferociously. "They worship white women here traditionally. The story is that they have got one penned up in this cursed tree hanging over our heads, but I don't know."

"You frighten me!" Delfina cried. "You think, señor ——"

"I frighten you too late. And I don't know what I think. I think the earthquake should have swallowed you. I think I ought to let these Dyaks have you. They know how to treat infidelity."

"Infidelity? Señor—señor!"

"Isn't that the name for it, when a wife tries to get rid of her husband by taking advantage of his weakness for titles? These

As dry as if you worked *INDOORS*

The cold, drenching rains of fall and winter bring no discomfort to the outdoor worker who is protected by real Fish Brand Water-proof Garments.

They are built, today, with the same wonderful, weather-tight sturdiness that has made them famous for more than ninety years. And wherever men's work keeps them outside in stormy weather—farming, lumbering, fishing, driving a truck or a team—Fish Brand Oiled Clothing keeps them dry.

Heavy Duty Slickers—Work Suits of jacket and pants with water-proof hats to match—if they have the genuine Tower's Fish Brand Label you know that they will give you comfort, protection and wear far in excess of their moderate cost.

You can buy these garments anywhere—in country or city. Ask for them by name. Write for free booklet. A. J. Tower Company, 4 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.; Tower Canadian, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND

Dyaks, for a less offense, would bury you to the waist and stone you with medium-sized stones. That's the penalty in their code. Well, is Jamboo's worship worth this? I suppose you return it. No doubt you two will live together happily, once Don Narciso's brains have been eaten and his head hung in the smokehouse."

"You are beside yourself," Delfina cried faintly. "How can you doubt that it is you I worship? From the very instant of my vesper prayer, señor ——"

"Chut!"

Doña Delfina was as silent as if he had closed his hand about her throat. There was a sound of guitars forward in the hands of the Indian chamber band, playing to keep Don Narciso's spirits up. This gust of music died, and there was nothing but a spluttering of firecrackers, a creaking of the bamboo quarter galleries under the tread of yellow feet, a bubbling of oil in the cook room. They were boiling it in three cast-off whalers' try-pots, to pour down on the heads of pirates. Captain Arad, looking down at Delfina's dark slenderness, saw her shoulders move. She was sobbing quietly. He felt like a warrior whose best weapon has been struck out of his hand in the very hour of battle.

"Come," he said softly. "I must get you out of this ship before the attack."

It was dark enough on the table-land over the upas tree, but Arad went fast, scarcely waiting for Delfina to get her breath. She was sopping wet in her striped silk pantaloons and piña shirt; but she had swum away from the ship's side with her head well out of water, unwilling to get her hair wet; and now, withdrawing thorn hairpins, she let the dry hair down round her modestly.

Captain Arad had a coil of rattan rope on his arm and a canvas bag in his fist, with food, torches and water. The climb here by that series of notched logs hung against the face of the cliff had not been easy. The notches in the logs were far apart, forcing him to bring his knee practically to his chin for each step; and most of the way he had carried Delfina, lashed bodily against his back with a few turns of the rattan.

"Here's the mouth of that cave I spoke of," he said, barring her way with his arm. "It's crammed full of birds' nests, and there may be a bat or two, but nothing to frighten you. You'll have food and water, and rope to help you down when the time comes. I've told you that we are as good as dead men on the junk. Jamboo, your friend, has told those beggars that our powder is worthless; and they outnumber us ten to one. But there's still a chance to save O'Cain's skin and yours. I don't know what's delaying him. He may have struck on a shoal, he may have foundered. Well, say he has; say he's sitting in an open boat now with the salt stinging him and only a pillow case of moldy bread between his knees, he's still making for the island."

Delfina didn't answer, and Arad, prodded by the mention of O'Cain, asked out of a clear sky, "Do you wear stockings in Manila?"

Delfina had seemingly not heard one syllable of this. She murmured, her lips stiff with horror, "I cannot be left here. Señor, no, no. I had rather the poison of the upas killed me. . . . How near it is. It is not twenty feet down to Ninepin Rock, and from there I could easily jump into the top of the tree. . . . Señor capitan, I am growing numb already. I cannot feel my toes; my hands are cold. Do you not feel yourself a dreamy something here, as if—as if our souls had slid out of our bodies?"

"No. The soul is the grain, the body is the sack containing it, Yang-Po says. When the grain—the soul—is out, the sack loses its shape. But you are evidently still in possession of your soul, señora. You will be able to give O'Cain his signal."

"His signal?"

"These torches."

"I had forgotten. . . . They say there are no fish in the waters round this island, and that birds flying over it drop dead."

"Birds are mortal. They must drop dead somewhere."

"Still, nothing is growing here. Not so much as a shrub."

"I don't deny this tree has poison. Its sap is a kind of yellow froth, and Dyaks put it in a hollow reed with ten folds of linen round it. But it's nonsense to say it poisons the air or withers the soul."

"Still, the manchineel ——"

"I know. But a drop of dew from the manchineel must actually fall on your skin to blister it. There's another tree—I forget its name, but it shakes like a reed if you touch it, and it will wrestle you down if you pick it up by the roots. For that matter, I've seen fire coming from the camphor tree in Houqua's gardens at Canton, but it's a queer kind of fire that won't even singe the hair."

Yang-Po's junk, hung all round with scarlet lanterns, gleamed in the blue abyss under their heels, and in the shadow of the upas tree.

"At least, do not leave me for a moment," Delfina murmured pathetically. She tiptoed dangerously near the edge of the cliff, and Arad, with a restraining arm around her, felt her hair like the brushing of black flame against the back of his hand.

"You say a woman is supposed to be imprisoned in this tree?"

"A white woman, the story is. She had sinned. The bitterness of her tears mingling with the sap is what gives the poison strength. Her imprisonment is her power."

"Her power for evil!" Delfina cried, shuddering closer.

"Well, anyway, as long as she's nipped here, just so long these fellows go on getting a first-class poison for their blow pipes. But it's on the cards, they all admit, that sooner or later she'll escape. And that, if I'm any judge, will knock them cold as a gun. . . . I must get back," he muttered, without, however, stirring hand or foot.

"No, señor," Delfina said in a very small voice.

There must certainly be some subtle poison in this tree—or was it the poison of Delfina's iron little will? It was the sort of poison that forces a man to ply himself with arguments. Why, after all, should he return to the junk? Why stir himself to save the life of that opium-fogged literary graduate or the still less useful captain general of Zamboanga? It was better looking down from this safe aerie, with Delfina's head ever so lightly posed against his shoulder. . . . But where could she have learned that habit of the Dyak women of binding up flowers in the hair at night, so as to impart a fragrance to the strands? . . . He breathed deep.

"I will not have you killed before my eyes," Delfina faltered, and grew heavy in his arms.

"If I am killed, my thousand pieces of gold," Arad whispered, using the words of the Malay warrior to his principal wife on parting, "wind about me this yellow sash from your waist, strew my body with petals from your hair, let my sightless eyes feel your salt tears, and may my ears hear the whisper of your faithful soul, borne to me on the winds of the eternal."

"You tear me in pieces. . . . Señor, they are doomed. Let them die, and let us die here by ourselves, apart, in a day or two—under God's frown. Or possibly, if God wills ——"

"You are a worse poison than the upas!" Captain Arad shouted. He thrust her away from him into the cave's narrow mouth. Before the drumming of the swallows' wings had died, he was over the cliff's edge and halfway down that dangerous log ladder.

The Capitan China, very somber in his mulberry-colored jacket, had with difficulty brought himself back from the arms of those women in the palace of the moon. What he saw on board the junk inclined him to return forthwith to that celestial employment, which had no moral reckoning. The cannoneers were piling up lumpy cannon balls of malleable iron between the guns; the largest of which, cracked from end to end of its barrel, but tightly wrapped with many windings of a good quality of silk, had a red label on the breech which read, The Solitary Idea. But the solitary idea of this gun was to frighten the enemy by posing in the mere likeness of a gun, as Yang-Po well knew.

Brass oil cups with floating cotton wicks burning in the bottoms of buckets threw a weird light into the sweating yellow faces of the stone carriers, who were piling huge bowlders and red lacquered stinkpots in the quarter galleries; and the black soldiers of Don Narciso were aiding with noisy prayers.

Don Narciso himself, the fierce gleam of his undaunted glass eye within a foot of the Capitan China's face, cried out, "Are no measures to be taken?"

The Capitan China said, "Ter-Haar, thou son of a burnt mother, hand here the rice spoon."

A cosmopolitan spirit, he believed that superstitions, like religions, had their grain of truth. Ter-Haar, a Malay seaman, brought a huge wooden spoon to which lumps of rice still clung; and the Capitan China muttered an incantation which would have dropped the arms of Dyak rowers at their sides if it could have been brought to their attention. But in the very midst of it the Capitan China's head fell forward, he lapsed for whole heartbeats into that favorite world of his, more vast and inconclusive, whose parapets swarmed with women of the moon. Their eyes were like sloes and their fingers twined in his pigtail. Still the earth would not let him go.

"If our enemies prevail after all these exertions, it is just. It is because we have maltreated them in a former life," he muttered sleepily. Arad shook him savagely.

"This ship is bedlam!" the Salem master cried. "What are those devils yelling for down there?"

"They are giving orders," the Capitan China said, as if already asleep and answering some question put to him in a dream. "They are all commanders in their own right."

He sank to his knees. Arad, seizing his pigtail, took a hitch with it to a piece of ratline stuff overhead. Yang-Po, his heels off the deck, smiled beatifically, and remained hanging, with his head fallen forward and his arms folded on his chest, in the customary attitude of a pilot.

"Your kindness to me," he said faintly, "is like the touch of spring on a dying tree."

"Hist! They are coming!" Don Narciso cried to Arad. There was a moment of comparative quiet, but even so, the rolling of a Malay oar in its rattan grommet could hardly have been distinguished from the sound of a fish jumping for a moth. The dazzle of lights necessary to the Chinese in battle made it impossible to see a dozen feet away from the junk's side.

"These fools," Arad muttered, "will probably dump all those stones into the water at the first rattle of an oar."

"What—what tortures do these tribes use with prisoners of war?" Don Narciso asked thickly.

"They have no invention, really," Arad answered, staring toward the mangrove jungle. "Ordinarily they bind a man face down to a bamboo platform with a hole in it just at the fifth rib, and a sharpened palm shoot just under the hole grows into the victim's heart. Nature is swift here. The palm shoot kills in from twelve to twenty hours. If they have a little more time they smear a man's naked body with wild honey and hold him crushed down against an ant's nest. That is more artistic."

Don Narciso pulled at the ends of his mustache in quick succession with the same hand.

"The thing is, not to be caught. And let me warn you now, Excellency, against those long poles of theirs ending in flesh hooks. When they get close enough, they shove these things over the rail and drag you overboard, like spearing eels. Keep in the middle of the deck until the stinkpots have been thrown."

The gong in the distant banyan struck once. Captain Arad ran down three or four bamboo ladders and came to the guns. The gunners stood waiting in white clothes, with crimson symbols for victory and happiness scrawled on their backs, and matches smoking in their hands. The powder tubs were uncovered, but since the powder was hopelessly bad, there was no harm in that. Through an open sea door, Arad could see the Queen of Heaven, with countless cups of cold tea untasted at her knees. Centuries ago, a virgin, she had saved her brother, who was on the point of drowning, and had been deified. This accounted for these prostrations, thumpings, decapitations of fowls, and the knocking of already flattened noses on the teakwood deck.

A voice cried in Arad's ear, "Do you not hear, my officer, that wailing cry of a night bird? That will guide them. If it is in front of them, they retreat; but if it is behind them, they advance."

A heart-stopping yell all round the junk, with a mad outburst of gong music, showed how the pirates had taken advantage of that bird's advice. Jamboo was known to be able to interpret cleverly the language of birds, and he would naturally favor an attack. The Chinese ship comrades yelled "Hi-yi-yi!" and began to roll their bowlders overboard. They also rushed up to the galleries giant ladles of boiling oil, slopping over at the edges. And they threw thousands of firecrackers. But they could see nothing—not so much as the shapes of those murderous proas—and they were in too much of a hurry to be rid of their bowlders. It was unlikely that Seriff Sahibe had risked more than a handful of his proas to draw this clumsy fire of stones. Even now a splash and roll of oars showed that he was in retreat.

"We have beaten them off!" Don Narciso cried, running to the ship's side.

"It took the whole of our artillery to do it," Arad reminded him. "They have simply drawn our fang. They'll be back before we have time to boil more oil."

"Where shall I take my stand?" Don Narciso asked fearfully.

"Ask the Queen of Heaven," Arad answered.

The proas were closing with the junk again; and out of nowhere, at the end of a shining bamboo pole sliding along the rail over the cold, stiff-necked cannon, a hideously pronged flesh hook appeared. It drifted straight for Don Narciso. The unlucky captain general was paralyzed with horror. It was plain that he was not going to be able to exert himself to dodge this hook, and Arad got a hand in his collar and yanked him to his knees. The hook passed over their heads; and staring up at it, those two looked straight into an unexpected burst of yellow fire, coming from the limestone cliffs of Misfortune's Isle.

"It's the upas tree!" Arad shouted.

In fact, it was the upas tree that had mysteriously broken into flame. It was a giant torch, a deadly wand, flourished over their heads, destroying the secrecy of the attack and touching the hearts of warriors cold in the very heat of battle ardor. The blood-shot eyes of those followers of Seriff Sahibe rolled in their heads; for they had seen a sight which filled them with despair and terror. There was a recoiling clash of oars, spears and muskets, an indescribable banging of gongs. When the Chinese up the river had tried to frighten away a plague of locusts by beating on gongs, and again, when they had tried to banish an eclipse of the moon by the same means, the Dyaks had sneered; but they had reason now to call on all their gongs. For not even Arad's phlegmatic western eyes had failed to see, rising as if out of the heart of the flame itself, and drifting fast, with wide-flung arms and streaming hair, a woman shape vanishing against the limestone cliffs.

And not even Arad was certain, for that second, that this was not the upas prisoner,

(Continued on Page 127)

WHEN DOES A CAR NEED NEW PISTON RINGS?

Symptoms: Using too much oil • Loss of compression • Fouled spark plugs • Slow getaway • Lost power • Smoke from exhaust • Fumes in car

Motor fumes . . .

Top, Double Duty Type, 75c *Center, Oil-Regulating Type, 60c* *Bottom, Compression Type, 30c*
⅛ inches and over, prices slightly higher

IT'S TIME TO *Change* THE PISTON RINGS

THE disagreeable fumes of burnt oil and gasoline that penetrate the inside of your car—bringing smarting eyes, headaches, and drowsiness—are the result of wornout or inferior piston rings. You can stop those annoying fumes at once—and restore new-car performance—by the installation of a complete set of PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* and *Compression* rings. These are the piston rings used by most car manufacturers as original equipment.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY • *General Offices* • Hagerstown, Indiana
America's Oldest Volume Producer of Piston Rings
Plants: Hagerstown, Newcastle, Tipton, Ind. *Export Offices: 549 W. Washington St., Chicago*

For *new car performance*-use

PERFECT CIRCLES

AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROLS FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY

...manufactured by Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, specialists in precision temperature controls for more than 44 years

This is the Age of Automatic Heating . . . . founded on Automatic Heat Control . . .

MINNEAPOLIS REGULATOR

FOR COAL-FIRED HEATING PLANTS

Automatic damper controls for domestic coal-fired furnaces and boilers

FOR OIL BURNERS

Automatic regulation and combustion controls for all types of oil burners

FOR GAS-FIRED HEATING PLANTS

Complete automatic regulation of gas-fired heaters and conversion gas burners

FOR COAL STOKERS

Automatic regulation of automatic domestic and small industrial coal stokers

FOR SPACE HEATING IN FACTORIES, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, ETC.

Automatic controls for unit heaters, zone and sectionalized installations

FOR INDUSTRIAL PROCESSES

Motor valves, automatic temperature, pressure and safety combustion controls

HONEYWELL COMPANY

Executive Offices: 2803 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis, *Factories* Minneapolis, Minn. and Wabash, Ind. *Branch and Distributing Offices:* New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, Providence, Newark, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester N. Y., St. Paul, Denver, Louisville, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Hartford, New Haven, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada* Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., Montreal, Toronto, Windsor, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver. Agencies in almost every city.

THE modern store is more than a pleasant place to shop. It offers better service and greater values, due to increased efficiency which reduces overhead.

The modernization of many a retail establishment has started from the management's desire to reduce insurance costs. The White Fireman has been called upon to show how fire hazards might be improved. The White Fireman's advice has led to the installation of protective equipment, to the institution of better housekeeping supervision and to changes in building construction and layout.

Such improvements, made in the interest of fire-safety, frequently have resulted in a general improvement of operating efficiency. Thus, by showing retailers how to reduce fire hazards and secure lower insurance rates, the White Fireman has helped them in their efforts to give you more for your money.

The White Fireman, symbol of the loss-prevention engineering service supported by insurance companies, is working constantly to prevent loss from fire. The owner of any type of property—mercantile, industrial, institutional or residential—may secure the benefits of his service through responsible insurance agents and brokers.

The White Fireman

helps retailers to give you more for your money

WHO is the White Fireman? He is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineering service—a nation-wide service, supported by insurance companies, having for its purpose the reduction of loss-hazards. Consultation on proposed structures, inspection of property, testing of materials and equipment, and many other kinds of technical assistance comprise the work of this service. Ask your North America Agent.

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

North America Agents are listed in the Insurance sections of classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents or Brokers

(Continued from Page 122)

the very soul of poison, escaping, and in a mood to call down tardy vengeance from the black skies.

Captain Arad and Captain Michael O'Cain sat with the old Hong merchant, Houqua, in his gardens at Canton. Houqua's house was like a string of Pompeiian villas, delicately carved and gilded, hung with horn lanterns ending in red silk tassels. Priceless silk paintings adorned the walls, and here and there was scrawled in thick brush strokes the symbol of happiness.

The three friends sat outdoors by night at a black lacquered table under an ancient camphor tree. This terrace was paved with polished granite, and granite blocks of high luster edged the fish pond, where lotus leaves floated and where a company of eight ducks were performing figures to the music of a bamboo flute. This flute was in the hands of an entertainer—one of the Disciples of the Pear Garden—in an opposite pavilion. Arad got up restlessly and strolled to the water's edge.

Lanterns were everywhere. They hung from the ivory balustrade of the steep little bridge over the fish pond, from the eaves of the house, from the lower branches of the camphor tree and from the two stone towers on the river's bank. The bank itself was paved, but with rough granite, the blocks dogged one to another with iron dogs, and sloping gradually under water.

"Pulo Chalacca—that was the name of it," O'Cain muttered to Houqua. "Misfortune's Isle. 'Tis well named. Jamboo, I hear, was stoned to death with medium-sized stones—no one of them, mind you, big enough to kill him outright; but in the end they wore him down. Those piratas ran away so fast they left Seriff Sahibe's pet anaconda behind them, and took the women and children in the old proas. Yang-Po is nothing now but a chambermaid for the birds'-nests caves; he goes around burning sulphur in them and making inducements to the birds to build again. 'Take little and give much'—that's his motto now."

"And Doña Delfina?" Houqua inquired.

"Well, she got back her little man with the glass eye, it's true, but still and all, there she is in Manila, and goes out at four o'clock, when the sea breeze springs up, and the little postilion ahead of her in his shiny hat on the gray horse's back. Maybe once a week she can watch the halfbreed women, with their hair down, waltzing with their chins on their partners' shoulders—but what does that avail?

"And there's Arad, here, Houqua. I've had Chinese doctors to him; they've taken his pulse in both arms from the wrists to the shoulders. There's some out about him, and they don't know what. Misfortune's Isle—that's the long and short of it. Maybe I was well out of it. Still, I would have given a shipload of broken silver for a sight of that prisoner in the tree, breaking loose in her glory and flying free at the end of that rope tied to Ninepin Rock. Whatever the custom in Manila, Houqua, she wore no stockings there. It was necessary to the scheme to have her looking like an immortal. And haven't I heard you say yourself we shall have no clothes in heaven, because, although bodies have souls, it's not likely that clothes have souls to match? Or if they do, who's to guarantee that the clothes will die with the body, and not sooner or later?"

"There are no soulful garments," Houqua agreed, tracing a symbol of happiness in the air with his pipe stem.

"Right. So there was I, a week late in the Witch, what with her grounding and ourselves dropping her guns over the side and buoying them, and rolling all the provisions and water casks aft to work her off, and then fishing up the guns again. All I got was hearsay. Narciso Crispo's expedition, when I got there, would have been just a collection of heads hanging in the head halls with tufts of grass in the ears and orange cowries for eyes, if Doña Delfina hadn't put that upas to the torch. Well, it's certain the king will send them out a patent of nobility. They're grandees of Spain this minute; Narciso is as good as Count of Zamboanga. And why not? Oughtn't a man to be ennobled for seeing his wife float head-first out of a burning tree on a desert isle, and he with not the first suspicion of her being there? It was enough to blind him in his glass eye, and I told him so."

It was strange, Houqua said. Yes, certainly it was Number One curio pigeon. Strange business. He had heard tell of the upas poison.

"You have an art with trees yourself," O'Cain said, pointing at a maidenhair with fan-shaped leaves. This tree had been tortured into the likeness of a pagoda by confining its roots in stone crocks, and by other means. Here and there on the terrace were other trees, trimmed in the images of fish, camels and elephants. "You can all but make trees weep with the torture, as you do your women; but you do not know how to confine a woman in a tree. It's a wonderful poison results, they say, when it's quickened with lime juice. It works with a sharp burning in the head, and death. It's criminals condemned to die, they tell me, that are sent to tap the poison; and they give them leather hoods to put over their heads, and tell them to go toward the tree with the wind at their backs; and even so, only one in ten returns.

"Well, is Captain Arad poisoned then? He's still about on his feet. Here he is with every reason to feel satisfied—a saving voyage, with the brotherhood digging antimony ore for him at Pulo Chalacca, and he with birds' nests worth their weight in silver. . . . Hist, here he is."

"Birds' nests," Arad repeated, stepping out of the shadow of the camphor tree, which had a play of silver sparks out of its twigs and leaves. "We had better stick to birds' nests, Mike. The raw nest, after the bird has flown, but before the egg has been laid. And I can sell you nests, Houqua, as big as a quarter orange, some of them, at forty Spanish dollars the pound."

Houqua blinked his eyes. Across the fish pond one of the Disciples of the Pear Garden cracked his whip, and the performing ducks turned as one duck and swam toward him like mad.

"The last duck gets a taste of the whip!" O'Cain chortled.

"Why? There has to be a last duck," Arad muttered darkly.

"Which proves the necessity of punishment on this earth!" O'Cain roared.

Bird's-nest soup was put before them in three blue bowls. Arad dipped a spoon into this fabled soup. It would, Houqua assured him, put fat around the ribs, make old men young and young men able, and perform other marvels, such as making pirates homeless and filling the coffers of Salem merchant princes on the other side of the world. Yet it seemed to Arad that, considering how hard it was to get, the soup was rather tasteless. His thoughts were far away. He asked himself how these two could agree so glibly that garments—say, the flowered muslin or the striped pantaloons of the valiant Delfina—had no soul. As well say there had been no soul in that outbreathed *"Adiosito"* from the cave's mouth—farewell for a little, with that wraith of a promise of return in it. And as if he had been himself the last duck, the trader felt across his own shoulders the crack of the whip, and was aware that the upas poison, in some form, was in his veins, only not quickened; and that it had a power to tarnish the most gilded triumph.

IN PITTSBURGH MEN WEAR
BOSTONIANS
SHOES FOR MEN

The ASCOT
1 shoe of unusual distinction

CITY of steel mills and great universities. Center of trade, and center of international art. That's Pittsburgh—one of America's great cities. Smartly gowned women fill its shops. Well groomed men direct its vast activities. Being good judges of worth—having sharp eyes for distinctive style—these men wear Bostonians more often than not. In them they find a perfect combination of authentic smartness and individuality. See how completely the Ascot (pictured above) meets all the requirements of distinguished good-taste. You'll find Bostonians on sale at a nearby shop, selling for the amazingly modest price of $7 to $10 a pair.

BOSTONIANS Shoes for Men

Bostonians are sold by leading shoe and men's wear stores. In Pittsburgh by Verner, 249 5th Avenue

May we send you the Fall Style Booklet showing smart color harmonies? Just ask for Booklet P-11.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

After your Haircut ... *always ask for* Wildroot

WILDROOT Hair Tonic will aid in dressing your hair neatly — and benefit hair and scalp at the same time—and it doesn't dry out the hair like water does. An excellent germicide, too.

After your shampoo ...ditto!

Always follow a shampoo with Wildroot Hair Tonic. It closes the pores—tones up the scalp—keeps dandruff away. When you brush your hair at home in the morning use Wildroot Hair Tonic instead of water. You can get this reliable tonic at your barber shop—druggist or department store. Accept no substitute. By the way—have you tried Taroleum Shampoo? There's a free sample enclosed with each regular size bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic. Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic . . . Taroleum Shampoo

THE THIN EDGE OF TRUTH

(Continued from Page 31)

shadowed his lip with smart delicacy. She did not find objectionable tonight his almost bladelike nose nor the slight proximity of his eyes.

His very frankness about the poor market quality of the house, though discouraging, seemed to her a desirable quality in him.

"To be sure," she said, her eyes upon her hands in her lap, "it's a-plenty around here wouldn't see why I wanted to live up-to-dater a little. And it's some"—she hesitated slightly—"well, you know Noah Ruhlmann, ain't you? He does trading around fur a business, but someway I ain't put it into his hands. I brang it to you in place." She forced her eyes unconcernedly to his.

"That big lumber wagon?" laughed Zarfoss. "'Trading around'—that's a good name for what he does. Don't even know enough to charge a regular commission on his sales."

"He knows enough mebbe," said Loretta quickly, "but he claims where it's more fair in a little place like this where he knows everybody fur to make his price according."

"Little place, oncet? It's near ten thousand now and new factories all the time. Why, I wouldn't of known it for the place I got my educations at. I don't know nobody around here any more."

"Well, he does," Loretta again defended vaguely. "And folks like him too."

The visitor's brows drew so quickly they seemed almost to snap together. But at once he thrust his hands into his pockets, looked at Loretta and asked coolly: "Do you?"

Loretta's own brows were startled into a frown. But in an instant she laughed. "I ain't fetched him my business, did I?"

Here was someone with wits as sharp as her own; someone who didn't stupidly take everything she said for truth. Loretta had forgotten that she had ever thought she was tired when she followed him at last to the porch.

"Well, a house where's more than a hunert years old —— I ain't giving my promise to find anybody where's dopplig enough fur to buy it. But it's one thing I can promise fur sure."

Loretta whipped back with: "A body can promise—near anything."

"I pass my promise to look at it again, anyhow. If I was you I wouldn't be in too much hurry to move out of it."

Loretta turned quickly toward the door. His eyes had almost closed upon her. Again that feeling of unease riffled her.

But, she reflected the next day, was not everything very well with her indeed? Noah, because of his own stupid blunder, was more concerned for her than ever; Zarfoss gave promise of a new, exciting interest in her life. And it wasn't as though she had told Noah an untruth. Loretta was beginning to know how enticing it is to skate near the thin edge of truth and then to save herself with those quick wits of hers. She could love herself even better afterward.

She was ready for Noah when he came up her walk that evening, not loitering as usual, but breathless and puzzled.

Why, it was put out, he panted, all over the town it was put out that yesterday morning already she had put her place for sale in the hands of Zarfoss. And here last night she had given him, Noah, to understand ——

Loretta was sitting meekly in the pink dress with the ruffles he loved the best. "I never give you to understand nothing," she informed calmly. "You took what you wanted to and understood it fur yourself. I quick enough told you I was selling the place; you got to stand with me on that. And listen now, Noah: I knew a'ready it would hurt you to your feelings if you knew I had gone so fur with it."

"And that it would," said Noah hoarsely. "And I never put it into your hands, fur I good enough knew you wouldn't want to sell it fur me."

"I couldn't of, and that's the truth," agonized Noah.

"And then again I knew I couldn't plague you into taking no commissions off me."

Into Noah Ruhlmann's face came once more that look of awe and reverence she knew so well. She sat, absorbing. He said, after a moment: "So! You was fur going through with it all by yourself alone! To save me. . . . Ach, Ettie! Ettie!" Suddenly he pushed forward as though driven by something from behind. "Ettie! Will you marry me oncet?"

The words had clapped from him strongly, and as though in recoil he dropped his face into his hands. Loretta herself started upright, then shrank back. Her head fought to turn to the right or the left, but her neck held rigid. There was no evasion this time—or was there? Something in the huge graven figure bowed before her aroused a spirit of nervous amusement in her. Her feet slipped this way and that, and her voice shook with the effort to suppress laughter.

"Now, Noah," she temporized, "this ain't the time ——"

"Don't cry nothing," he implored, and forced his own dimmed eyes upon her.

"This ain't the time fur to talk marriages—the house on my hands, and everything."

"But that's it—the house and you. You and the house, Ettie."

Her fingers made a swift little catching motion toward his words. "The house—like you say, that's it. Wait oncet till the house is sold all and I have got it off my mind that way. Then I can think something else mebbe."

"I got your promise fur that, then, Ettie?" he cried eagerly. "When the house is settled, all?"

Loretta nodded.

"And it ain't anybody you favor towards what you do me? You like me as good as—as anybody, Ettie?"

Loretta looked at him directly with those eyes of hers which were set and spaced so beautifully and she said what for her at that moment was the truth: "I like you better than anybody. I—I guess, anyway." Nor was she stirred to laughter now; she was as emotionally moved as she had ever been. Moreover, she admired Noah more than she ever had; he had for once surprised her; he had almost trapped her. That she could admire in anyone; for the harder the odds against which she was forced to extricate herself, the more she could comfortably love herself for her cleverness afterward. Love toward others, for Loretta, would always have to be a reflex, striking off from one or more facets of her own glittering little person.

Noah, though a heavy man, went home, treading lightly. Hadn't she said she liked him better than anybody? And hadn't she promised to give him his answer when the house was sold? Ho, ho! Put two and two together! As for the house—that beautiful old Wingeroth place—already a tiny germ of an idea was teasing lodgment in his generous brain. Noah loved to make little jokes and he loved to make little surprises; and when he could combine a little joke and a little surprise, no one enjoyed it so much as he. But in this case it seemed—it really seemed as the days went by—as though the joke were going to be quite the largest he had ever perpetrated and the surprise equally so.

Noah Ruhlmann was going to present Loretta Wingeroth with her own house. Yes, if he wasn't! It was to be his prenuptial, his nuptial and his postnuptial gift to her, all in one. He had always expected to give her a handsome wedding present; in his large soul he had large ideas concerning a wife's independence. Loretta was by nature economical; she should have not only the money for her house to do with as she wished but she should have the house to live in too. She should sell the house and by the same stroke buy it; there was a joke, there was a surprise! Yes, anyway! Had anybody in the world ever heard of such a thing?

But Uncle Enos delayed unaccountably in withdrawing one of those investments which he deemed unusually good in favor of this other investment which, it began to appear, did not seem to him good at all. He wrote finally, in his usual businesslike fashion, that he might drop through Hettville soon and take up with his nephew the proposal at hand in the letter as of the sixteenth inst.

"He would better take up that letter of the inst!" Noah growled aloud as he sat staring at the cryptic sheet—and that for Noah was a savage remark indeed. But Noah's patience during that month had been tried, increasingly so. He no longer loitered on his way to Loretta's, luxuriating in his surety of a happy evening; he no longer loitered on his way homeward, luxuriating in his memory of a happy evening. He went home more often than not with a tormenting image of himself, heavy and silent upon one of the old Wingeroth chairs, admiring and yet not able to enter into the swift interplay of words between Loretta and Zarfoss. The two of them were so—so matched. That was the barbed cruelty of it.

But, of course, Noah never doubted Loretta. Was she not virtually promised to him? Had she not always gone to Conference with him? Was she not going again with him this year? Zarfoss amused her—Noah would grant that—and then there was the pathetic necessity for selling the house. There it was again—the house. Little Loretta tormented by the tragic pain of having to sell her ancestral home, while Uncle Enos ——

Noah got out of his chair, went to the office of Zarfoss, and as shortly as possible claimed his promise not to sell the house without first advising himself. Zarfoss lowered his eyelids quickly to hide his extreme surprise; he raised them and remarked slowly, tracing with a pencil upon the desk:

"Now, if you are interested in this property, I guess I would better give you the advices now to look a little out."

Noah studied him with harried eyes. "You mean, where somebody else is mebbe considering into it?"

"I'm telling you!" Zarfoss shrugged his shoulder. He went on to expatiate upon the solidity of the house, its large lot, the never-failing well.

Noah was not listening. "I had it in my reasons"—he rose at last with a peculiar dignity—"where I wanted to pay down the cash money in full fur that there. But I will make some more thoughts about it and leave you know till a while."

Noah went, heavy-shouldered, down the street. He was by no means sure that Zarfoss was telling him the truth, but he might be. The thing had become by this time well nigh an obsession with Noah—Loretta and the house. Loretta was perfect, the house was perfect; he could not imagine the one without the other. His was the sort of soul which saw perfection easily because it so fundamentally demanded perfection. It must be Loretta and the house—the two together, the two together.

Within the hour he drew out the five hundred dollars he had on deposit and went once more to the office of Zarfoss. He came away after the transaction was completed with the promise of Zarfoss that he would tell no one of the deal for the present.

Zarfoss sat in his chair and watched the big man going down the street. Noah once more was stepping lightly; indeed, when untroubled, he had habitually a light, springing grace which few people of large

(Continued on Page 130)

IS IT PLAY FOR EYES, TOO?

Work or study all day long. Papers. Words. Figures. Day in, day out.

Then play. But is it play for eyes? Reading, watching a movie, driving the car, playing games, making things with your hands. It's all hard work for eyes, unless they see quickly, see accurately and see easily, without strain.

Give the only pair of eyes you'll ever have all the help you can. Keep them accurate. Keep them comfortable. Don't strain them. Have them examined at least once a year. Know their condition.

Your new Tillyer Lenses may be fitted in the handsome and sturdy Cortland frame, or in one of many other becoming and serviceable types made by the American Optical Company, the oldest and largest American maker of frames and lenses for your glasses

And if you need glasses be sure to ask about wide-angle Tillyer Lenses. These new, modern lenses provide more accurate vision and greater eye comfort. They give your eyes extra help because they are accurate to the very edge and they are polished to an unusual degree of crystal clarity.

An interesting booklet has been prepared to tell you exactly how Tillyer Lenses help you see more accurately and comfortably than ever before. Let us send you a copy free. Address Dept. 8, American Optical Company, Southbridge, Massachusetts.

© 1929 A. O. Co.

TILLYER LENSES

NEW, WIDE-ANGLE • • ACCURATE TO THE VERY EDGE • • AN AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY PRODUCT

VENUS
PENCILS
Largest Selling Quality Pencil in the World
...Five senses are yours to use.
...Use the sense of *touch* to tell you which is the one pencil that exactly suits your hand.
...Seventeen shades of blackness but only *one* of smoothness! You can get a VENUS Pencil as soft or hard as you want, but no pencil anywhere to surpass the marvelous *smoothness* of the VENUS.
...VENUS Copying Pencils, with the firmest and smoothest *indelible* lead ever made, come in three degrees.
...Let touch be your guide! Be really suited!
At all dealers.
Send $1.00 for a useful box of a dozen assorted styles.
VENUS
American Pencil Company
300 Venus Bldg. Hoboken, N. J.
Also Makers of
UNIQUE Non-lead Colored Pencils
© 1929 American Pencil Co.

(Continued from Page 128)

frame possess; it would seem almost as though the buoyant spirit within him lifted him along. Zarfoss watched him with a sort of envy as he hailed this one, shook hands with that one; but at the same time within himself was expanding a sense of triumph which his small frame could scarcely hold.

Wait until the town knew that he had found the one man stupid enough to buy the old Wingeroth place, and that that man was Noah Ruhlmann—Noah Ruhlmann who still, to the chagrin of Zarfoss, seemed to hold the real-estate business of the town in his own hands. Wait, just wait! And there was this, too: If Noah had made his extraordinary purchase for the reason that Levi's sharp mind had begun to suspect, then, indeed, he could make Noah the laughingstock of the town—Noah Ruhlmann buying a house for a woman who wouldn't have him anyway!

The woman! There, again! Aha! This coup was the one thing necessary to settle affairs neatly and swiftly with Loretta. He whipped out of his chair and got to his roadster.

The secret was too large—too large for his small frame to hold. It fairly fanned him along as he sped toward Loretta's gate.

Loretta did not disappoint him in the expression of her surprise and pleasure. Her face was a vivid flash; for the first time she laid hold upon him; she seized him by the arm.

"You did, then? You did fetch it off? Ach, the smart! Now—now I can go in town, ain't? But who—who was it?"

He stood laughing down upon her, enjoying the shaking of his arm by her small fingers.

"I told you it was somebody you was acquainted to a'ready. Ain't that enough?"

"Ach, who was the dopple?" cried Loretta recklessly.

"You might mebbe see him tonight." Levi's eyes were significant.

For an instant her fingers tightened even more, then they slowly fell.

"Why, you don't mean—why, no, what would he be wanting with the house anyway?"

She was pleading now; the laughter had been washed entirely from her face by a mist of doubt, anxiety. "Tell me it ain't," said Loretta simply.

"I guess he'll be telling you quick enough fur himself."

Zarfoss was watching her closely—was watching her closely. Loretta pinched hard a fold of her dress and forced her chin upward.

"And now leave me tell you something," he grinned. "We're a-going on Conference on a new roadster. Yes, if we ain't!"

"'We?'" spat Loretta. "Who said I was going with you? . . . Oh!" Her fingers clapped upward against her mouth, but they were late, days late in holding back words which had clipped smartly through her lips.

Zarfoss laughed and nodded slowly. "You remember all right that little exter commission of mine!"

"But you said—you said it would take such a miracle fur to sell the place."

"Well, I'm one them folks where brings miracles to pass. And you said if I did bring it to pass you would give me this little exter commission."

Loretta's head was twisting this way and that to escape his slowly closing eyes. Everything was closing upon her.

"Go off now!" she burst out. "You're trying to make me believe something, and I ain't believing it. You're making such a joke, and I ain't believing it. I ain't believing nothing you told me. It ain't true and I know it—I know it!"

Her lips repeated the form of the three words once more as she stared after his retreating figure, for she wanted so much to know it. But she couldn't know it; and there she was, little Loretta Wingeroth, who had skated nearer and nearer the thin edge, and now she was like to be cut—cut deeply. For the thin edge of truth is the sharpest edge in the world.

The ride to Conference—for a moment that seemed the important thing. Perhaps it was—that ride to Conference which, for some foolish reason arising in the remote past, had crystallized into a communal custom of thought; a public confession on the part of the couple of extraordinary, perhaps pledged, interest the one in the other. And now she was going with Zarfoss.

"No!" cried Loretta sharply, and sprang from her chair. She wouldn't think of such a thing, wouldn't think of it! That wasn't the important thing anyway. The house! The house was the important thing. Noah and the house. Noah! Noah, whom she'd deceived and hurt.

For moments, the most revealing moments of her life, Loretta Wingeroth saw herself as she was—and hated herself.

But only for moments. She wouldn't hate herself, she wouldn't. She took her small body she loved so well in her arms, actually, did Loretta Wingeroth upon that dull October day, and rocked with it to and fro. And so rocking, she began to hate Noah Ruhlmann. Yes, really, to hate him; for it is one of the truest reactions of this nature which we call human to despise most those whom we have most deeply wronged. We can't hate ourselves—we have to live with ourselves—so we hate those who have made us hate ourselves.

Stupid! She knew why he'd got the old house; he'd got it to dump back on her—this old place she'd tried so hard to rid herself of. He'd been trying to tease her this past month as to some tremendous secret he had in mind. This was it, was it? Well, she'd soon show him! She'd soon tell him!

But what would she tell him? Even in her rising ferment against him, that gave her pause. If she didn't take the house she didn't take him. Did she want him? Did she? Well, she'd always intended to have him—when it suited her. And it didn't suit her now. No! But here he was, coming to make her decide, for or against; coming with that old house; coming—she glanced fearfully at the clock—that very evening, there was no doubt.

She got up, racked about the room. Stupid! Causing her pain, causing her trouble, causing her to do something she didn't want to do. But she wouldn't be driven! She wouldn't be made to decide! She wouldn't have the old house forced upon her! No! She'd go away, some place, any place, visiting for a few days. It was two o'clock now; she'd catch the train at five. She set about her packing at once, jerking like an automaton here and there.

The gate clicked.

He was there, loitering along, looking pleasantly this way and that. Pleasantly, when he was coming to trap her for life! Loitering, smiling. Thwarting her again, coming in the afternoon. He was grinning at her now—grinning—through the window.

She flung open the door and stood, rigid, for him to pass. He looked sly, mischievous; he was saying something mischievous; his head was lolling from side to side at her. Silly—oh, silly!

"I'm packing." She was still standing. "I'm going on a visit. I ain't got time."

"But you'll have a-plenty of time when you know oncet what I got fur you. You won't feel fur visiting then till a while. Set down oncet, Ettie. You don't know what I got fur you."

She stood. He pushed her gently toward a chair. His finger upon her was the finger upon a trigger. She sprang back before him.

She said: "I do know what you got a'ready. You got this here house. And I won't have it! I won't have it!"

He had not moved. Oh, stupid! Standing there——

"I won't have it. I won't take it. Ain't I tried to get shut of it? And here you come fetching it back on me. But you ain't going to make me take it. I ain't the stripe to be made—anything."

He spoke now: "Was you in your head, Loretta? Wasn't you anything so well?" Distraction was in his tone, utmost astonishment, but his kindness, his concern was there too. Loretta tried to remain taut, but she was slipping, slipping from that peak of passion; she was trembling.

"Oh, take yourself off!" She felt as though she were about to cry, and she wouldn't let him see her cry. Her anger against him surged again because he was making her so angry with herself. "Oh, can't you see oncet? I don't want you—I don't want you!"

She didn't want him just then, she was meaning in her weak confusion to say. But he took her words, as always, for their simple truth, and his face changed slowly, awfully; it was as though an unseen hand passed over it, wiping all expression from it. Even his voice was toneless as he picked backward over their lives: "But I had thought always—you always seemed to—you always went on Conference by me. You give me your promise fur this year again."

Conference! All of Loretta started. She fumbled backward before him. No one could have mistaken the revealment of her eyes.

His own head moved slightly backward as though parrying a blow, though his feet remained quiet. "So!" he said on a long breath, and his eyes fell the length of her to the floor and there remained; as though, indeed, she had slipped from a high pedestal and lay there, imperfect, at his feet. "You give me your promise, and then you give it to ——" He turned toward the door, and even in her distraction she saw that he was walking with an odd, decisive dignity.

"But, you see"—she started forward—"you see ——"

"I see, Ettie." He turned, his hand upon the knob. And—oh, the pity of it for poor Loretta to remember through all her years! his tone was still kind. "You don't got to have me." He went down the steps, the walk.

The gate clicked.

All four fingers fenced upright before her mouth, which was open rigidly, dreadfully; she watched him go. She stood unsteadily, as one who has groped upright after a fall from a high, high pedestal.

Noah Ruhlmann stopped at the office of Zarfoss the next day and stood in the door.

"You was telling me where some such others was interested in that house I bought off of you. If you could tell me—— I ain't been able to make my arrangements just so good and I have anxious fur to sell it a'ready."

An odd, thin snort escaped Levi's thin nostrils. "But in business a body has got always to take his chances for himself," he said shortly. "No, I don't know nobody for the present."

"And you never did know nobody," Noah said, not angrily but thoughtfully, turned and went. His manner cut the smile from Levi's face. Why wasn't he angry? And what was he thinking?

But, after all, it was a rich joke and Levi took pains to disseminate it widely. The town enjoyed it after the frank, hearty manner of small communities.

"Hear you got a new old house," Noah's friends would hail him.

Some ventured: "Got you a house and nothing in it, eh, Noah?"

Yes, that was precisely the case, and Noah was thinking of nothing else during those days—of nothing else, that is, save the problem which arose therefrom and the fact that his large body was tugging to leave the community he had always loved so well. He avoided the streets not only because of the stinging torments of the tongues but because he had the problem which he was bound to solve—he was bound to solve.

He solved it after some days and he wrote to Uncle Enos. This time he asked for neither advice nor money; for the first time in his life he dictated to Uncle Enos.

Noah appeared again upon the streets and, though thinner and graver, approximated in some wise his old appearance and manner. He appeared in the office of Levi Zarfoss, paid off the balance due upon the

(Continued on Page 135)

950,000 cars FREEZE-PROOFED permanently *with only One Filling of* RADIATOR GLYCERINE

You don't have to keep replacing G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine—its protection lasts all season. Used in 950,000 cars last year

It won't evaporate!

WOULDN'T you like to put just one filling of anti-freeze in your car and then stop thinking of freeze-ups for the entire winter?

That's exactly what 950,000 motorists did last year. It's exactly what you can do by putting G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine in your car right now. Glycerine won't evaporate. One filling lasts all winter. You don't have to keep adding more—or guess about how much has evaporated.

Think of the worry and trouble this saves you. Park your car when and where you like all winter without a thought of freeze-up worries. You always know you're safe.

Glycerine is safe for your car. It won't harm the paint or attack the cooling system. Just follow the instructions on the can and it will give you the same dependable, permanent protection it has given to hundreds of thousands of other users.

Get the entire winter's protection that G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine offers you by putting it in your car now. Mail the coupon below for detailed information.

Why take this chance?
Use a *permanent* anti-freeze

To get real protection, use a *permanent* anti-freeze. G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine is always there to protect you when the cold snaps come. *Fill in and mail coupon today, and get full particulars by return mail.*

G PA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RADIATOR Glycerine
THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

JUST FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE CAN

Glycerine Producers' Association
45 East 17th Street, New York City

MAIL THIS

I'd like *real* anti-freeze protection for my car this winter. Send me the facts.

Name

Address

The Gift from ....A DIAMOND

TO express fittingly the sentiment which inspires so important a gift as a diamond ring—noted designers have conceived these Rings O' Romance in splendid beauty.

Brilliantly interpreted for both men and women, they have new grace—new richness. A source of pride to you today, their lasting loveliness will be cherished anew by generation after generation.

Diamond Rings O' Romance are priced the same the country over. You make this important purchase in utmost confidence—assured of dependable value. The name "Ring O' Romance" inside your ring

SWEETHEART SET

$100 THE SET

RADIANT LOVE

$50

TOKEN O' LOVE

$110

HEART O' MINE

$75

ENSIGN WEST POINT

$100

$75

COURTSHIP..

$75

GIFT O' LOVE

$100

Rings O'

GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS

Heart to Hand

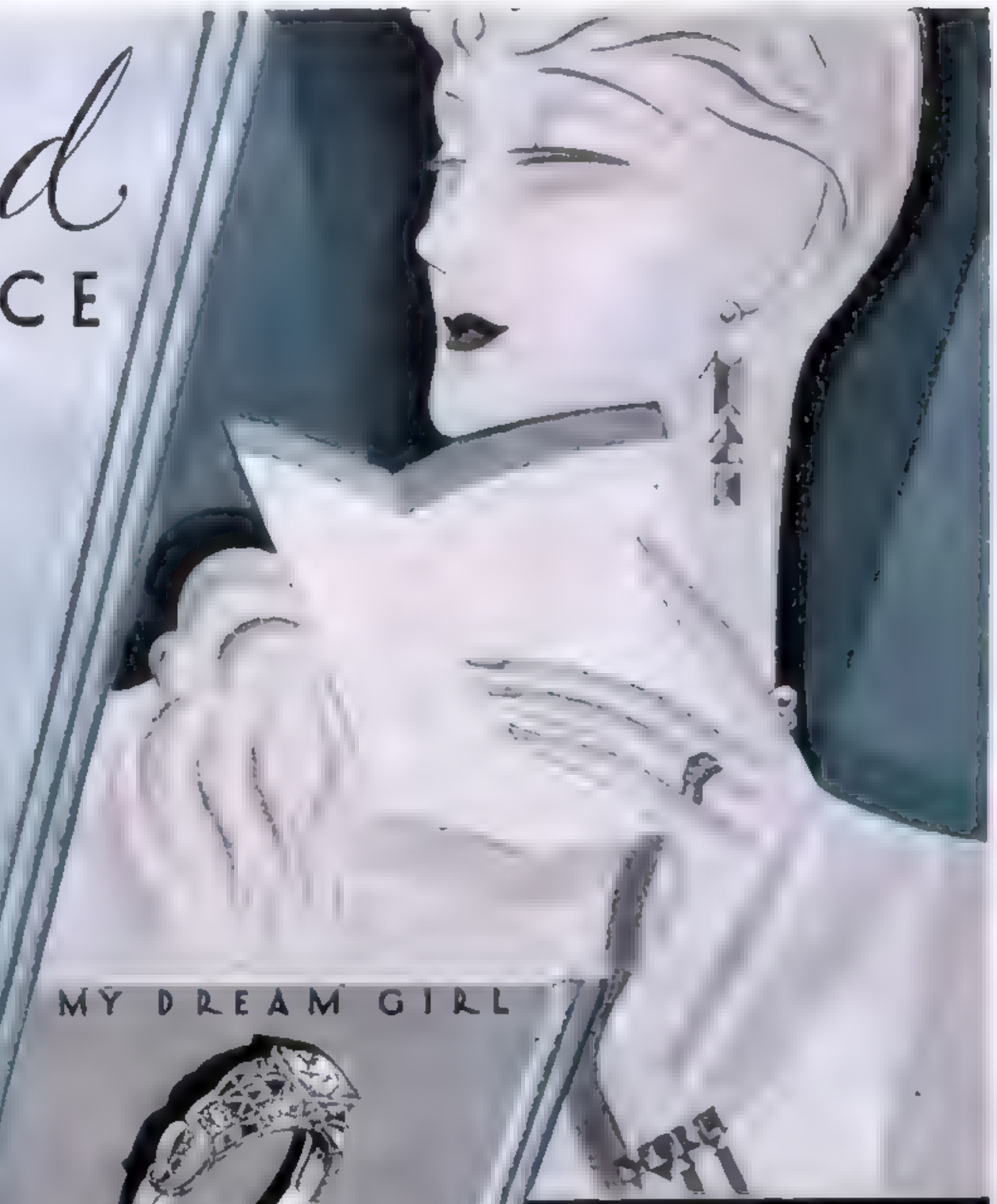
RING O' ROMANCE

represents the unqualified guarantee of the maker, supporting that of the jeweler from whom you buy it.

Your jeweler is now showing the newest originations in diamond Rings O' Romance—engagement rings, diamond wedding bands, dinner rings. Rings for men, too—handsome—ruggedly masculine in design.

Choose now—from a splendid variety of beautiful diamond Rings O' Romance. And remember, no matter which you select, a diamond Ring O' Romance is a wise investment—one that will increase in value and in sentiment with each passing year.

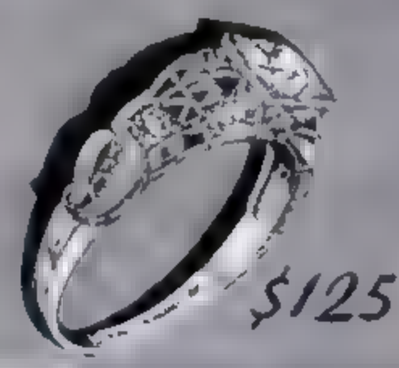
BENJAMIN & EDWARD J. GROSS CO., INC., New York, N. Y.



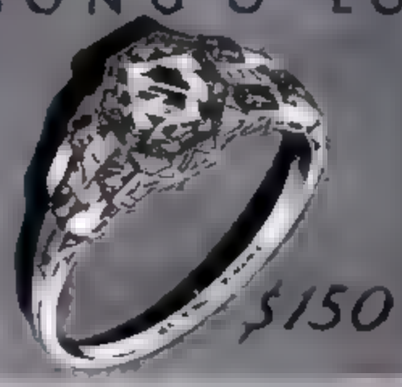
ROMANCE SET

GUARDSMAN SPARTAN

MY DREAM GIRL



SONG O' LOVE



LOVE FOREVER

BOUQUET O' LOVE

WEDDING MARCH

Romance

FOR EVERY OCCASION

COLOR

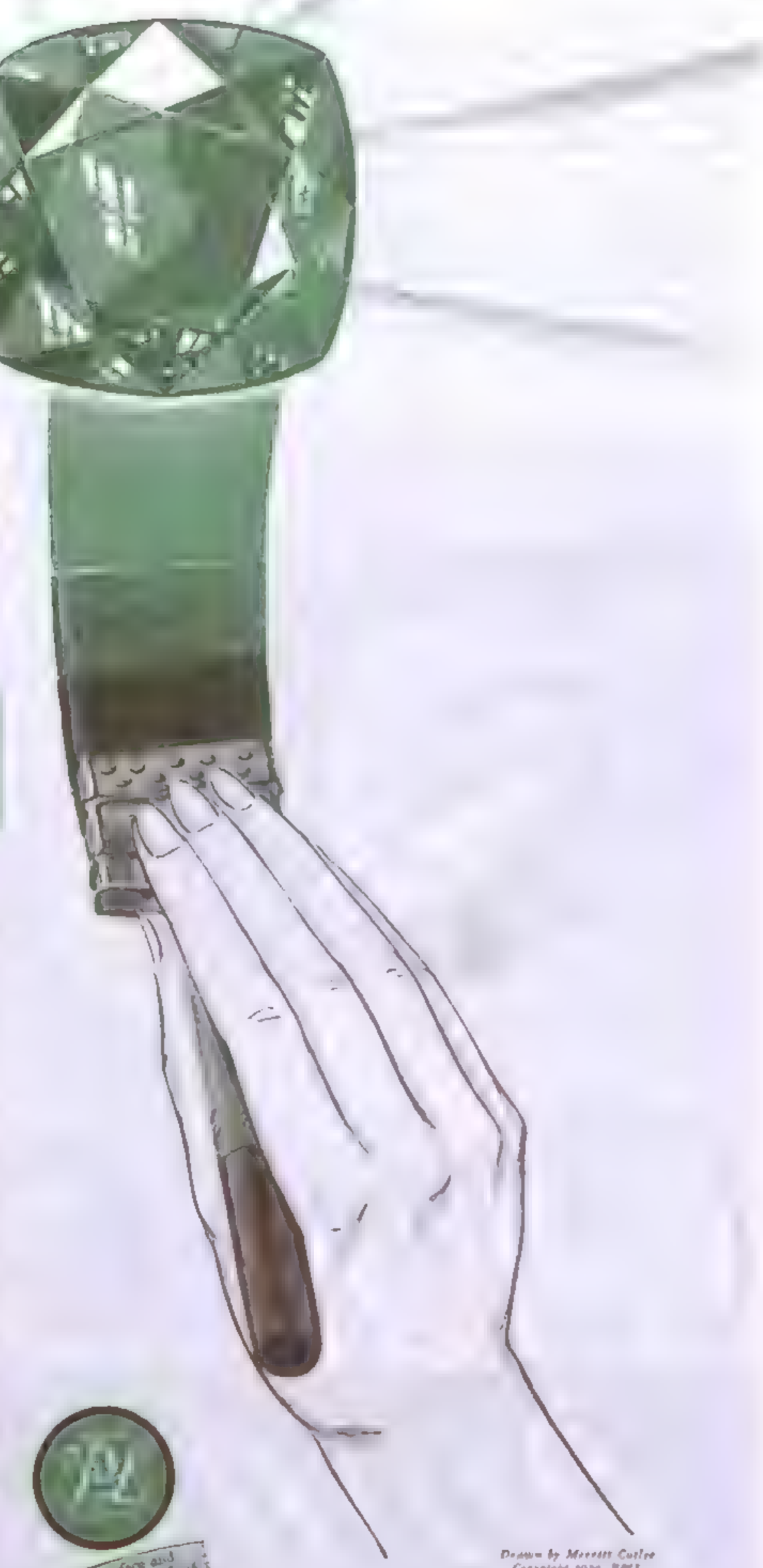
From Sparkling Jewels

"61" QUICK DRYING ENAMEL

Dries in 4 hours

NOT just color but COLOR that glows and pulsates — "61" Quick Drying Enamel — on your furniture, woodwork or floors! These gorgeous colors bring new joys and conveniences to home decoration — rich hues, pastel shades, 4 hour drying, ease of application and extreme durability. And by mixing two or more colors you may have any shade you wish! Paint and hardware dealers are now showing these remarkable colors of "61" Quick Drying Enamel. If yours isn't, send for Color Chart and names of local dealers.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, 23 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario



"61"

"Save the surface and you save all"

PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 130)

house and asked Zarfoss definitely to undertake its sale

"Why ain't you selling it fur yourself?" retorted Zarfoss. "You call yourself a real-estate man, ain't you?"

"No, I never called myself anything as grand as that," said Noah. "But till Wednesday a week I'm leaving town, so I conceited I would put it into your hands. You sold it once a'ready," he reminded.

Levi's near-set eyes opened to their capacity. So! He had beaten the other both in business and in love. And leaving town! Watch himself capture all the business then!

From the peak of his triumph he said, "Well, suckers ain't coming around here every day."

"No, I guess not too," agreed Noah mildly. "But it could be that you would ketch another one mebbe. I would take my three thousand fur it."

His prediction came amazingly true. Upon the following Wednesday afternoon a man came into Levi's place of business, said he had been looking over various locations and professed an interest in the Wingeroth place.

"I could get you a good bargain in that," Zarfoss took him up quickly. "The owner is anxious fur to leave and I could mebbe git him to take as little as thirty-five hunert fur it."

They talked at some length. Levi offered to show other properties also. The man conferred with his wife in the car. It was a gray car with maroon striping, but Levi, from the window, noted only that it was of substantial make and that the man and his wife bore the unmistakable air of settled prosperity. One of the new factory owners, Levi decided, and raced his thoughts to the matter of price. The man had made no objection when he had mentioned the thirty-five hundred; Noah expected only three thousand. Was there any way in which that tantalizing discrepancy of five hundred could slip unobtrusively into his own pocket?

The man came back laughing a little and shaking his head. "She can never see anything but the old, and the older it is, the harder she falls for it." He took from his bill book fifty dollars and handed it to Levi. "I guess that will bind the deal until you can get the deed from the owner," he surmised; "but this is a hurry-up case, as I told you. The deal has got to be completed today, as I'm leaving at daylight tomorrow."

Levi glanced hurriedly at the clock. "But the bank will right away be closing, and I have afraid he's got the deed there."

"You'll have time," assured the other, and climbed into the car.

"But the receipt for this fifty?" Levi waved the bills.

The man laughed. "Oh, I know your reputation around here. Besides, you're in the business to stay, aren't you? Get busy now, for when I get back I want everything ready to push right through."

Levi got busier than he had ever been in his life before. He went panting to Noah's small house upon the outskirts of the town and wrecked completely the old-fashioned door pull. After a frantic half hour he espied Noah loitering pleasantly in the yard of a neighbor.

"Just giving him good-by," explained Noah. "You mind, I'm leaving today on that there five o'clock."

"You got something to do first," growled Zarfoss and puffed through his recital.

"Och, what does he want to make such hurry fur?" said Noah. "To be sure, my deed's in bank and it's closed a'ready. What's a matter of him he can't wait till he comes back on town? I kin make a trip back and ——"

"I tell you," burst in Levi, "I thrashed him all out on that and he wouldn't give me no satisfactions. He says only if we can't git together this afternoon we ain't gitting together, and that's all the case. Do you want for to make the sale, Ruhlmann, or ain't you?"

"I'd good enough like to make a sale," smiled Noah, "but if this here one come so quick, mebbe some other ——"

Zarfoss hopped from one foot to the other. "Ach, dopple! This is one case out of thousands! We have got for to make this sale. It could be years that we wouldn't have another such a chancet."

"Well, if we have got fur to make it," said Noah slowly, "I guess it's one way we could bring it off."

The one way, as he detailed it to the suffering Zarfoss, was for Zarfoss himself to purchase the place from Noah, Noah to give him a deed to the same, Zarfoss to transfer the property to the stranger.

"But I got to be gitting to the station behind an hour," reminded Noah, "and it's like I am telling you—if you can't be paying me out in full, I don't feel to be interested neither."

Zarfoss groaned. He clutched at the fifty dollars with his fingers, he clutched figuratively the substantial commission, and he clutched secretly the five hundred dollars. Of course—and here he clapped a sudden palm to his thin jaw—with this three-cornered sort of a deal, the five hundred dollars would be easily and safely guaranteed to himself, as it need be entered only in the papers which should pass between himself and the stranger.

"What might be the feller's name?" inquired Noah.

Zarfoss thought for a moment. "He never made mention of it. But I guess I'll be finding it out till a little while, for I'll take you up on that scheme of yours, Ruhlmann."

But Zarfoss never found out the name of the man, for the reason that the man never returned. No, the man was never seen upon the streets of Heitville again; and there sat Levi Zarfoss with a deed in his pocket for a house which he despised, but for which he had paid in full.

And he had made another blunder in relation to that fatal transaction: he had raised loud and bitter clamor over the failure of his customer to appear. And the clamor, after it had dinned long enough in the ears of the populace, generated finally such a prolonged thunder of laughter as the town had never before enjoyed. The reverberations of it, in fact, never entirely ceased for Zarfoss; he was always thereafter to be conscious of winks of the eye, of wags of the head and of sly insinuations that Noah Ruhlmann must have enjoyed the outcome of the transaction, as fond as he was of jokes and surprises.

For, of course, Noah had been told of it. He had left his new address with half the town, it seemed; and Zarfoss wrote him an angry whine detailing the extent of his injury and demanding something in redress. He received promptly from Noah a letter containing a single sentence: "But in business you have got always to take your chances for yourself."

It was more than two years before Noah returned. Within the first hour he and Loretta Zarfoss met

She had stopped her baby carriage upon a corner and was fretfully wiping the near-set eyes of a fretful infant when she looked up and saw him. She stood entirely still. He, on the other hand, was already making his way toward her across the street

"And it was you then oncet, Loretta?" He smiled at her, but she saw him as though in unreality. "Surprised, not? Well, I feel like a surprise to myself, being here in Heitville oncet again. But then I was always much fur my little surprises." His hearty laugh boomed down the street.

"You was a long time off," said Loretta

"Ain't?" But his eyes, filled with admiring awe, were all for the infant now. "I read it off from the home paper that you had got you a baby. Ain't that now grand? Mebbe I could have one fur myself till a while." His wistful gaze lifted across the street. "Meet missus," he said abruptly.

He himself took charge of the baby carriage simply and naturally. Loretta followed him across the street, stepping carefully as one not sure of herself

"I ain't been married but a month," he was informing her as he led the way toward a plump, comfortable little woman who was seated in a gray car with maroon striping, "but I got acquainted to her soon after I was leaving here, and it seemed like I was just ready fur her someway. But she didn't have her age yet and her pop said I had got to wait then yet a while."

The introductions accomplished, Loretta ventured, "But you wasn't coming back here fur to live?"

Noah looked this side and that in that old way of his, as though the earth were an exceedingly pleasant place of which he could never quite get his fill. "This here's the place," he pronounced. "I can't seem to home myself no place else. So Uncle Enos he give us this good old car of his fur a wedding gift and off we come. I guess I'll have to kind of trade around ag'in," he laughed apologetically. "I don't seem natured to do much of anything else, someway."

Perhaps, after all, in the working together of all things toward eternal verity, that fall which Loretta Wingeroth had had from a very high place had shaken that fundamental strain of honesty in her toward the surface. For she said now, gazing at him directly with those eyes which were set so beautifully and so beautifully spaced: "Well, I guess you could have our business—what's left of it. Mister's fur taking up insurances He says anyway"

"And where was you living at?" asked Noah.

Loretta glanced at him sharply. But his eyes were kind, as always.

"By the old place," she said listlessly. "Where else?"

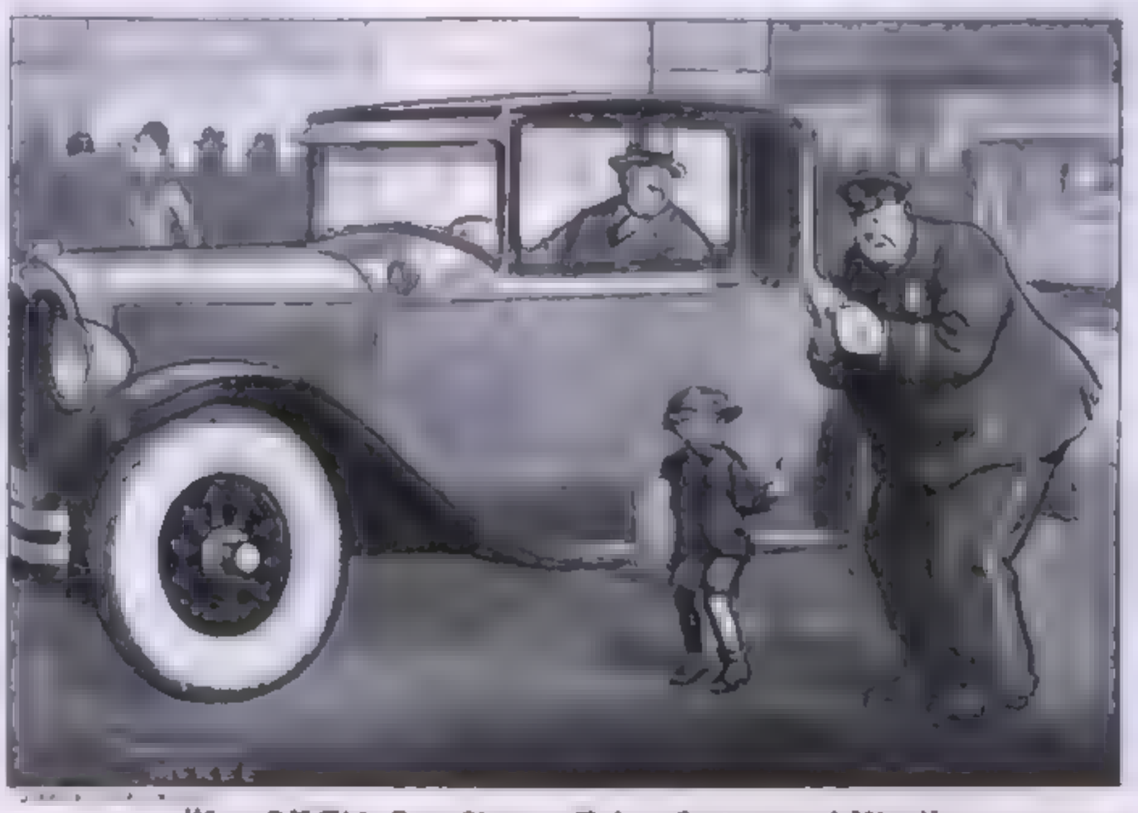
CONVENIENT? Of course. Low in per-workday cost? Surely. But more than that Lee Union-Alls by their clean-cut good looks lend that alert, on-the-toes-to-give-you-service air which so surely marks "the man with pride in his job".

Lee Union-Alls as uniforms are excellent business builders. Write us for our special uniform proposal.

UNION-MADE
Lee
WHIZIT
UNION-ALLS

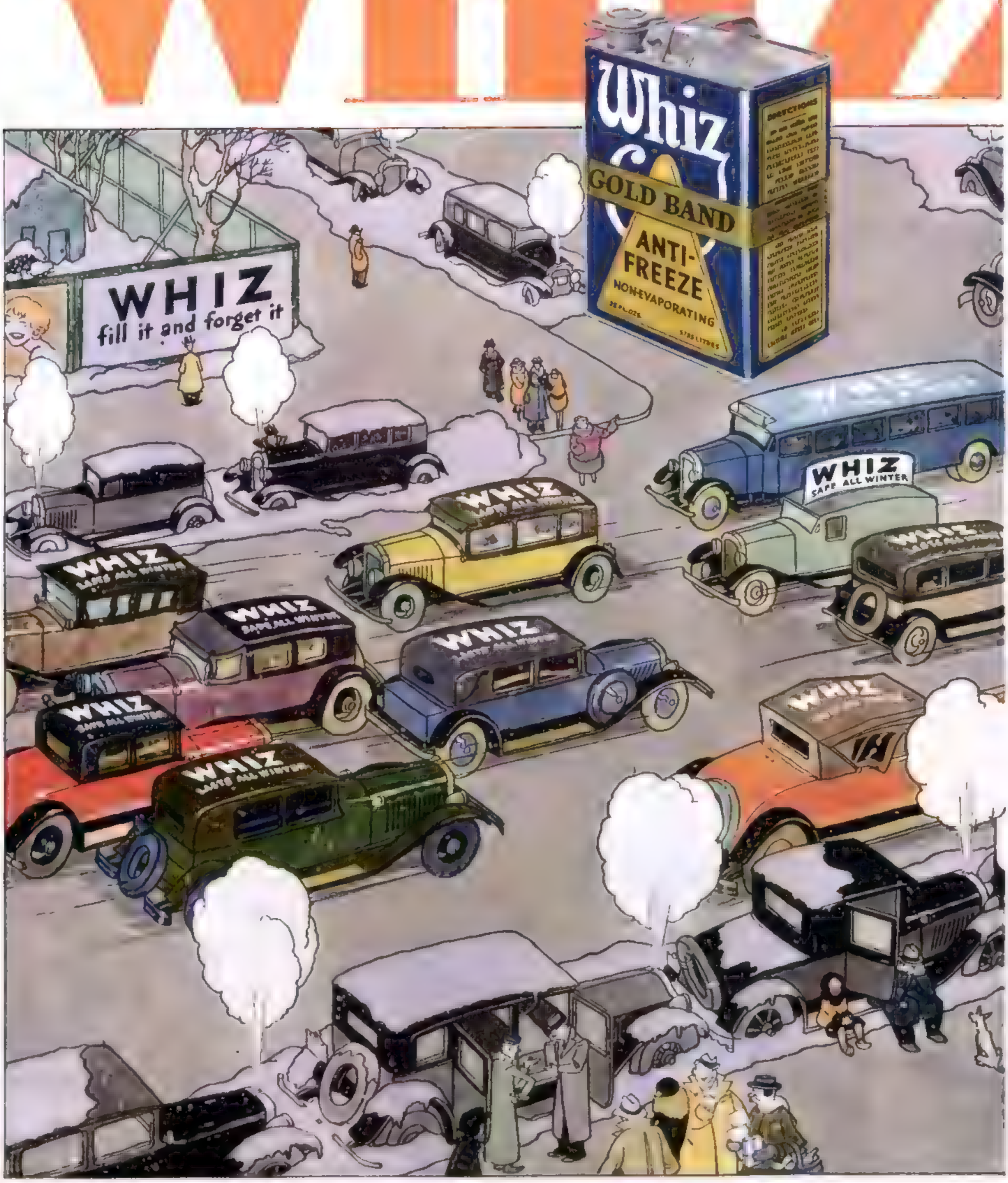
THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE CO.
Kansas City, Mo., Trenton, N. J., South Bend, Ind., Minneapolis, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Salina, Kans.

UNION-ALLS · · OVERALLS · · PLAYSUITS

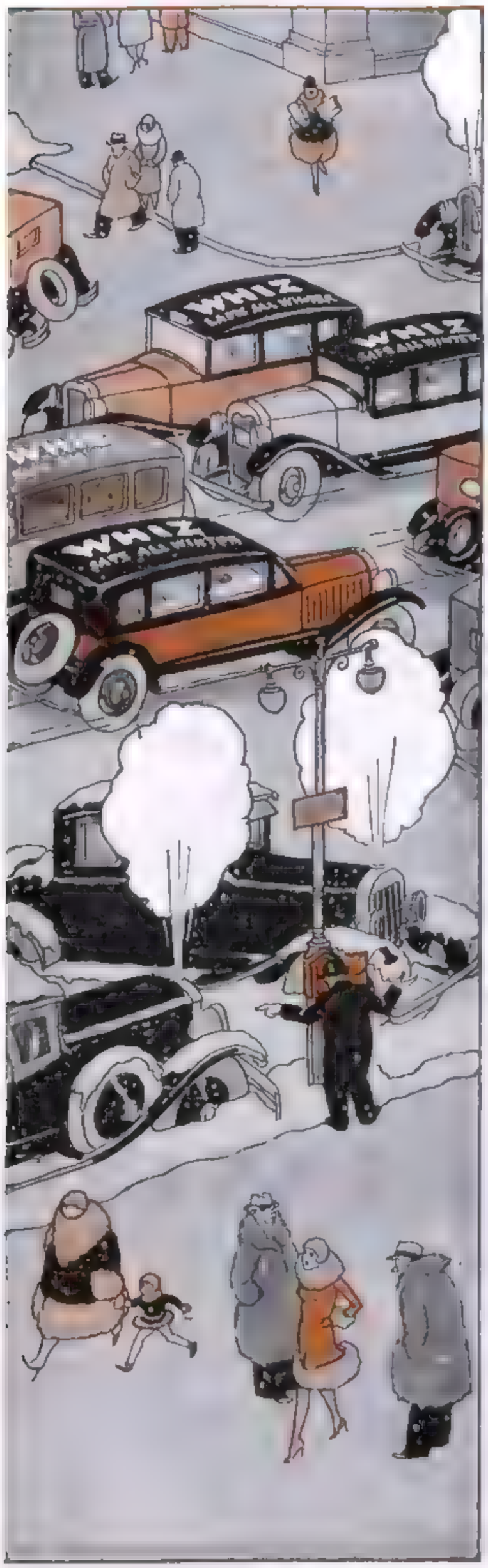


"Lay Off This Guy, Clancy—He's a Customer of Mine"

WHIZ


WHIZ
fill it and forget it
Whiz
GOLD BAND
ANTI-FREEZE
NON-EVAPORATING
DIRECTIONS
WHIZ
SAFE ALL WINTER

GOLD BAND ANTI-FREEZE



SOUND the alarm—winter's on the warpath—danger to all unprotected cars! If you don't prepare your car *now*, in advance, you may wake up some not-so-distant morning to find your radiator ruinously frozen, and an expensive repair bill needlessly in prospect. *Today*, let the garage man service your car with Whiz Gold Band Anti-Freeze, then you can forget freezing worries for the whole winter. Whiz Gold Band gives complete and dependable protection even at 40 degrees below zero. It does not evaporate and consequently one filling lasts all winter.

Whiz Gold Band does not corrode or injure any part of the cooling system. It is odorless and non-inflammable—and does not harm lacquer, Duco or other automobile finishes. And still, with all these convenient and important advantages, Whiz Gold Band costs less than any other anti-freeze. It will pay you to refuse any other anti-freeze and to *insist* on *Whiz Gold Band. The R. M. Hollingshead Co., Camden, New Jersey, and Toronto, Canada.*

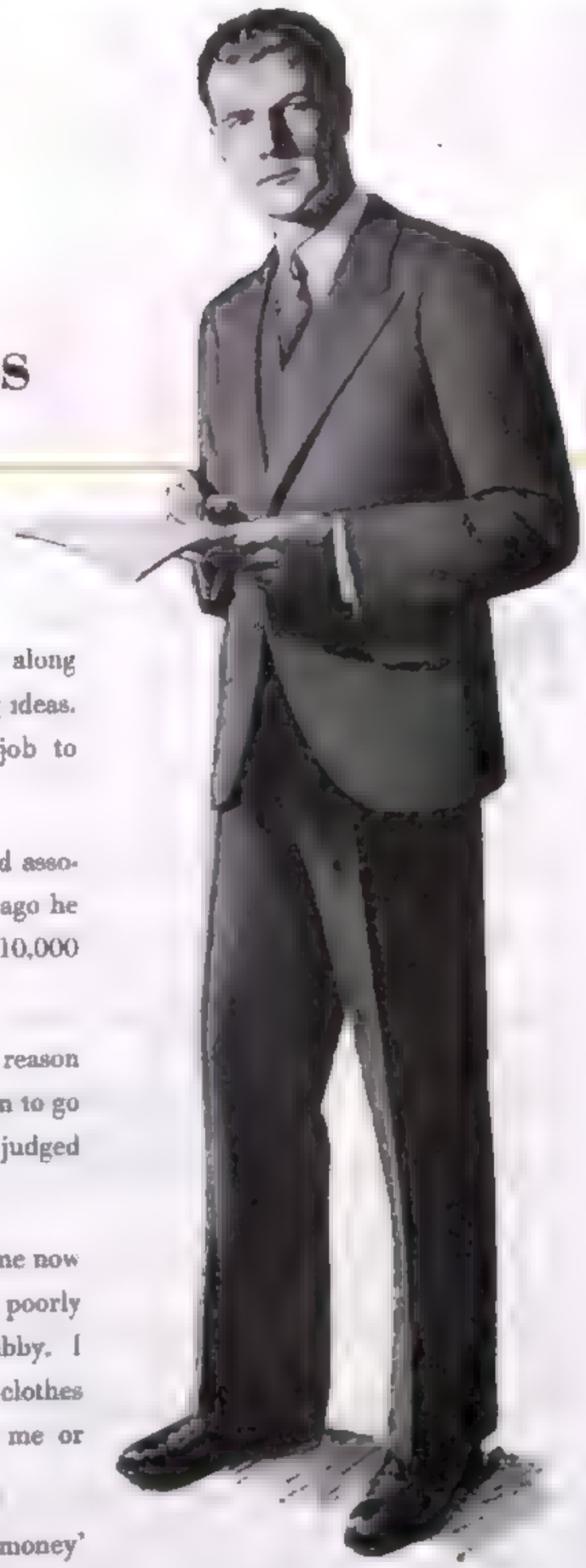
1 filling lasts all winter

SAFE! . CONTAINS NO INJURIOUS CHEMICALS

$3.25 per Gallon

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA AND WEST OF ROCKIES

He always had good ideas



—now he puts them over

RALPH BRADSHAW was able, got along well with people, had money-making ideas. Yet, he drifted from one poorly paid job to another for eight and a half years.

Then, to the surprise of his friends and associates, he began to go ahead. Five years ago he made $37.50 a week. Today he earns $10,000 a year.

When a friend asked him to give the reason for his rapid rise, Bradshaw said: "I began to go ahead fast when I realized that a man is judged *first* by his appearance.

"The ideas that are making money for me now are the same ideas I had when I was a poorly paid clerk. But in those days I was shabby. I used to go for weeks without having my clothes pressed. Nobody paid any attention to me or to my ideas.

"When I started looking like 'big money' people began to notice me. My improved appearance gave me self-confidence, and gave my employers more confidence in me. They listened to my ideas. They let me carry out some of them. They raised my pay when my ideas were successful. Nothing can stop me now!"

Write to us or ask your Valetor for the free booklet, "He Thought It Was a Fool Idea." U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corp., 105 Fourth Ave., New York City. In Canada, Canadian Hoffman Machinery Co. Ltd., 31-35 Mutual Street, Toronto, 2, Ontario.

This story is one of hundreds. All reveal the fact that while ability, getting along with people and good ideas are essential for success in any field, the right appearance *speeds* success.

If you want your appearance to help you succeed, have your clothing pressed regularly the Valetor Way. Examine each suit when it comes back from the Valetor. You will know it has been pressed correctly because the answer to these questions will be "YES":

1. Are the shoulders of the coat well shaped; free from wrinkles?
2. Are the lapels pressed to "roll"—not creased?
3. Is the collar reshaped to fit the neck correctly?
4. Are both coat fronts shaped to the chest?
5. Are pockets free from sag; flaps pressed without leaving marks on the coat?
6. Does the coat back hang smoothly?
7. Are the sleeves free from wrinkles, with or without crease, as the wearer desires?
8. Is the lining well pressed; free from wrinkles?
9. Is bagginess at the knees removed; does a firm sharp crease run the length of the trouser-leg from mid-pocket to cuff?
10. Are trouser-tops pressed and wrinkles removed?
11. Are perspiration odors removed?
12. Is the cloth soft and lustrous; the nap raised?

VALETOR PRESSING

Have your clothes pressed where you see this sign..

HOFFMAN VALETOR DEPENDABLE PRESSING SERVICE

15,341 VALETORS DISPLAY THIS SIGN

© 1929, U. S. Hoffman Mach. Corp

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

(Continued from Page 33

was able to collect about eighty, in tens and fives. What it cost him in compunction and chagrin to do so was incalculable. Not that everybody wasn't perfectly square about it! Everybody was. Each peered at his name in the little book, and either remembered the loan or said, "Well, I'll take your word for it, Toby." But they were all a little hurt, a little reproachful; their eyes suggested that a pal had turned against them. Plaintively they spoke of ailing wives, of costly sweethearts, of the first of the month and of Christmas coming. Toby usually ended up by trying to restore the money, if, indeed, any money had changed hands. "I don't need it, honestly. I just thought if you could spare it —— But you can pay me sometime later on."

A week of this sort of thing was enough. In a fit of extreme distaste for the whole performance, he burned the notebook, and was at once both glad and sorry. He told himself that he had consigned four hundred dollars to flames, but he knew he had not, and the holocaust made him feel better. Larger. "It's no use, anyway," he thought. "I can't dun these guys. If they ever have the dough they'll know where to find me."

He had other projects. He was negotiating with a promoter named Zimmerman, who owned a hockey club and wanted publicity matter written. Also, he was making dogged efforts to sell himself to the editor of the Star's Sunday magazine section as the logical man to write the proposed My Life, By Homer Boyle, in ten installments. Boyle was a very great shortstop, of course—one of the greatest shortstops of his day—but his literary ability was unfortunately nil, and in the fulfillment of the agreement he had lately signed with the Star for his autobiography—fifty thousand literate words of it—somebody would have to pinch-hit for him.

Toby desired to be that somebody. The assignment—unlike the Barry Brent assignment for the sports page, which had been part of his job—would be remunerative; if he got it he would ask for money in advance; as he would from Zimmerman also, if he got that. He had it all planned. The autobiography would necessitate a flying trip to the town where, in the intervals of ball playing, Boyle conducted a tobacco shop. Toby thought to make this trip during the third week in December, and to write the story during the two subsequent weeks. Sports were always quiet around the holidays. He could write the ten installments in those three weeks, easily.

While these things were hanging fire he inquired after Cabaret Lady. He did this by mail, and rather in fear and trembling, lest his impatience militate against him. If a sale to this particular magazine was indicated he didn't want to kill it, heaven knew. On the other hand, if, as he suspected, the manuscript was already clipped with a rejection slip, he might as well have it back now, immediately, as await some secretary's bored convenience. He could send it somewhere else, try another market. His faith in it was failing; it had seemed a good story, but that was when it was newly done, when anything seemed good; he had not read it over since. "Probably it's lousy," he thought now. But it might not be. It might sell somewhere.

In the meantime December came; the bills came by handfuls, and Toby said nonchalantly, "Just stick them in the drawer. When they're all here I'll attend to them." Afterward he thought he should have realized that Ann's silence, her failure to interrogate him or to make any comment at all was portentous. He thought he should have foreseen that she would do just what she did do. But that was afterward, when she had done it.

He saw Puff. The encounter was no fault of his own, and his instant mental reaction was the shaping of words in which he would describe it, later, to Ann: "Oh, incidentally! Your little friend Puff was there. Yeah. I saw her a minute as I was leaving."

Like a telegraph instrument his mind ticked out the running account while his genial voice cried, "Why, hullo!" While his fingers that were dyed at the tips from pinching at a recalcitrant typewriter ribbon closed quick and strong around her proffered hand. He grinned immensely, being surprised and not displeased. Puff, very blond, very Parisian, in black. Bright yellow hair and a black hat. Hazy perfume. Click of half a dozen slave-link bracelets under her cuff. Eyelashes as usual.

He thought, for telling Ann, "Little too spectacular, though, the whole effect. And she's got some lipstick on a tooth. On two teeth, in fact."

He said, "Well! What are you doing here?"

This was Madison Square Garden. The six-day bicycle race was on, and in its third day now; Toby was covering it. To anyone interested, the fact of his presence in the press box every evening from eight o'clock until after the sprints at midnight was revealed by his signed daily story; Puff had evidently been reading the Star. Too late he realized that she was here because he was here, and that, being Puff, she would probably admit it.

She did. "Watching you," she said matter-of-factly, as if this were the only entertainment the Garden offered. "I wanted to see a sports writer in action."

They stood beyond the head of the aisle of steps that led down to the press box. Toby, ascending these steps with the lounging, lazy-looking fleetness that characterized his movements—ascending with head bent, as if the scarf that swung in two long ends from his neck were heavy—had not heard Puff's voice till he reached the top. There it arrested him, and he glanced back. Puff was four steps below him. A boy with a tall card in his hat, who bore a basket containing—he made no secret of it—candy and crack-a-jacks, peanuts and pop corn, had momentarily impeded her upward progress. Puff, when first glimpsed, was striving to wither this youth with a look and at the same time to keep starry eyes upon Toby.

In her wake there followed a gentleman, unmistakably her escort, though he had the air of one more brought than bringing. At close range, this was a very young gentleman, perhaps twenty, with a combed brown head and shell-rimmed spectacles, behind which he appeared to have retired to think things over. Puff murmured that his name was Wintringer; her tone seemed to add, "if it matters."

She said to Toby, "We've been here ever since the theater. Sitting right down there. Right in back of that man with his feet up."

Toby looked politely. "Near as that? Why didn't you sing out? Or throw something at me?"

Puff hadn't wanted to interrupt him. "You were so busy! I was terribly impressed."

Young Mr. Wintringer, after shaking hands, had made himself comfortable in the background. He stood withdrawn in spirit, through his shell-rims regarding the track in the arena below, where the bicycles circled slowly now, after their midnight speeding, slowly and patiently and inexorably, as if forever. Young Mr. Wintringer's eyes did not seem to understand bicycle racing. Toby said kindly, "See that one just going into his tent? His partner's going to ride for him now, while he rests. That's Iron-man McNamara."

"Oh. Yes," said Wintringer vaguely.

Puff was more honest. "Whoever he is!"

She was arranging her coat, pulling its collar close at the throat. "Come on," she urged them both, glancing at Toby. "You were leaving, weren't you? How do you get out of this funny place?"

Toby thought, for telling Ann: "So I led the babes in the woods as far as the Eighth Avenue entrance, and tucked 'em into a taxi."

But the story, as it turned out, ran: "—— and got in with them."

So he wouldn't tell Ann anything after all. Better scrap the whole tale, since this development, that involved the breaking of his promise to her, would find his listener hard and unforgiving.

Yet it was because of a loyalty to Ann, a wish to protect her against Puff's intuition—it was mainly because of this that he broke the promise. He had no hope that he could make Ann believe it—he would not try—but it was so.

Descending stairs in the Garden, clickety-click on tiny heels, Puff had said confidentially—Wintringer was behind them—"Was Ann simply furious about the other night?"

"No, not at all."

He felt her sidelong glance. Awaited, stiffly, on his guard, what she would say.

She didn't say it. Not just then. Instead she complained that he hadn't telephoned her since that evening. "You might at least have called up to find out if I survived."

"I should've, shouldn't I?" Toby said.

Neither of them referred to the several calls she had made to the office in the ten days' interim. Toby naturally would not, having ignored the messages; and Puff—"for once in her life," he thought—had some shame. Or hadn't she? Perhaps it was only that her mind was busy remembering the party. "What a bender!" she was saying, smiling reminiscently. "What time did you get home? Or didn't you?"

"Five o'clock."

"And Ann wasn't mad?"

Here it came again.

"No," he said coldly. "Ann doesn't get mad."

"You mean to tell me she didn't say anything?"

"She did not."

Again Puff smiled. He could feel her smiling. "You wouldn't fool me, would you?" she murmured.

This was unanswerable, because it was hardly a question at all, and to answer it was to protest too much. Besides, they had reached the street. "Don't be a sap," Toby grunted in an aside. He said to Wintringer, "You want that taxi, don't you?"

"Taxi!" piped Wintringer, beckoning.

"What about you?" said Puff to Toby.

"I'll take the Subway."

"Where to?"

"*Chez moi.*"

"Oh, why?" Puff remonstrated. "Don't go home yet! It's early. It isn't one o'clock, even. You don't have to go home for a little while, do you?"

"I don't have to, no."

"Then come on with us and have something to eat or something. Come on!" urged Puff, pulling at his sleeve. Laughing at him. "What are you looking so owly-eyed about? Ann won't mind!"

So he went, to show her that Ann wouldn't.

Then everything happened at once. Everything that had been threatening, in one never-to-be-forgotten day befell him. Fate had no mercy that day. Fate was a pugilist, relentless, insensate; lashed into fiendish fury by the shiftiness of this weakling, this bantam-weight opponent, who had dodged the blows too long. Fate caught him now, and forced him back against the ropes, and held him, pounding him: "Take that! And that! And that!" And there was no bell, and there was no referee.

It began in the morning. It was a gradual infliction, beginning almost imperceptibly. The breakfast toast had been burned

(Continued on Page 141)

Rock Island

NEW *de luxe*

GOLDEN STATE LIMITED TO CALIFORNIA

A Cruise Through a Topaz Sea

and its archipelago of green oases—through the glorious sunshine of Arizona to California—where mountain-hemmed resorts, luxurious hotels and unique playgrounds summon the traveler to rest and recreation in a land steeped in sunshine and color. Plan to stop over.

America's Newest, Finest Train

Convenient Schedule
Minimum daylight hours en route—
Only 2 days Chicago to California—
3 days from Coast to Coast

Every Travel Luxury No Extra Fare

Rock Island-Southern Pacific
Golden State Route

[illegible] E Paso, Tucson, Chandler, Phoenix, [illegible] Los Angeles. Thru sleeping cars St. Louis and Memphis.

Direct Low Altitude Route to Los Angeles and San Diego

ROCK ISLAND
THE ROAD OF ANNUAL SERVICE

For detailed information, mail this coupon

Rock Island Vacation Travel Service Bureau
774 La Salle Street Station
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me literature descriptive of Arizona and California and full information regarding train schedules and service via Golden State Route

Name

Address

When minutes mean life itself... *ELGIN keeps the time*

COMMANDER ELLSBERG
who raised the sunken submarine S-51 Author of "On the Bottom."

Down twenty fathoms to the slither and muck of the ocean floor where death dwells in the queer green twilight, slo .ly sinks a diver.

On deck men stand intent at the air lines . . . eyes fixed to the stream of bubbles rising from the diver going down, eyes fixed to the air gauges . . . and to the creeping hands of an ELGIN.

For here . . . as the heroes of the Falcon salvaged the sunken submarine S-51 . . . life itself was measured by time. Let time fail . . . let a watch deceive the man at the air-pressure controls . . . and the "bends" will attack the diver . . . that strange deep-sea affliction that bends men into knots, that maims and twists and paralyzes . . . its perils are vividly set forth in Ellsberg's book "On the Bottom."

Here was no mild and ordinary test of timekeeping. Here was the grimmest, hardest test a watch can know. For here life was pinned to the hands of a watch.

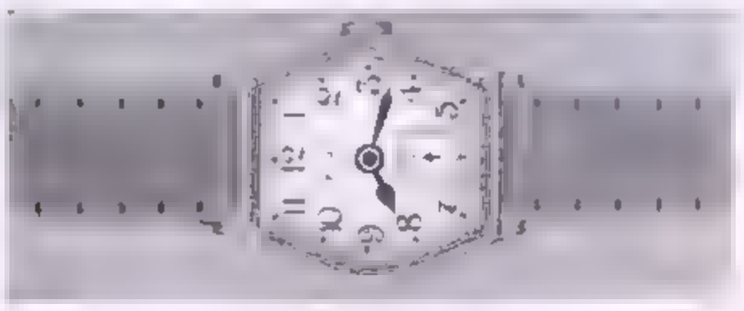
The odds are certain that you will never don a diving suit and explore the ocean's depths. Perhaps you'll never pilot a plane . . . nor run a locomotive. Never call upon your watch to share in some vast heroic service. Yet there's pride in owning such a watch that would be worth the payment of a higher price.

But there is no higher price . . . ELGINS meet and compete in price with every watch of comparable quality. And as for their accuracy, their time keeping, their utter dependability . . . ask Ellsberg . . . or any admiral, general, railroad man from engineer to president, ask any aviator who has told us . . . and you . . . how finely his ELGIN has served him. And just ask your jeweler to show you his array . . . as for ELGIN'S style and smart good looks.

The ELGIN Legionnaire worn by the famous Legionnaire Commander Edward Ellsberg. No sturdier . . . or smarter wrist watch has ever been created at its price. . . . $24

© ELGIN, 1929

Another favorite Elgin, when reliable time-keeping and heavy service are demanded. Primarily a railroad watch (the famous B. W. Raymond 21 jewel model, with winding indicator) but favored by men in many occupations where time is the essence of success. Price $65



Another Legionnaire, just as sturdy, just as faithful in its ELGIN timekeeping, with a new stream line case which tapers to a smart flexible band. The dial is cleverly embossed. $23.

ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE

(Continued from Page 139)

and then scraped, no cigarettes were to be found in the place, his cherished By Toby McLean had accidentally been left off his story in the paper; these things were irritating, certainly, but they were not recognizable as harbingers of woe. Only when he had lived this day through could he see them as such, thinking, "From the minute I got out of bed ——."

He had risen early—for him. It was barely eleven o'clock in the morning when he opened the bedroom door and shuffled across the little hall to the cold shower that was needed to waken and rouse him. In the bathroom, Missouri was scrubbing the tiled floor on her hands and knees. Dimly—he was almost sleepwalking—he remarked her presence; and in an unintelligible mumble he ordered her out. Missouri collected her pail and cloths and brushes and heaved to her feet. She said something about Ann and something about his breakfast, but he did not know what it was she said about either.

Entering the studio a little later, wide awake, wet haired, and slick and shaven—human now, lacking only hot black coffee—he shouted "Missouri!" And when the negress arrived from the kitchen, "Where's Mrs. McLean? Did you tell me?"

It appeared that Ann had had an early appointment. "She lef' here nine o'clock," Missouri reiterated patiently. "She say to tell you she be back by noon, if she ain't phoned."

Toby nodded, reaching for the paper. "Don't give me grapefruit this morning. I want orange juice."

Glancing over the front-page headlines, none of which arrested his attention, he thought of last night. "Confound it," he thought immediately. He should have come home. He should have put Puff in her place with one deft sentence, suavely spoken—here he paused to frame the very sentence, and one or two others almost as good—and having spoken, he should have bowed politely, smiled ironically, turned on his heel and left her there. He could see himself doing it. In his mind's eye, a man like Adolph Menjou in the guise of Toby McLean was bowing politely, smiling ironically. This vision charmed him for a moment; then reality blotted it out. "Doggone her, anyway!"

He tried not to know, but he knew—Puff had made a monkey of him again. He rattled his paper noisily, as if to deafen himself to this jeer in his mind. He shifted his position, uncrossed his knees and recrossed them.

He bellowed to Missouri for his breakfast. "Well, snap it up, can't you?" He had to bellow at someone about something.

When Ann came home she would say, "What time did you get in last night?" She had been asleep at three A. M. She would say, "I'm glad you telephoned me at—what was it—one o'clock? I'd have been awfully worried if you hadn't." She might or she might not inquire idly who the boys were with whom he had said he was "just sitting around here, talking things over," in a restaurant on Forty-ninth Street. If she did inquire he would answer: "Oh, Shorty, and Joe Williams, and Bill Corum ——"

Any newspaper names would do. The trouble with this particular prevarication was not that it would be difficult to put over—it wouldn't be—but that the game had not been worth the candle. He hadn't enjoyed the two hours with Puff and young Wintringer. He had not been amused, nor had his presence proved to Puff what he had meant it to prove; he saw that now. And now, for those two futile hours—for boredom, for a beefsteak sandwich, for a lot of inferior brandy—he must look Ann in the eyes, and lie, and lie. There was no percentage. "Confound it, anyway!"

All these things he thought, awaiting his breakfast.

The story without a by line was the next thing. This had seemed, when he wrote it, just another bike-race story. Now he perceived that it was the finest bike-race story he had ever written in his life. "And look at it! Anonymous!" That was always the way—always. Do something specially good, and they left your name off every time! He remembered one other time, two years ago. "Never knew it to fail!"

Swearing, he threw the paper down.

"Missouri!"

"Yas-suh?"

"Come here a minute. . . . What is this, may I ask?"

Missouri eyed it uncertainly. "'At? 'At's a piece of toas'."

"Don't kid me!" Toby grunted. "It's a souvenir of the Chicago fire. I know a former shingle when I see one." He cast it from him. "Now, for the love of heaven, make me toast! That I can eat!"

He had cigarettes by the time Ann came; Missouri had been dispatched to the corner to buy some. But for half an hour his matutinal craving had gone unsatisfied; there had been nothing to smoke, not even a yesterday's stub in an ash tray, and the vain search and the deprivation had not improved his temper. Neither had an unsuccessful telephone call, made before Missouri returned. He had tried to call Zimmerman, who had promised him a decision this day on the matter of the hockey-club publicity. Zimmerman was not there. They said he was in Canada. He would be gone two weeks or more. He had left no word for Mr. McLean.

Evidently that was the answer. Hanging up the receiver, Toby quoted aloud, "'P. S. I got the job.' Yeah!" he added dourly. "In a pig's eye!"

He had needed that job. He had counted on getting it. He stood very still for a minute, staring down at the telephone.

The day of adversity had begun in earnest.

"Now why," said Ann, "all this sudden surprising interest in the bills?"

"Isn't it high time?"

"Well, maybe, but ——"

"I know," Toby interrupted. "It isn't like me. I know all that." He wrenched open another drawer of the desk. "They're not in here either."

The drawer slammed. Toby straightened in the chair, facing Ann. "What'd you tell me they were in the desk for, anyway?"

"Aren't they?"

"You know perfectly well they're not!"

Ann was collecting her coat, hat, gloves and pocketbook from the armchair near the door, where, entering, she had disposed them. "All right," she said resignedly, "if you must know ——"

The bills were paid. She had paid them a week ago—all of them—with her own money. Bills for furniture, bills for clothing, Toby's clothing as well as hers. The bill for the flowers for her shoulder.

Ann did not go into details. She simply stated, "I paid them." But to Toby it was as if she said, "I bought your winter overcoat, and those silk pajamas you're wearing, and the orchids, and the candy, and my wedding ring ——"

It was hideous.

"Why?" he demanded.

Ann told him why. She seemed a shade surprised that he had asked. "Somebody had to pay them."

Toby's eyes narrowed. "Oh, I see! And you, being the breadwinner ——"

Ann was sitting down now. She put her head back wearily against the back of the chair. "Oh, Lord! I was afraid of this," she murmured. Then her head came up again. "Listen to me a minute, Toby!"

But Toby would not listen. He was exceedingly angry. "Listen!" he shouted. "You listen to me!"

And in a minute Ann was angry too.

"May I ask one question?" she said coldly when she could. Hers was a still and frozen anger, not like Toby's. "Did you," she asked, "or didn't you have the money to pay those bills?"

"That's neither here nor ——"

"Don't hedge. Just answer me. You didn't have it," Ann answered herself. "You not only didn't have it but you weren't lifting a finger to get it. In the two months and a half we've been married, what've you done about those bills? Nothing. Not one thing. And that being the case," said Ann, "if I were you, I'd keep my mouth shut. And be thankful that ——"

She got no farther.

"'Thankful'!" Toby spat the word. "'Thankful,' eh? I shouldn't bite the hand that's feeding me, is that it? I ought to fawn a little, I suppose! Judas!" he cried. "What do you think I am, anyway—a gigolo?" He took two strides and wheeled on Ann again. "And another thing! What makes you so sure I haven't 'lifted a finger,' as you call it? How do you know I ——"

Ann cut in. "Oh, don't be fantastic," she said with weary scorn.

"Yeah? 'Fantastic?' Let me tell you something!"

"Do!" said Ann.

She made it impossible, by that sardonic, short command. She nullified everything that he would tell her before he spoke. He could tell her nothing. His lips closed, tight.

"Believe what you like," he snapped. And added, out of injury: "No use trying to tell you anything, ever. You know it all."

Ann said, "I know you, anyway."

She said much more. And Toby said more also. The original point of dispute was lost in the chaos of utterances, until they forgot how it was that this frenzy had started. Now they quarreled over Toby's drinking, over Ann's work; over Toby's attitude toward Ann's work, which Ann maintained had been "contemptible" from the very beginning. Violently they bickered over trifles dragged from memory; incidents made grievances, *pro tem*. There was the incident of the manuscript which Toby had neglected to mail for Ann, who had found it days afterward, stamped and sealed, in a brief case in the studio closet. Belatedly now she appeared to believe that Toby's sin of omission had been deliberate, malicious—done out of jealousy. There was the episode of the handsome young polo player, an acquaintance of Toby's, who had "tried to promote" Ann at one of the Sunday evening parties. Now, of a sudden, the fact was—according to Toby—that this had been Ann's fault, Ann had led him on; she had acted outrageously.

"Well, anyway," said Ann, "I didn't kiss him!"

Then there was Puff, and Toby instantly on the defensive: "You would bring that up!"

Ann said that Toby was lazy, that he had talent but no ambition, brains but no backbone; that he would never get anywhere. Toby, hit where he lived, struck back with statements to the effect that Ann's work was the only thing in the world for which she cared, and that she was letting everything else—her home, her marriage—"everything but your typewriter!"—go to rack and ruin. That brought them around to Toby's drinking again, Ann having retorted that as between a typewriter and a husband who absolutely reeked of liquor all the time, she naturally chose the typewriter. Toby said, "What do you mean—'all the time'?" Ann said, "All the time lately. You haven't drawn a sober breath in the last two weeks, and you know it."

This was not true, and Toby, among other things, said, "You give me a pain!"

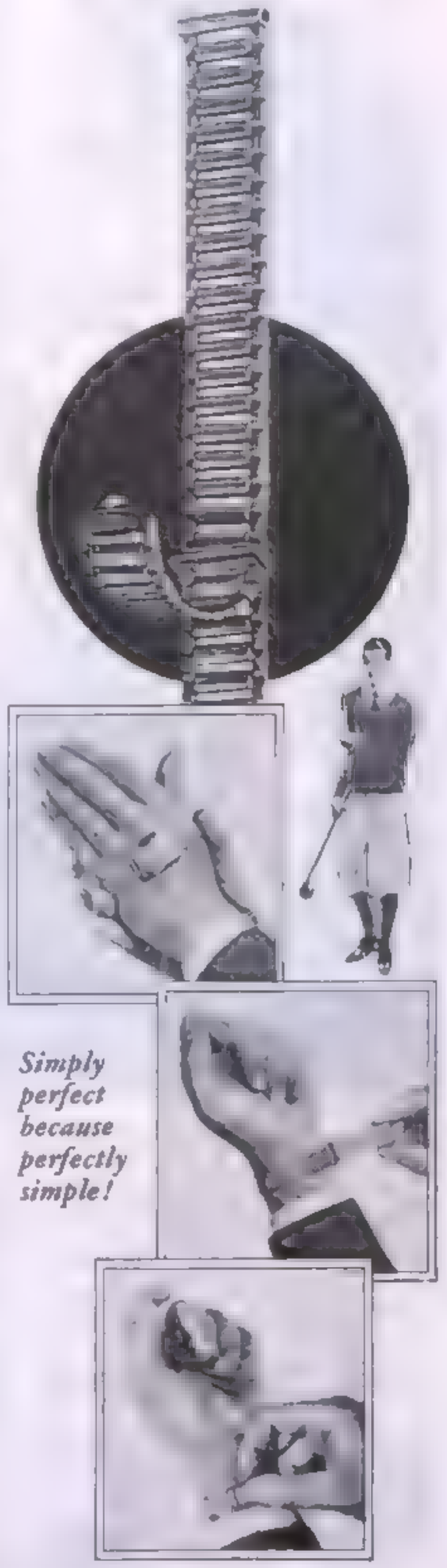
Ann's reply was the inevitable one: "Well, if that's the way you feel"—she shrugged—"you know what you can do."

So Toby did it.

A brief, necessary delay rather spoiled the effect of his departure; such exits should be instantaneous to be their most dramatic, and he, unfortunately, was not dressed. But when he had dressed he strode through the studio without speaking to Ann, crammed on his hat as if there had been no lapse of time whatever between his wish to do so and its fulfillment, yanked the door open, heard its shattering bang behind him, and, on the whole, felt satisfied that Ann was shown a thing or two.

In a speak-easy called Harry's, he cooled off in spite of himself. He would have

The Latest!
KREMENTZ
"Self Adjustable"
WATCH BAND



Simply perfect because perfectly simple!

SHALL we say it's "simply perfect"? Or "perfectly simple"? The tremendous success of this newest Krementz Wrist Watch Band says it is both! By means of the open links and a clever clasp, it at once becomes "self-adjustable" to *any* size wrist. Mannish looking! Smart! A worthy accompaniment to the costliest watch. A wonderful gift, or prize. Let your jeweler show you how easily it works. In Solid Gold or Platinum. Or Krementz Quality Rolled Gold on a Sterling Silver base. Write for booklet, and name of nearest jeweler. New Yorkers may phone our Fifth Avenue Office, Lackawanna 3123.

KREMENTZ & CO.
Makers of Fine Jewelry since 1866
Newark, N. J.

That's our new "furnace nurse"

"Furnace nurse?" Why if you haven't one *that's all you are* all winter. The house gets cool and down you run to open up the drafts . . . and then it gets too warm and down you run again. It takes more nursing in cold weather than a half sick husband spending a day home from the office.

Isn't it foolish when "Sheer Comfort" Heat Regulator gives you *the same automatic temperature control over your furnace that homes using oil burners now have.* It does this on any coal, coke or gas-burning, warm-air, hot-water or steam heating plant, and saves more than it costs.

Doctors will tell you that 68° to 70° is the healthful home temperature—that most homes are *overheated*—destroying health in the attempt to create comfort.

"Sheer Comfort" safeguards health by maintaining a uniform home temperature and eliminates all the steps now necessary in regulating your furnace.

You simply set the thermostat (usually at 70°) and "Sheer Comfort" regulates your furnace. It functions on one-half degree variation. This uniform temperature saves from 20 to 25 per cent of your yearly fuel bill because *each degree* above the necessary temperature *wastes up to 5 per cent* of your fuel.

Four Exclusive Features

1 *Automatically checks furnace if current stops—no overheating.*

2 *Automatically re-engages after fueling—no forgetting.*

3 *Three Minute Automatic action—no banking up of gases.*

4 *No gears, motors, clocks or dry batteries—nothing to require service.*

Only $48 Installed

"Sheer Comfort" is approved by recognized authorities and guaranteed by this 40 year old firm. Thousands are in use. It is fool proof—trouble proof. It frequently saves its entire cost the first year. Have your heating or hardware dealer install one now—or use coupon below.

SHEER • COMFORT

heat Regulator

H. M. Sheer Co., 133 Hampshire St., Quincy, Illinois

Send me your free booklet, "Health and Economy with Temperature Control"

Name

Address

My dealer is

preferred to remain angry. By recalling, word for word, the more caustic of Ann's recriminations, by telling himself that she thought him a loafer, a drunkard, and a ne'er-do-well, he sought to fan his anger, to keep it flaming. But this he was unable to do for long. To remember that Ann's eyes had hated him was to remember that, underneath their hard, derisive glaze, there had been suffering and incredulity. "Is this I?" her eyes had wondered. "Saying these terrible things to you?" She had not meant them. His intelligence, functioning after two soothing beers, persuaded him that Ann had meant no more of what she said than he had meant of what he had said to her. And for the fact that she had several times hit the nail square on the head he had himself to blame. There was a nail there.

He broke pretzels in his fingers and fed himself the pieces, and munched them slowly, ruminatively. Ann had done him but one injustice. This was his ultimate conclusion. He could discard such palpably preposterous, childish taunts as that about his having hidden her manuscript. Ann would be much ashamed of that, it was unworthy of her; he had felt only pity—lofty pity—when she said it. Discarding it and other thrusts from tissue-paper weapons, one single thing remained that he could righteously resent. This was her flat refusal to give credence even to the suggestion that he had tried to meet his obligations. "Oh, don't be fantastic!"

This smarted. Some of his hurts he deserved, but this he did not; and in the sweeping plea for forgiveness he would make to Ann, it would be the reservation, the "but." He would say, "There's just one thing: I haven't been as lazy and irresponsible about money matters as you seem to think. Not by a long shot! As a matter of fact ——"

He would tell her. He would tell her all about the extra work he had striven to get, the ghost-writing assignment he still had hopes of getting. He would describe his attempts to collect from his numerous debtors. He would announce the completion of Cabaret Lady.

His mind lingered there. If the story were only sold! There was vague dissatisfaction in the thought of saying "I finished it," and then having nothing more to say. It had been finished too long; the wine of accomplishment was flat. To impress Ann, who was always and forever finishing things, he should have been able to add, "and they bought it." Or at least, "and the editor says if I'll revise it a little ——"

He decided suddenly to go and see the editor. His letter of inquiry about the story had not been answered; he would take a run over there now and see what was what. He might as well. It was too soon to go home, anyway. He had banged the door too hard when he left, to return in less than an hour. "Infra dig." he told himself gravely.

Ann wouldn't even be wondering, yet. He poured the rest of his beer into the foamy glass and drank it. He thought, "'See the editor' is good! I probably won't get past the second assistant office boy." But never mind. He'd try anyway.

"Got a phone book, Harry?" he asked when he paid for his drinks in the room adjoining.

Harry produced an incredibly ancient and tattered one from somewhere underneath the bar

"Ah!" said Toby, admiring it. "A first edition!"

He was feeling almost blithe. "You certainly do love old things, don't you, Harry?" he said. "I've noticed that about you. Take your beer, for instance. Old?" He wagged his head, as if in awe. "Hardly a man is now alive who tasted it when it was new. Am I right, Harry?"

"You newspaper fellas," Harry said mournfully. "Always crackin' wise."

Toby found the address he sought, and murmuring it over to memorize it, closed the book

"I'm off," he said.

Harry called after him: "Say, how about that ticket for the fights?"

"Oh, sure. I won't forget. I'll be seeing you, Harry," Toby said.

The editorial offices of the Symposium were on the twentieth floor of an office building in the Forties. The reception room, into which you stepped direct from the elevators, was large and beautiful, dim and imposing. Toby found himself snatching his hat off with almost guilty haste, as though he had just discovered that he was in church. A quiet room. Thick rugs muffled his footfalls as he crossed it diagonally, headed for the appointment desk in the corner. People were sitting about stiffly, silently, in carved chairs with tall backs, waiting. They might have been there for hours. They had that air.

Presiding behind the desk was a highly appropriate young woman, a disdainful beauty, auburn-haired, gray-eyed. With elbows sheathed in sleek black satin resting on the wood before her, she sat turning a pencil around and around in her fingers. She had long rosy nails, like petals petrified and lacquered, and her marcel wave was four concentric circles around a part, as if a pebble had been dropped in a pool of copper. She belonged to the room. She was, you felt, the inspiration of the decorator who had done it. As well remove the tapestries and paintings from the walls as let this bit of bric-a-brac go out to luncheon.

There was a pad on the desk before her, and a telephone at her hand. Toby supplied his name and the object of his visit, and watched these statements scribbled on the pad. Then, from the nearest carved chair, he heard them being transmitted through the telephone to someone—as, indeed, did everyone else in the room.

"McLean," said the young woman's cool clear voice—"M-c-L-e-a-n. About a story he sent in five weeks ago."

It was rather distressing. Toby sat bent forward, his forearms on his knees, his eyes much interested in what his fingers were doing to his hat brim. In this moment he perceived that he was being a pest. He knew it. All these other people knew it.

The young woman hung up the receiver and pushed the telephone to one side. Lightly she pressed her copper hair close to one cheek with the tips of three fingers. "If you'll wait," she remarked to Toby.

He waited. He recovered his equanimity, the limelight having shifted to a newcomer who bore a mammoth thin thing in paper wrappings, evidently a drawing, and who, with enviable familiarity and ease, addressed the goddess at the desk as "Gert." Toby relaxed against his chair and glanced about him. Four people waiting: A college-looking girl in a green felt hat and woolen stockings, probably wanting a job—"I majored in English." A lady of uncertain age, with very large ankles, balancing a portfolio on a slippery mink lap—"I have a few little poems here." A timid, troubled, small man with red-rimmed peering eyes—"I know your time is valuable, but if you could spare a minute ——" The fourth person was more difficult to classify, since an outspread newspaper concealed all of him but the sharp-creased trouser legs and the dark gray spats and the dull black shoes. Toby decided, for no particular reason, that this was an authors' agent.

Having solved these human equations to his satisfaction, he lit a cigarette and moved to a seat beside a table where there were ash trays. Here, under a lamp, lay the January issues of the several magazines published by this corporation; each in a special lettered leather cover of its own. He picked up the Symposium and leafed through it slowly. Stories by the usual people—the big names. "I've got a crust," he thought, "trying to crash in here!" But there were names he didn't know. One or two.

He closed the magazine and put it back, and just sat. The room was not so very quiet now. People came and went through two heavy doors that gave quick glimpses of corridors beyond, and other doors. The man with the drawing had disappeared within. A girl in a smocked navy-blue silk dress had emerged and smiled at the lady of uncertain age, saying, "He can see you now, Miss Pease," and Miss Pease's sturdy ankles had carried her, portfolio and mink and all, inside. A whistling, pimpled youth had come out, dangling galley proofs in his hand.

A man with dramatic snow-white hair and a youngish, sunburned face had stepped from an elevator and gone inside, not stopping at the desk, barely nodding to the goddess. Two stenographers in hats and coats had rung for a down-going elevator and were waiting under a red light, pulling their gloves on. Typewriters and adding machines and telephone bells could be heard remotely. On floors higher than this one, people were mailing many letters; every few seconds the swift white flashes of envelopes sped, whispering, down the perpendicular narrow chute of glass.

Toby stirred restlessly. He crooked his elbow to uncover his wrist watch, but his wrist was bare, and he remembered that he had left the watch on the chiffonier at home, having been in too great a hurry to strap it on. It must be half-past one or later. He had been here at least a quarter of an hour. He hated to wait. Like all men who are not very busy, he resented the infringement on his time.

He glanced appealingly toward the goddess. She was reading a book. He considered approaching her again and telling her that he had an appointment somewhere else in ten more minutes. Decided against it. She would probably merely nod, saying, "Sorry."

(Continued on Page 145)

Upper Falls, Genesee River, Rochester

Three... and one to carry

THREE...and one to carry! With the pup it's three good legs and one that's of little use to him...at present!

With the man who buys a gallon of ordinary motor oil, it's three quarts of lubricant and one that's of little value to his motor...at any time!

And why? Because ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of oil, a quart or more of material that has little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor...three quarts of lubricant and one quart of waste.

But when you buy a gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil, you get four full quarts of *lubricant*—in fact, an *extra* quart!

And why? Because Quaker State is *super*-refined—carried a step further than ordinary oils.

This extra step removes the quart of waste that ordinary refining leaves in. And in its place you get a quart of the finest lubricant—so you really get an *extra* quart in every gallon!

That's one reason why you get extra-sweet lubrication from Quaker State. Here's another...

Every quart in every gallon of Quaker State is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the finest the world produces!

Let your motor have it! Stop at the green and white service station sign. Tell the service man to drain your crankcase and fill it up with Quaker State—and enjoy the sweetest-running miles you ever got from your motor!

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., Oil City, Pa.

Quaker State Specialized Tractor Oils are designed to give every make of tractor a longer life and a merrier one

THE ORIGINAL CERTIFIED PURE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL

There's an extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

QUAKER STATE MEDIUM MOTOR OIL.

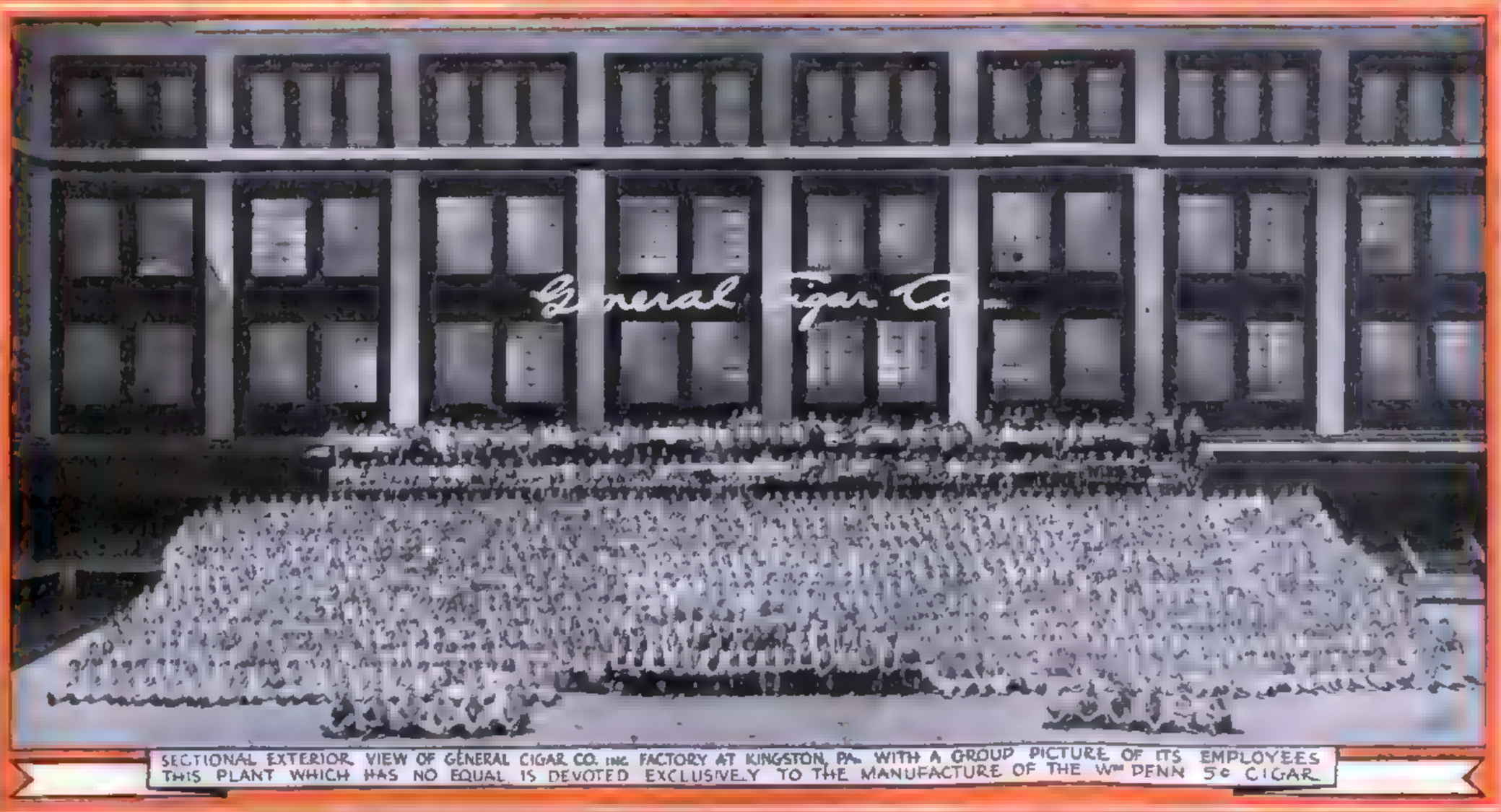
QUAKER STATE HEAVY MOTOR OIL.

QUAKER STATE TRACTOR OILS

QUAKER STATE AERO OILS

The World's Largest Selling Cigar

over 100,000,000 INCREASE in last twelve months



SECTIONAL EXTERIOR VIEW OF GENERAL CIGAR CO. INC. FACTORY AT KINGSTON, PA. WITH A GROUP PICTURE OF ITS EMPLOYEES
THIS PLANT WHICH HAS NO EQUAL IS DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE MANUFACTURE OF THE Wm PENN 5¢ CIGAR

One of the model factories where Wm. Penns are made by millions to meet the greatest demand for a cigar in the history of cigar making.

Wm. Penn

5 cents

a GOOD cigar

—FOIL PROTECTED—

(Continued from Page 142

He tilted his head against the chair and regarded with slanting vision the buckled patent-leather pumps of a girl who had just arrived and who was occupying a neighboring chair. The girl's ankles were crossed, and the sole of one new shoe was visible; the price mark was still stuck in the curve under the thin high heel. Idly he tried to make out what the figure was. It occurred to him that he might utilize this waiting time by planning his drive for funds for Ann's reimbursement. The fifteen hundred dollars he now owed was a new and different and infinitely more important fifteen hundred dollars; it was the value of his self-respect. He must have it. He must go after it all over again, redoubling his efforts. He ought to be thinking about it, making plans.

"Well," he thought, "this story of mine is worth a couple of hundred dollars; if not to this outfit, to some other. And I can get the office to give me a month's pay in advance—there's five hundred more. Five and two is seven—that's half of it, right there."

Heartening reflections. Sufficient for the present. Feeling pleased, feeling that it was all going to be quite easy, he lit another cigarette and fell to wondering how women ever walked on heels like those.

His wait ended abruptly. One of the two heavy doors opened again; it flew open with an effect of great hurry and energy combined, and there appeared a lady with brown taut hair and a dark green tailored suit, who said audibly to the goddess as she shot across the threshold, "Where is he?"

The goddess indicated Toby. Disposing of his cigarette, he rose to meet "Mr. Williard's assistant." She was, she added, Miss Holmes. A busy lady; this she did not add, nor did she need to. Toby thought he had never seen such a personification of alacrity, of vitality, of speed. Miss Holmes was a hare in a world of tortoises. She moved so much more fleetly than ordinary people as to make them seem hesitant and halt; and average speech, compared with her speech, drawled.

"Will you come this way?" she said, and immediately was off, Toby, at a brisk clip, following.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," she threw back over her shoulder.

"Quite all right," he murmured after her.

At the door he caught up, and would have held it open for her, but Miss Holmes' hand beat his to the knob, her shoulder pushed the panel. They were inside, hustling down a corridor, dodging the people they met, zigzagging wildly—"like," Toby thought, "two flivvers in a movie." He was amused. His mind was describing this flight for the eventual edification of Ann. "So fast the wind whistled in my ears, and you could've played cards on my coat tail."

He was a little excited too. Expectant. For surely he was about to hear something favorable. They wouldn't, surely, bring you this far to say, "Here, young man, is your story. No reflection on the merits of the manuscript is implied."

Miss Holmes presented her profile again for an instant. She had an aquiline nose and a thin mouth, like a pale pink piping. "We'll go into my office," she said. "Mr. Williard is talking to somebody. He'll be tied up for some time, I'm afraid. . . . In here," she added.

Her office was small and bright, and cluttered astonishingly with letters, with manuscripts in bunches, with old magazines in heaps, with proofs and memoranda, dummies and files. A straw-haired stenographer toiling at a typewriting desk near the window presented a bent tan crêpe-de-chine back to the room. On the walls there were framed originals of illustrations and covers, and two or three autographed photographs of famous contributors. Miss Holmes closed the door and slid into the swivel chair that cowered before the mass of miscellany on the desk. She nodded at the chair opposite. "Sit down, Mr.—McLeen? Or McLane?"

Toby echoed the second pronunciation. He sat down, and finding Miss Holmes' eyes watching him, smiled. She was nice. A nice old girl with very bright brown eyes that sized him up and approved him. "We click," he thought, approving her. They would get along.

Miss Holmes produced a round tin can of cigarettes and pushed it across to him. "Smoke?"

"Thanks."

"You see this desk," its owner said, thumbing a lighter. Her eyes surveyed the desk. "Please take a good look at it," she said. "It explains much."

She halted long enough to assure herself that Toby had a light, to shut the lighter. Then, leaning on her folded arms, she began in earnest.

"I wrote you a letter only this morning, Mr. McLean. We liked your story. You have an extra copy at home, of course."

"Um-m," Toby agreed inattentively. His eyes were shining. "You really like it?"

"Very much. Mr. Williard was particularly enthusiastic about it. I'm sorry he's so busy today. He wanted to talk to you. He's been away," Miss Holmes said parenthetically. "Which accounts in part for our delay in reporting on the manuscript. It needed his O.K., you see. He got back only last week, and a few days ago he dictated a letter —— Isabel?" Miss Holmes dropped backward in the swivel chair and addressed the stenographer over her shoulder. "Have you got that letter to Mr. McLean—that first one?"

The letter, typewritten and signed, on a sheet of uncreased stationery, was found by Isabel with an ease that, in view of the confusion, seemed miraculous.

"Read it," said Miss Holmes, handing it over.

Toby read:

MR. TOBY MCLEAN,
SPORTS DEPARTMENT,
NEW YORK STAR,
NEW YORK CITY.

Dear Mr. McLean: Inclosed you will find our check for five hundred ($500.00) dollars in full payment for the first American and Canadian serial rights to your story, Cabaret Lady.

We think it an excellent piece of work. By all means let us have a chance at something else.

Cordially yours,
ROBERT K. WILLIARD.
Editor in chief.

He did not have to read it a second time. It was memorized, photographed on his mental lens, in the single reading; he could have made a duplicate of it, exact as a carbon copy, even to the initials, RKW:IB, in the lower corner. Yet he did not lift his eyes immediately. It was good to look at: "five hundred ($500.00) dollars." That—that in particular.

He looked hard at it. "Sa-ay!" he heard himself breathe exultantly. He felt himself beginning to grin, the grin spreading and stretching, as if his joy had fingers that pulled his cheeks. He was a little ashamed of this uncontrollable facial antic, which probably seemed to Miss Holmes extremely silly. He glanced up diffidently. Miss Holmes was smiling, too, and her smile was sympathetic, indulgent, warm.

"Something tells me," she said, "that this is your first story!"

He acknowledged it, beaming. "Say," he said ingenuously, "can I keep this?" He tapped the letter.

"Why not? It belongs to you."

"I'll have to frame it," Toby said. "like a diploma."

Miss Holmes watched him fold it. "It wasn't mailed," she remarked, "for a reason which it now becomes my painful duty to explain. Painful, because humiliating to me. The fact is, Mr. McLean, we've mislaid your manuscript!"

"You've ——."

Miss Holmes nodded. "Lost it. We can't find it anywhere. It was on this desk." She gave the desk a scowl of fierce antipathy. "Right here," she said, slapping a mound of papers with her palm. "Right on top. I remember perfectly, and so does Isabel. It was here the afternoon before Mr. Williard dictated that letter. Now, whether somebody knocked it off without noticing, and the scrubwoman found it that night on the floor and thought it was meant for the wastebasket, I don't know. I imagine," said Miss Holmes, "that that's what happened. The woman swears not, but of course she would. Anyway, it's gone."

Toby stared at her blankly. His mind felt blank. There was only one thing in his mind—a line of type he had seen a few minutes ago, while he was waiting:

The Symposium assumes no responsibility whatever for unsolicited manuscripts.

Miss Holmes was talking on. "Unpardonable carelessness," she said. "I'm distressed about it. Such a thing has never happened before in the history of this office, so far as I know. But, fortunately, there's no great harm done! You'll just bring us your other copy ——"

She stopped. His face had stopped her. She eyed him sharply, her brows together, pinned together by sudden agitation. "You said you had another copy?"

Toby inclined his head. "I know I did. I wasn't thinking." His eyelids flickered, fell, covering his eyes. His thumb and first finger plucked at the edge of the folded letter. "I haven't," he said difficultly. "That was the only copy. The original. It was pretty clear, so—I just sent it in."

"Oh, my goodness," Miss Holmes cried, "you didn't! I mean ——"

Toby nodded. He knew what she meant. It was incredible to her that he had taken such a risk; and now it was incredible to him. Newspaperman's trick.

"You see," he said, so Miss Holmes would not think him utterly insane, "I'm not used to carbons, working on a newspaper. I never thought —— It's my fault," he added. All his bitterness was for himself. It was his fault. His folly. His appalling stupidity.

The Symposium assumes no responsibility whatever ——

Of the rest of his interview with Miss Holmes, he never afterward remembered much, save that she had been kind; she had seemed to feel very badly. He remembered her saying, "I could bawl. I could," and looking as if she might. He remembered that she declared she would search for the manuscript again, she would scour the place, she would find it! It couldn't be lost, she insisted now. It must be somewhere.

"It'll turn up," she kept assuring him.

He smiled optimistically, for her sake. "Sure it will."

But it wouldn't. He knew.

"Did you ever hear of such a tough break," he asked Ann, "in all your life?"

As vigorously as a head can be shaken when it rests close in the curve of an arm, Ann shook her head. "Never," she said, "I never did." And she stormed, "That Miss Whatever-her-name-is ought to be fired!"

Their quarrel was forgotten. They had not had to patch it up, in the usual sense of the phrase. Each had forgiven the other for everything before Toby came home.

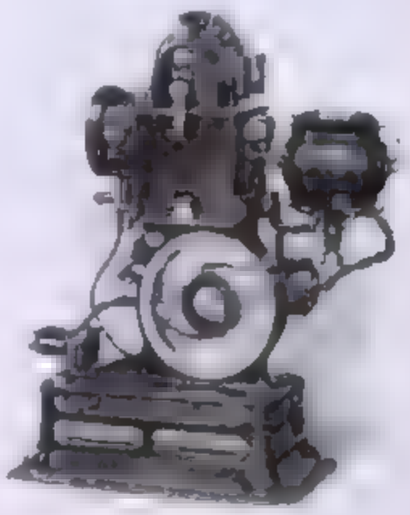
"Oh," Ann had breathed in immense relief, the minute she saw him, "I'm so glad you're here! Oh, Toby, darling, I'm so sorry!"

He had understood her, contradictory though the cry was. He had taken her in his arms, and she was there still. He needed her there. This was what he had come straight home for—to be forgiven—that first, of course; and then to hold Ann in his arms and tell her what had befallen him, and hear her exclaim and sputter and grieve aloud.

She was so satisfactory—Ann. For just as long as he wanted her to be indignant for him, she was indignant. "I think it's an outrage! They should pay you the five hundred dollars anyway! But, Toby, they should! You're not to blame that your story's lost—if it is lost—are you? Then

YOU can own this new Pathe Automatic Moving Picture Camera and motor driven Projector—$99 for both. Take Pathe's word that here is the smallest, simplest, lightest and least expensive practical movie Camera and Projector in the world.

The Pathe Automatic Camera needs no study to operate. What you see through the view-finder you can photograph. Pressing a lever starts it—pressing it again stops it. It is simpler than an ordinary camera. $45



This Pathe Projector is motor driven. Plug into any light socket. Put in the film. Turn the switch—and that's all. (Without motor and hand driven, $39.) $54

PATHE low cost does not end with the price. We develop films—free. A 60-foot Pathe Library film is equal to other 100-foot films in actual length of picture shown, and costs about ⅓ of the price for the identical film made for other small projectors. The pictures on our screen are not magnified more than the pictures you see in the finest movie houses. Therefore you get clear, detailed non-fuzzy pictures.

Camera films are double-spooled. No threading through gears. Open the camera, put in the film, close the camera and it is ready.

Pathe offers you a Film Library of nearly 400 subjects—everything from Douglas Fairbanks to Our Gang—comedies, dramas, sports, animal life, travel, art, science—everything you see on the big screens.

Write for these

Send for full details of Camera and Projector and for List of Library Films. Give us your local dealer's name to ensure quick service.

PATHEX Inc. 35 W. 45th St., New York

Pathe

Automatic Motion Picture
CAMERA & PROJECTOR

TUNG-SOL

TUNG-SOL bulbs are built with utmost care. Filaments are accurately placed and tests are made to check this precision before any TUNG-SOL leaves our plant. TUNG-SOL efficiency is standardized and each bulb is exactly like another. All TUNG-SOLS are capable of providing maximum legal road illumination under all conditions. Double or single filament. Get TUNG-SOLS for *your* headlamps.

TUNG-SOL BLU-WITE

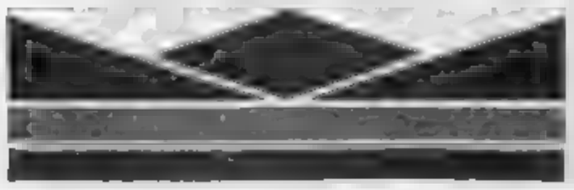
The glass of TUNG-SOL-BLU-WITES is tinted a delicate shade of blue. This blue tint eliminates the "red" rays. There is a crystal-clear white beam which illuminates the road in its natural colors.

Courtesy of the Road

May we suggest that your headlamps be properly focussed and adjusted —for your own safety. You will also extend thoughtful consideration to other drivers.

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS, INC.
95 Eighth Ave. Newark, N. J.

Licensed under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents



why in the world should it cost you five hundred dollars?"

When he smiled at her and patted her cheek, gently pointing out flaws in her argument, he wished her to note how reasonable he was, how sensible, and with what fortitude he bore this very real misfortune. And Ann did note these things, and she was properly admiring

"You're so game about it, Toby! Saying it was your own fault. I don't see how you can take it so calmly! I couldn't, I know. I'd be wanting to sue the darned old magazine!"

Perhaps she overdid it a little; remorse for the things she had said two hours before was riding her hard. "You're marvelous," she told him, because she had told him something quite different. "Imagine having written a story good enough for the Symposium to want to buy! Think what it means! It means," explained Ann with great earnestness, "that you can. If you did it once you can do it again. And you will!" And she insisted that he would, because, two troubled hours ago, she had maintained that he would never do anything.

Presently, clairvoyantly, she said, "Let's have a highball. Shall we? I feel just like one, don't you?"

Drinking his highball, which Ann had mixed herself and made quite strong—in token that she wasn't worrying really—Toby became gradually more philosophical, more sanguine; inclined to look upon, and able to see, the brighter side. The story had been good—that was the thing to think about. And just as Ann said, he could write others. He had it in him. Any time he wanted to he could sit down at a typewriter and bat out a first-class story worth five hundred dollars, or even more! To know that, to have proved that hitherto hypothetical point, was worth this first five hundred. It was worth any amount. It was confidence.

He began to perceive that his loss, compared with his gain, was as nothing. He said to Ann, "The more I think about it, the more I think it's all to the merry! Two things I've been needing—a pat on the back, and a kick in the pants—and I got 'em both at once. Now I'm all set. I can get busy."

And perhaps he might have if the thing that happened later had not happened. Fate was reserving the insupportable blow until the last.

He had an hour's respite. This high-hearted hour, full of contentment, full of new hope, and of old intimacy. He would never forget it. He would remember always little trivial things about it: The firelight. The wind beyond the windows. The warmth and snugness of the studio. The clock on the mantel, that had stopped at twenty-one minutes past twelve. The new pajamas Ann had on, of lavender brocaded silk, with a high choker collar, and gold buttons on the left shoulder. "Portrait of a Gilded Child bought these," Ann said. "And a new portable, and your Christmas present besides."

He would remember incidents: Ann scrubbing at his cheek with a corner of his handkerchief to remove a trace of red her lips had left there. The burning cigarette that one of them dropped, that disappeared; their frantic burrowing under the cushions of the divan. The telephone ringing, and a woman's voice saying, "Is this the Busy Bee? I want a pound of unsalted butter ——" Toby solemnly being the Busy Bee, accepting the order. "Yes, ma'am. And a can of small French peas, yes, ma'am. And what else?"

They were very cheerful, all that hour. Everything was beautifully all right. They were close together, who had been apart; there was no such thing as trouble now. Their quarrel had cleared an atmosphere that now they realized had been surcharged, unnatural, for many days. Toby, preoccupied with worries which he had chosen to keep to himself, had been morose and restive. Ann had been puzzled and hurt. Their relief was tremendous. Their eyes continually rejoiced: "That's all over with!" Rather like people who have been separated in fact, they kept thinking of things to tell each other, casual bits of news they had stored up.

"Say, that reminds me. Guess who was in the office the other day."

"Oh, I've been meaning to ask you! Did you hear about Joe Blake?"

They talked and talked. Their highballs sank in their glasses until Toby's was gone and Ann's was half gone; then Ann mixed another for Toby and put a new piece of ice in her own. While she was in the kitchen, chipping the ice—in the ineffectual timid feminine fashion, getting small wet splinters up her sleeve—Tony replenished the fire in the studio fireplace until it was boisterous, until it popped and crackled, having a mood like his. He started the phonograph, and Ann, returning, found him clogging expertly on a patch of bare floor.

"I feel great," he told her.

"So do I!"

He took the tall, cold glasses out of her hands and set them down, and seizing her, danced a mad and dizzying fox trot. They were breathless when the record stopped. They settled down on the divan again, facing each other, each with a shoulder against the back. Ann sat like a little girl, one leg tucked under her and her free hand resting on a blond silk ankle. They sipped gratefully, and talked again, and now and then in a meditative fashion shook their glasses just a little to click the ice.

"I think I'll go back on the wagon," Toby said presently, after a pause.

"Do you want to?"

He shrugged. "It's better, isn't it? I mean, we get along better. You're happier when I'm not drinking. Of course."

Ann said, "I don't mind your drinking moderately."

But they both knew that it was easier for him not to drink at all.

"I'll get more work done," Toby said when another pause had fallen. "I've got to write three short stories, don't forget. One, two, three"— He snapped his fingers rapidly thrice—"like that."

"Why three, exactly?"

"Speaking as an optimist," he explained good-humoredly. "Three stories at five hundred each is fifteen hundred dollars. But of course it may turn out to be fifteen stories at a hundred each. Or thirty at fifty each. Or—but we won't go into that."

Ann reached over and tucked her hand in his. "Toby."

"Present."

"Please," said Ann.

"Please what?"

"Please forget about—about the fifteen hundred. What's mine is yours; don't you know that?"

Toby's eyes smiled lazily, teasingly, into her serious ones. He lifted the hand that he held and kissed the palm of it, and bit the tip of the smallest finger a little; then he brought the hand down to the cushion and covered it over with his hand again.

"And as I was saying," he said conversationally, "after Cain slew Abel, there must have been only Adam and Eve and Cain ——"

At four they were hungry; neither of them had had any luncheon, Missouri was gone for the day. They invaded the kitchen, tying on aprons, squatting before the ice box, side by side, and peering in.

"Do you see anything?" said Toby rather wistfully. "Except ginger ale? And catchup and sirup?"

"Eggs."

"Ah!"

"A whole dozen," said Ann. "We'll scramble them, shall we? Or shall we make an omelet?"

"Can we make an omelet?"

"I could try."

"We'll scramble them," Toby decided. "Any bacon?"

There was bacon. Toby cut thick slices of bread for toast for himself and thin slices, without the crusts, for toast for Ann. There was orange marmalade, and Ann made coffee. The luncheon would be, as she said, "breakfastish"; but they could have crackers and cheese at the end if they liked.

The telephone rang while Toby, who quite fancied himself as a scrambler of eggs, was dumping the beaten mixture from a large yellow bowl into a hot and buttery frying pan.

"You answer it, will you?" he said to Ann.

He stood at the stove, holding a fork in readiness over the frying pan. Ann had left the door to the studio open. "Hello?" he heard her say. "Yes. . . . Oh, hello, Chris!"

"Hanley," Toby thought idly. That meant that the call was for him, or would be when Ann and Chris had exchanged greetings. In the meantime, the mixture in the frying pan was beginning to congeal around the edge. Deftly he ran the fork around.

"Oh, I'm fine," Ann was saying. "How are you? . . . I haven't seen you for an age," she said.

Toby only half listened. His interest in these casual amenities was slight, and the eggs were requiring more and more attention. He heard Ann say, "Oh, did you? Where?" And after a moment he heard her say, "Oh. Why, yes." But he gave no thought to either observation; nor did he, until afterward, remark the fact that Ann's voice had gone suddenly queerly flat

"But where were you?" she said "I didn't see you."

"Hey, the bacon's burning!" Toby shouted.

Which was true. Between the bacon and the eggs, he caught no more of the conversation. There could not have been a great deal more. While he sought to keep the fork in motion in the frying pan with one hand and to pull hot crisps of fat out of the broiler with the other, Ann appeared.

"It's Chris," she said. "He wants to talk to you. Here, I'll do that."

She became exceedingly busy. Toby did not see her face.

Wiping his hands on Missouri's white apron, which was tied around his neck like a monstrous bib, he strolled to the telephone.

"Sir?" he said.

"Hullo," said Hanley. "Is it you?"

"No."

"Good!"

They spoke merrily of many matters. When, finally, Toby hooked up the receiver, Ann was setting the card table in the studio.

"Everything ready?"

She nodded.

"How're the eggs? All right?"

"I guess so."

"Chris wants me to do his bike-race story tonight," said Toby, removing his apron. "He's got a heavy date."

Ann, arranging knives and forks, said: "Really?"

Toby went to the kitchen to dispose of the apron and to see for himself how the eggs were. "Shall I bring these things in?" he called through the doorway.

"If you want to."

He emerged with two hot yellow plates in a pinch of towel in his left hand and coffee cups and saucers in his right. Ann's back was toward him. She was filling two goblets with water from a hammered silver pitcher.

Her voice was noncommittal. "Did Chris mention having seen me?"

"No," said Toby. "Ouch!" he said, for the plates were very hot indeed. He slid them onto the table, and wagged the fingers that had held them. "Whew! Careful! Those plates are the original hinges of Hades."

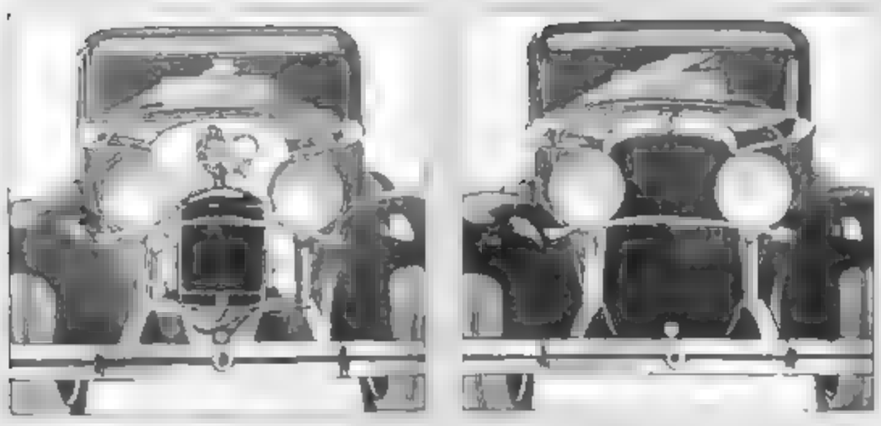
Ann glanced at his fingers. She did not speak.

Out of politeness, rather than from curiosity, Toby presently resumed: "What was this about Chris seeing you?"

"He says he did," Ann answered. "I didn't see him."

"How come?"

(Continued on Page 148)



YOU WOULDN'T REPLACE A WORN-OUT RADIATOR WITH ONE OF SMALLER CAPACITY. DO YOU REALIZE THAT CORRECT ELECTRICAL SIZE IN A BATTERY IS AS IMPORTANT AS AMPLE COOLING CAPACITY IN A RADIATOR?

Look to this Chart for *Sound Value* in Batteries

Sound value in a battery for your car is much more than a matter of inches and number of plates. *Electrical size* is vitally important. Car builders recognize this and buy batteries for original equipment on exacting electrical specifications. Now Willard makes it possible for you to select your battery the same way.

All the 35,000 Willard Service Stations are equipped with a Chart that shows the correct *electrical size* for all makes of cars. When you buy your Willard you are therefore sure of an electrical fit, which means many added months of satisfactory service.

In addition to the sound value of electrical size, you get also Willard built-in quality, plus the advantage of Willard nation-wide service. Thirty-two years of experience in the building of over 20,000,000 batteries insures that quality, and thirty-five thousand Willard Battery men help maintain it.

Thread-Rubber for Heavy Duty

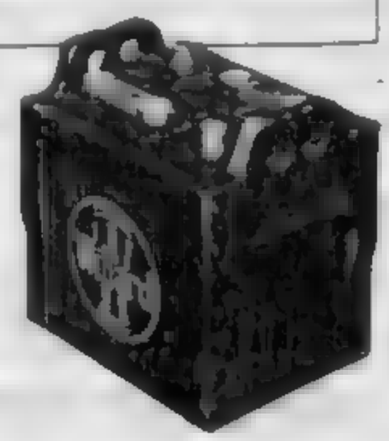
The Thread-Rubber insulation used exclusively by Willard will last as long as the battery's plates. For those who press their cars hard it makes the most economical battery, although the average driver will find the wood insulated Willard more than equal to every need of the normal driving program.

Ask your Willard dealer to show you one of these very different batteries, and have him explain its features.

STORAGE BATTERIES

Willard

CLEVELAND·OHIO



IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS

By the same makers

BRIGHTON

IT WOULDN'T take a Sherlock Holmes to pick out the men who wear Pioneer Suspenders. One glance at the shoeline—and you can spot the man with suspenders. His trousers hang so precisely, maintain the correct height so faithfully. Each pair of Pioneer Suspenders is designed to fit your frame faultlessly while delighting your eye with effects and webbings sponsored by the Pioneer stylist. At the better men's wear shops—$1 to $5. ¶ Brighton Garters—on sale at the same counters—will make your sox hang as correctly as your trousers.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., PHILADELPHIA

PIONEER SUSPENDERS • • PIONEER BELTS • • BRIGHTON GARTERS

PIONEER

America's word for Suspenders

(Continued from Page 146)

Her shoulders lifted slightly and fell. "I don't know. I guess I wasn't there."

Her profile was inscrutable. She bent over the table, patting with a napkin some water she had spilled on the linen cloth. Toby thought, "What's she talking about? What is this?" He comprehended only that it was danger

He said, "You weren't where? I don't get you."

Ann straightened and confronted him. "Chris pulled a bone, I'm afraid," she said quietly. "He didn't mean to, and he doesn't know he did, because I—pretended." She looked straight at Toby. "I pretended I was the girl in the taxi with you, leaving the curb in front of the Jungle Club about three this morning, just as he pulled up in another taxi."

"Oh, that!" Toby interrupted quick-wittedly—rashly. He smiled. "You know who that was? There was another fellow in the taxi too. Didn't Chris tell you? He's a kid I know from Columbia manager of the track team; I've met him several times—and the girl was his girl. I forget her name"

He wrinkled his forehead in the effect of an effort to remember. "Lawson or Lawton ——"

"Or Randolph," suggested Ann "Mightn't it have been that?"

Their eyes met. Toby, for all the pounding of his heart, knew that his face was imperturbable, bland, admitting nothing. "Randolph?" he repeated. Then, "Oh, you mean Puff Randolph?" He laughed and shook his head. "No. Don't worry. It wasn't she."

Still smiling, he looked again at Ann. The oftener he returned that cryptic gaze, the better, he felt. To return it was to watch it.

"What made you think it was Puff?" he asked.

He had to find out. But there was no note of anxiety in his tone; merely a passing inquisitiveness and a faint indulgent amusement, as if he were going to add, "You funny child!"

Ann said, "I don't think. I know it was."

"Oh, really?" His smile was ironical. "Feminine intuition, perhaps?"

"Perhaps," said Ann. "Call it that."

She still held the napkin. Now, in the tiny silence, she tossed it listlessly to the table near by. "I know when you're lying," she said in the same dispassionate voice. "At least, I know this time."

Her eyes were evading his now, straying beyond him. "It's too pat," she said quite simply. "You lie too well. I don't believe you."

Her glance came back. "Maybe not so well," she contradicted herself. "You seem to 've forgotten that last night on the phone, and again today, you told me you were at a restaurant in Forty-ninth Street. Now it's the Jungle Club. And you told me you were with some of the crowd who're working on the bike race. Now it's the manager of the track team from Columbia and his girl."

"I can explain that," Toby began.

"Oh," said Ann, "doubtless!"

Her sudden savage vehemence struck them both momentarily dumb. Startled, staring unblinking, they faced each other. Toby's lips were still parted for speech; he remembered, and closed them, and heard his teeth click and felt his jaw harden. He remembered that the thing to say—coldly, indifferently—was, "Oh, very well, then. Have it your own way." He said this with an effort. He was tired. He was sick in his very soul of sham and falsehood. Suddenly now he thought, "No more." It was useless anyway, and stupid and degrading. He would tell the truth and take what came.

He said evenly to Ann, "I'm sorry. You're right, I was lying. Or trying to. It was Puff Randolph." He said, "This is how it happened."

But Ann would not listen. She said that she didn't want to hear; that two versions, both of them made of whole cloth, were plenty! She cried out that no matter what he said now, she would not believe him; she would never again believe anything he told her. She was beside herself, her face distorted, her eyes blazing—strange, unrecognizable; not Ann's eyes. Nothing could calm her; nothing, in this moment, could make her sane. Toby said, "Ann, if you'll listen ——" And she gave a little scream and clapped her hands over her ears. When he moved toward her, thinking to take the hands and hold them and force her to listen, she wheeled and ran from him, toward the steps to the bedroom. He caught her halfway, and she struggled, gasping, "Let go! You let go of me!" When he did not obey she sank her teeth into his wrist.

The pain was intense for a moment, and Toby, who had been merely grim, became himself enraged. "You little devil!" he said, and picked her up in his arms, not gently, and dropped her into an armchair two strides away. He stood over her, fists on his hips.

"Now," he said, "you're going to listen. Believe it or not, you're going to hear what I've got to say"

Ann, sitting quietly as she had fallen, smiled a very little curling smile. "All right," she said. She was cool now, and beyond words contemptuous of him. She said, "Go ahead. Only be as quick as possible, will you, please? I seem to be anxious for you to get through and get out of—my apartment."

She had stressed it: "My apartment." In the two-letter word there was the sum of all their altercation of the morning; the word dismissed every gentle thing they had said in the interim. Spoken as Ann spoke it, remindingly, arrogantly, it was a lash that whipped all thought of what he would have told her from Toby's mind. He stood looking at her while the slow red crept up his face to the roots of his hair. He did not know it, but his eyes held curiosity, and a certain odd enlightenment, looking at her. He was thinking, "Lord, how mad she is!" To have brought up that money thing again, to have flayed that raw; wanting as badly as that to be sure of his wincing.

Ann's eyes shifted first. But the little mocking smile remained on her lips and did not waver. "After all," she said, and made a gesture with hands and shoulders, "it is my apartment, isn't it?"

He nodded. "Yes. Of course. You've paid for it."

Somehow his concise direct acquiescence, level-voiced, destroyed Ann's artificial self-control. She sat erect in her chair, her eyes blazing again, her body shaking with the tension of her fury.

"Then how many times must I tell you I want you to leave?"

There was an instant while their glances locked. Then Toby inclined his head slightly. "Another time will not be necessary," he said.

At the door her voice stopped him. He listened, his hand on the knob, not turning his head. He heard Ann say that she was going to California, "as soon as I can get a reservation." Still he did not turn his head. She wouldn't go. This was her temper speaking. "There are reasons why I should go now," said Ann, "as you know. And there's no reason why I shouldn't—any more."

Toby said, "None whatever."

He left her apartment, noiselessly closing the door.

Ann got a reservation on the Century the next morning. She was gone two hours before Shorty Ross shook Toby by the shoulder, saying, "Hey, wake up, you big souse! You gotta get off that couch. My sainted aunt will be here in a minute." When Toby called her office she had been gone almost all day. She was on her way to California for six weeks; and if she was sorry, if she very nearly turned back at Chicago, he did not know it. He knew only that she was gone. Ann was gone. Everything was gone away from him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BRANCH-BANKING PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 9)

If, at the date this transaction takes place, the banking of the country has not become concentrated in the hands of two or three chains, these bankers will scurry around to half a dozen other institutions and arrange a syndicate exactly as it is done now; provided, of course, that he is not conducting a business which is capable, with this additional capital, of annoying, in the form of competition, any of the affiliations of the big branch bank through which he has applied.

Many of the suggested advantages of various forms of syndicate banking dissolve under very simple analysis. Since this article is addressing itself primarily to the public interest, it is not necessary to dwell at length on any advantages claimed in the way of economical administration which improve the earnings of a bank. These claims should not be accepted, however, without careful analysis. System and efficiency were the prewar slogans. To a certain extent they are dropping out of the popular vernacular, because in detailed business operations they have been so generally developed that it is their absence which excites comment rather than the reverse. The popular fetish is size, but there is a point where size destroys efficiency, because system has a tendency to suppress individual initiative when carried to the extent that is necessary to coördinate the activities of a too-large organization.

There are, however, units so small in banking as to be unable to secure the talent necessary to produce economical administration. In the case of banks to which this applies, it would be much better to let them die a natural death than to attempt to graft them as diseased branches on a healthy institution. The branch in a small town which cannot sustain itself as an independent unit is not at all likely to turn profits into a parent organization. An advocate of branch banking will hardly contend that the absorption of weak units into strong ones would be sound. Neither could he deny that the introduction of branches into towns whose banks were already wavering could have any other effect than to make their bad situation more desperate.

It would seem that, logically, his contention, from a public standpoint, must be that the present system is all wrong and that a radical change must be made. During this period he should frankly face the fact that the operation will cause great disturbance and grave injustice, which, he may contend, are worth suffering to bring about the ultimate objective. It would be very difficult for him to find any country in the world where systems of unit and branch banks, over a long period of years, have continued to operate together. The two systems are antagonistic.

Past Services of National Banks

It must also be recognized that the Federal Reserve System and the present relationship between the Government and the banks is based on the assumption of the continued operation of the unit-banking system. The original conception was that it was to be a national system. The organization of the Federal Reserve System has operated admirably to compose the jealousies and conflict of interests between the small units and the larger ones. The balance of power as between these two has made it possible for the Federal Reserve System to follow policies and a general course which has conformed closely enough to the public interest to elicit the necessary popular support.

The tendency to absorb unit banks in independent communities into systems either of chains or syndicates of branches is developing a form of concentration which is sure to be progressive unless it is met very quickly with concerted action on the part of those whose interests are affected. After it reaches a certain point the disturbance to business and the general interest will be so costly that no one will dare to take the action which is necessary to bring about such disintegration as would produce a balanced situation.

With the decline of the relative strength in the National Banking System the tendency is for the Federal Reserve System to become composed of and controlled by the state banks of the United States. If the National Banking System were to go out of existence the Federal Reserve Banks would immediately become a purely voluntary organization, over which the Federal Government would have no jurisdiction and no coercive powers at times of emergency.

A System Suited to the Nation

A third contingency is not by any means inconceivable. Under this, assuming nation-wide branch banking, and assuming the concentration which has taken place in practically every country in the world where it has been prevalent, it will be natural to expect the banks to control the Government in an emergency rather than the Government to control the banks.

The whole theory of the Federal Reserve System is one of coördination. Its twelve Federal Reserve Districts and its unit composition are analogous to the theory of our Government, under which the Federal Government coördinates the relations of the states to one another, and reconciles and directs their activities by and through their representatives. The theory of local self-government and central coördination has been developed in the United States to a greater degree than at any time in any other country in the world. This is precisely the theory and the method of operation of our present banking system, and it will be destroyed if we substitute the chain system therefor, under whatever guise it may be presented.

We have had a banking system, to a wonderful degree, consistent with our form of government, geographical conditions and the temperament of our people. This is a vital requisite of banking. So far as its mechanical operation is concerned, it has, in recent years, to a degree never before attained, possessed flexibility and the power to expand and contract with the needs of commerce—not to an ideal degree, but better than any other system ever has. It has preserved local self-government in banking and has furnished as great coördination and efficiency as could be claimed for a highly concentrated system.

In spite of all this, anyone who has been at all interested in banking has realized that fundamental changes are taking place with startling rapidity. In all the larger cities banks have consolidated and huge units have developed in the process. In New York and many other cities where this has taken place branches have been established within the limits of a single city. This development has nothing whatever to do with the broader question of syndicate and branch banking, extending over wide geographical territory. Expansion of the large unit, within a single city, is usually dictated by economic need, and the principle of absentee control is not in the slightest degree involved, and nothing in this article touches upon the effect of such combinations. The branches within the limits of

(Continued on Page 163)

The one pipe that stays sweet

The Hesson Guard screws air-tight against the shoulder of the bowl. Condensation is prevented and the shank stays dry and clean. Nothing to foul the fragrance of the fresh tobacco smoke.

For smoking pleasure never experienced before

You smoke a pipe for the pleasure of it . . . why not have the best pipe and get the greatest pleasure? A Demuth Milano with the Hesson Guard* gives you the fullest tobacco enjoyment . . . dependably rich and aromatic, fresh, clean, fragrant.

Smoke a Milano as frequently as you wish, the shank remains clean and dry. Due to the Hesson Guard—exclusive feature with Demuth—the sweet tobacco flavor is neither lost nor soured by contact with stale juices or dirt. Moisture in the fresh tobacco does not condense, but stays clean and full-flavored in the smoke. Whether an inveterate pipe smoker or one who never could learn to smoke a pipe, here is the means to the greatest smoking pleasure you have ever experienced. Wm. Demuth & Company. Established 1862. New York, London, Chicago, San Francisco.

Broken-in and sweet from the start

Every Demuth Milano has been mechanically smoked with real tobacco by the special Demuth process. That harsh, tongue-burning taste of a new pipe has been done away with.

All shapes and sizes

You may buy Demuth Milano Pipes in your favorite shape in either the highly polished smooth finish or the distinctive ripple finish. Packed in the attractive red and black box.

Demuth Milano

with the Hesson Guard $3.50

*Patented 12-22-25

Gordon Selfridge, American-born founder of London's largest store, said in an interview to the Marchesa di Bonci: "I think work the greatest game in the world, and sleep the finest medicine. Sleep seems to be the only thing for which science has not yet found a substitute; which proves that it is too valuable, too rare to be imitated. There is no set rule for the amount of sleep necessary for a human being, for the need depends upon the temperament, age, and habits. Personally, I find eight hours sufficient to keep my energies up to the mark."

Alfred E. Smith, four times governor of New York, said in an interview with George F. Horne, "I always get eight hours' sleep no matter what time I go to bed. My appointments for the next day begin accordingly. A third of the day for sleep, that's my rule. If a man has had a good night's rest, he can do more in two hours than he can in a whole day after insufficient sleep. And by rest I mean not just sleep, but rest—real rest of body, nerves, muscles, mind."

Thomas A. Edison is called a "sleep-wizard" by Walter Varney, who writes of the attitude of the great scientist towards sleep. "Ruthless in his pursuit of knowledge—yet never reckless. Master of his every faculty. Thrifty of sleep, as a Scotchman of pennies, yet never lacking it! Always alert at the switch—master of a well-rested, fully-charged mind and body! A great controller and intelligent director of powerful forces—his own not least of all!"

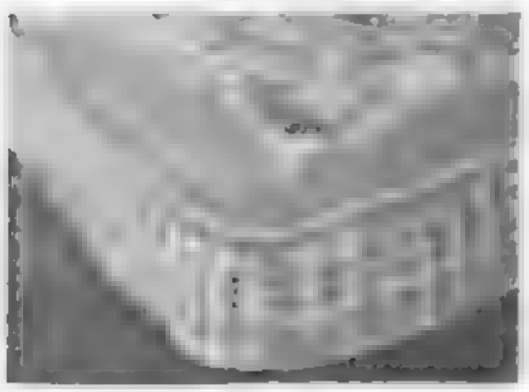
LEADING MEN *agree that restful Sleep*

TITANS OF INDUSTRY—scientists, politicians, the men who, through the uses of their varied talents and abilities, are making the history of America, of the world—are all agreed on the importance of sound, restful sleep.

In this age of fast thinking and intensive living, it is sleep that keeps them fit, clear-eyed—keen of mind, strong of purpose, broad of vision. And their messages to us on the subject of sleep are the outcome of their personal experiences. We may well consider their impressive advice.

For three generations the Simmons Company, now world's largest manufacturers of beds, springs, and mattresses, have sought to bring the world nights of glorious rest.

They are constantly profiting by the most recent scientific discoveries regarding the nature of sleep, brought to light by the comprehensive sleep investigation at Mellon Institute of



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress *has a heart of hundreds of closely packed, finely tempered coils in separate pockets. The coils act individually, providing a lasting resiliency. Over coils, thick layers of upholstery and damask cover.*

GLENN H. CURTISS, one of America's aviation pioneers, recently declared to Cornelius Vanderbilt, Junior, "The faster we go the better must we sleep. Sound sleep and comfortable sleeping equipment should keep pace with these times of high speed travel and crowded days. We are living longer—faster—more—and we should sleep proportionately"—a comment that comes with no little force from this man whose entire science of life has been wrapped in speed.

JULIUS ROSENWALD, genius of merchandising and of philanthropy, recently said, "I never cut into my sleep—six or seven hours a night is the only rule I never break. Not that I fix a definite hour for retiring, but I always allow myself time enough to fill out my quota before I wake which I usually do early in the morning, completely refreshed. It is most important, particularly for a man beyond middle life, to break the strain of the day with sleep."

GUGLIELMO MARCONI, master of radio, when interviewed by the Princess Carlos de Rohan, said, "I believe in sleep. It inspires me. Rest and sleep. Eight hours is the least I can do with. My doctor cares more about my sleeping than anything else I do or do not do. Most people should sleep more than they do. Active brains need plenty of sleep. And the quality of sleep is as important as the quantity. It should be restful. Besides, sleep is interesting. Many of my best ideas have come to me while I lay idle on my yacht."

IN MANY FIELDS *is of vital Importance..*

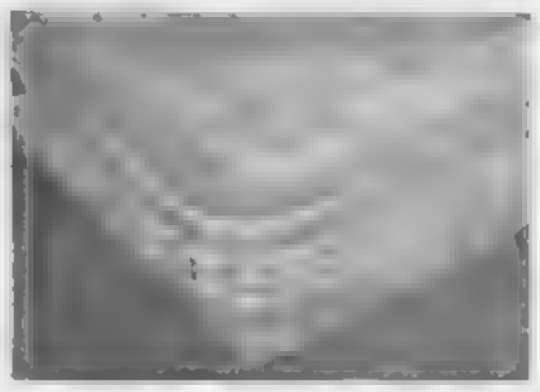
Industrial Research. And they are guided accordingly in the manufacture of their springs and mattresses.

Particularly in their Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Springs they have succeeded in developing the sleep equipment which gives complete relaxation and induces healthful sleep. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Deepsleep Mattress, $19.95; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, Paris, London.

Copyright 1929, The Simmons Company

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES
BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE



Simmons Ace Box Spring, *damask-covered to match the famous Beautyrest, choice of two patterns, six pastel colors. Frame of seasoned lumber, steel-braced. Coils tied by hand eight times, and covered with fine upholstery*

Why TWO Electric Cleaners in this Living Room?

"THAT'S a sensible idea," you will say when you study the picture on this page . . . a big cleaner for the rugs and carpets . . . and a separate little cleaner to take the place of ordinary attachments.

It is known as the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit. Six months ago it was just an idea. Today it is a synonym in thousands of homes . . . *for perfect electric cleaning* . . . cleaning that is swift . . . easy and *sanitary!*

The marvelous Spic-Span makes it possible. This handy little cleaner was created for women desiring a *simpler* method of home cleaning. The Spic-Span not only does the work of attachments, but does it *better and faster.*

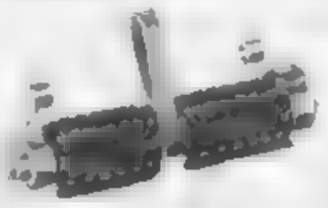
The Spic-Span weighs only four pounds and plugs into any electric socket. It comes with a wonderful deodorizer and a blower . . . applies moth repellent . . . banishes odors . . . freshens stuffy closets . . . cleans, purifies and preserves mattresses, clothes, upholstery . . . without the use of attachments!

Used in combination with either the Premier Junior or the Premier Duplex, the Spic-Span gives you a complete electric cleaning unit for every purse and purpose . . . a marvelous cleaning team that shortens your housework by hours and puts the utmost degree of sanitation into every cleaning task.

Ask your dealer for free demonstration. The Spic-Span may also be purchased separately.

Premier Floor Polisher Accessory

You'll be interested in the New Premier Floor Polisher Accessory, too. Gives a glistening, smooth, electric lustre. Waxes and polishes floors like new, whether wood, linoleum or tile. It will amaze you!



Replaces the revolving brush when used for floor polishing.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY

(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.) Dept. 511, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by branches of The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company in all leading cities. †Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. ‡Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.

(Continued from Page 149)

a single city are merely devices for serving the public conveniently. The customer of the branch can still maintain contact with the owner and the controlling executives of the institution, who are his friends and neighbors.

The things which strike at the fundamentals are the development of branch banking and the organization of syndicates of banks owned by holding companies, which inject the element of concentration and the financial control of large districts in a remote city and, in the case of the syndicate, afford the groundwork for the future organization of nation-wide chains. In the meantime, the undesirable features of branch banking are as evident in the chain as they are in the branch system.

Many of the heads of these syndicates are able and public-spirited bankers and may be strengthening temporarily bad situations. Nothing could be more unjustified than any dogmatic assertion that such operations are always dangerous, but the extension of the general principle would produce a complete revolution in the theory and conduct of our whole fiscal system, both private and governmental. It will do so at some not remote time; in the course of a very few years, if nothing is done to stop it.

This is a plea to analyze these tendencies and to discover what motive is behind them and what interests of the public and the business community need to be safeguarded. Bankers are human beings, subject to the same instincts of any other group of business men, but probably on account of the traditions and responsibility of the profession, they often have a little keener sense of the broader public aspects of business than the average business man. The banker has seen the fortunes that have been made and the efficiency that has been produced through combination and the development of large integrated units in commercial and industrial affairs. He has seen the opportunity for profit to the stockholder which is brought about by these consolidations and by the more complex financial structure through the organization of holding companies, and so on, and it appeals to his imagination and to his pocketbook. He knows that by securing control of outlying banks he can direct them in a way that will increase his own prestige and supplement the resources of his own institution. The affiliations afford an inlet for cash and an outlet for securities. He is not unmindful of his obligations to the banks that he expects to control, and if he is a good banker and a good citizen he will observe them, but that is the price he will have to pay for the other desirable things and is not his motive for undertaking such an operation, which is the same as that which actuates any other business man—the desire to make money. He and his protagonists must, however, sell their case to the public.

Which Banks to Absorb?

Most of these arguments have already been discussed, but the most appealing one—safety—will bear further analysis. The failure of many institutions in certain of the less-populous sections of the country affords a basis for his claimed service. Generally speaking, big banks do not fail, and it is, to a certain extent, this hypothesis which justifies him in his effort to substitute one big bank for many little ones. An analysis of the situation, however, would indicate that the definition of a big bank should not be a ten-million or a hundred-million-dollar bank, but perhaps a hundred-thousand-dollar bank. Of all the bank failures of the United States in the past eight years, practically 90 per cent were institutions of less than one hundred thousand dollars' capital, and 63 per cent were institutions of less than twenty-five thousand dollars' capital. Eliminate these institutions and you have no problem.

If we can imagine a chain system absorbing all of the small banks of under one hundred thousand dollars' capital, you would then have a chain containing many weak units, and we would be assuming that the banker would be deliberately buying unprofitable and unsound institutions. We can promptly dismiss that possibility. On the other hand, if we were to absorb a large proportion of the good little unit institutions, what would happen to the weak ones? In a word, the tendency toward branches and consolidations would leave us with a worse situation in these small institutions, and is simply a suggestion of an artificial way to cure a condition which Nature, aided by a little intelligent application on the part of the supervising authorities, will eventually correct.

Closer to More Distant Banks

Not many banking institutions of less than one hundred thousand dollars will pay, and almost none of less than fifty thousand dollars. When it is remembered that 6 per cent on twenty-five thousand dollars is fifteen hundred dollars and 6 per cent on fifty thousand dollars is three thousand dollars, the impossibility of paying adequate salaries to officers will be clear. In a word, the cost of the overhead of the very small bank is out of all proportion to its possible income. Among the reasons why, fifteen or twenty years ago, these institutions could flourish is the fact that a fifteen-hundred-dollar income would purchase nearly twice as much as it will now. The increase in facilities for transportation and communication have also changed conditions. Twenty years ago the small town was remote. The small-town merchant could not go to the county seat or large city, because it involved a day's traveling. Today he can get there in his automobile in a few minutes. Consequently, he carries on much of his business with the bank in the larger center, and the small bank is deprived of its best customer. Many of these institutions, in the course of nature, must fade out of the picture. As the little banks cease to operate, the big little bank in the county seat will reap the benefit and increase in strength and resources.

Due to the automobile and other forms of improved transportation, our communities have become larger territorially, and through the operation of natural laws banking will conform.

We have gone through a bad period in some sections, and we have more of it to go through with the small banks, and the situation cannot be cured by radical legislation, but it can be palliated by the imposition of conservative and firm regulation on the part of the supervising authorities. There is no chance of its reaching such proportions as to disturb anything more serious than comparatively small and isolated sections. In meeting this situation—which is not an emergency—we should not invoke principles which are fundamentally opposed to our previous fiscal structure and our social, economic and political traditions.

Facing squarely the fact that there is a place in our business structure for only a few unit banks of less than one hundred thousand dollars' capital, we should frankly meet the problem of the elimination of those uneconomically situated institutions. The only reasonable course is for the supervising authorities to concentrate on strengthening those which have a function to perform and on the task of helping those which do not to go out of business without undue hardship upon either the stockholders or the communities which they serve. To develop an unsound system by gathering such banks into chains is absurd, and to force their sudden collapse through the competition of branches of outside institutions would be equally unsound. Nobody likes to face disagreeable facts, but much more progress will be made if the problem is approached courageously and the obviously proper course is followed, rather than to grope about for an impossible formula that might, at best, only result in temporarily avoiding the issue.

This general summary of the banking situation would indicate that anything in the way of legislative reform or agitation was unnecessary, but it does not touch upon two great problems, both of which call for constructive statesmanship. These are, first, the threatened disintegration of the National Banking System as a major factor, and, second—which is largely responsible for the first—the injection of the promotional control in banking in the way it has been applied in other industries. Discussion would, perhaps, logically follow the order that has taken place in the evolution.

In 1927 the National Banking Act was modernized so as to bring it on a parity with the great state systems, and to give the national banker an opportunity to serve his customers on an equality with the state banks. There was immediately a revival in national banking. This came at the beginning of an era of banking consolidations. There seemed to be a desire on the part of consolidating institutions to adopt the National Banking System. This trend, however, was suddenly stopped, owing to a case in the Massachusetts courts and a later decision in the United States Supreme Court, which had the general effect of making it difficult, in the case of the consolidation of a national and a state bank, for the national bank to take over the trusts of the state bank; but the converse could be readily accomplished. The result was that these large consolidated banks became state banks, and there were widespread withdrawals from the national system. The effect of this was psychological was well as material.

To most students it does not appear that these large consolidations of banks, operating in a single city, possess any intrinsic dangers and are, probably, most of them in the line of greater efficiency. The principle is entirely different where exchanges of stock and the organization of holding companies transfer the control of banks from the towns in which they are located.

Two Systems Change Places

It is due to this impetus for consolidation, primarily, that the National System is declining in relative strength. It is well to consider what this involves: First, dissipated control and a system operating under forty-eight different supervising authorities and forty-eight codes of banking law. It means the decrease of effective government control over banking. It does not mean that the banker will have less interference by authorities, but that there will be forty-eight authorities instead of one, and it does mean a serious interference with the ability of the Government to coördinate its fiscal activities with those of the banks. It would be unwise, in a discussion of banking systems, ever to lose sight of the fact that the two great national emergencies, the Civil War and the Great War, were met, the first through the ability of the national banks to finance the Government, and the second through the ability of the Government to form the Federal Reserve System from the National Banking System.

For some reason, banking writers and banking authorities speak with fear and diffidence of the ultimate objective of a single banking system. It would, of course, impinge somewhat upon certain functions that are now exercised by the individual states, but neither the politicians nor the public have derived any special benefit from state control in the past, except the single one of flexibility in the matter of legislation, which is quite as often a disadvantage as it is an advantage. A reasonable compromise has been in effect in the past sixty years, under which the predominant power has been the national banks, and the diversified needs of the various states have been met by adequate state banks. With the increase in transportation facilities, the difference in the needs of the states has been decreased, and it is unfortunate that the relative importance of the two systems should have changed inversely as their ability to serve under the changed conditions.

The decline of the National Banking System is a national calamity which strikes at

"How *Comfortable I Feel!*"

Now a genius-touch modernizes the flannel shirt. Styles it anew. Imbues it with color—cheery tones of delicate blend. And draws with bold stroke the line between the ancient army "O.D." idea of a flannel shirt, and the Garment-for-Today! The year's best gift to any man!

WARM and cozy as sunshine. Free as active muscles like to be. Light, snug, long-wearing . . . BLACK BEAR FLANNEL SHIRT is ideal for the genial, expansive, carefree mood of outdoors. Or for *comfort-hours* about the home. Trim-tailored. Cut to *fit*, but never to hamper. Buy one at your clothier's or sporting goods store. If you order by mail, state white-collar size and color preference. We will ship prepaid. Your money back if not satisfied.

BLACK BEAR FLANNEL SHIRTS embody a *new idea*: Western wools—Western full-cut patterns—Western integrity of construction. An assortment of delicately blended colors. *"Kodiak"* ($7.50 grade) colors: natural gray, camel tan, gray random check, tan random check. *"Six Hundred"* ($6.00 grade)—steel gray with blue or tan stripes, rose tan with blue or gray stripes, gray-tan, rose-tan, or light-gray mixture.

Progressive merchants feature Black Bear Flannel Shirts. If, however, yours cannot supply you, you may order direct from this advertisement, addressing The Black Manufacturing Company, Dept. K, Seattle, U. S. A.

Ask also for attractive new Black Bear Flannel Shirt Catalog in color, showing Western outdoor scenes.

◀ *Dealers and Sales Representatives Write* ▶

BLACK BEAR
Flannel Shirts

"At Last The Flannel Shirt Is Modernized"

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

CORBIN

All the way open—

If this is the angle at which you wish your door to stay open, a simple adjustment of the Corbin Holdback Attachment does it—without affecting the easy opening or closing of the door.

Completely —silently— closed

A touch releases the Holdback Attachment. Immediately the Corbin Door Check silently closes the door from any given angle. The Holdback Attachment operates only when you wish the door held open

Made to *close* doors

—and also to HOLD THEM OPEN —whenever you wish

A DOUBLE service from an old friend—the Corbin Door Check. Made to banish irritating slams—to prevent doors being left open that should be closed. And to close them silently, surely, swiftly—all the way.

But suppose you want your door to remain open at a given angle—for ventilation—supervision—or some other reason? Corbin Door Checks, with the Holdback Attachment shown in action above, will do this too. By simply setting this attachment the door can be held open at any given angle you choose.

Doors that close when you want them closed. That stay open at the angle you wish, when you want them open. Now, that's service—the kind of service Corbin Door Checks offer!

Don't you think this added convenience of Corbin Door Checks is well worth having? It can be yours if you will just remember one word—"Corbin"—and add: "With the Holdback Attachment."

The double convenience of Corbin Door Checks is fully explained in booklet S-11. Write for it now.

P. & F. CORBIN
SINCE 1849
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corp., Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

the integrity of the Federal Reserve, and will result in the substitution of great speculative aggregations for the finest system of banking the world has ever produced. Up to now, the characteristic of American banking has been personal responsibility and personal initiative. What will it be tomorrow? To whom will the public look as responsible for the handling of its funds? Its question will not be simply what assets, but what persons are pledged? Who will represent it—not the banking superintendent, because he cannot prevent the transfer of funds from one state to another where he has no jurisdiction.

The fond and fatuous public need not console itself that this is a passing phase, which has not gone far and will soon pass. So great has been this syndicating in various forms that in the past two years statistics have hardly been able to keep up with it.

Strange to say, colossal as the movement has become, it has brought forth little serious discussion. The debate has been largely academic and superficial, concerned with the relative merits of branch, chain, syndicate and unit banking from the standpoint of technical efficiency, overlooking the social effect on the public at large. It is a thing which is in the hands of the people. If they sleep on their rights the outcome may be such an intense concentration as can only be dissolved after a convulsion which will disturb all industry.

It would be futile for any one man to propose any one thing to solve these great issues. The preservation of the financial independence of local communities, the protection of the Federal Reserve System, and the continuation of national banking are all in the balance. All are interrelated, and the adjustments must be general and coordinated. It is possible that nothing dramatic will occur to arouse public interest in the near future, because the change is going on at the heart of our banking system under the visible shell of organizations whose souls have migrated.

There are three schools of banking which could be generally described by the terms "unit," "chain" and "branch." The unit and branch schools are in direct opposition in theory and practice. The advocates of both are opposed to chain banking. The tremendous increase in chain banking and syndicate banking is generally considered as a precursor of branch banking, and as a method of getting control of unit institutions with the intention of eventually consolidating them into a branch system. This will be stoutly denied by some of the organizers of these syndicates. However that may be, the element of centralized control and absentee ownership is equally present in both, and the broad issue is between the branch and syndicated banks and the coördinated unit system which now operates through the Federal Reserve.

Making Membership Attractive

It is hard to generalize on the subject of the popular will, but it is almost inconceivable that the public in general wish to give up the system which, more than any other thing in our economic development, distinguishes it from the monopolistic and rigid central ownership that has prevailed in Europe and Europe's colonies.

The state banks, the national banks, the Federal Reserve System and government finance are all part of a single system. It would be a great misfortune to urge premature legislation, affecting only one of these factors, without at the same time providing for adjustments of the others. Those who are desirous of seeing present tendencies continue without interference stress the difficulty of national legislation, on account of the fact that a large proportion of the banking of the United States is carried on under state laws, and Congress cannot control state-chartered institutions directly. This complicates the problem, of course, but the withdrawal of privileges and the possibility of benefits is, in the long run, a better incentive for action than legislative mandate.

If the desirability of membership in the Federal Reserve System were increased, there would be no question of the ability of the Government to say to the state banks that they must conform to such requirements in the way of stock ownership and interlocking relationships as would maintain a reasonable degree of sectional banking independence, on pain of forfeiture of membership in the Federal Reserve System. If the advantages of membership in the Federal Reserve System should be so great that stockholders could earn more as a unit institution than they could as a member of a syndicate, there would be no question as to the course that they would follow. It is more than likely that legislation could be devised that would strengthen and increase the value of the Federal Reserve System to business and at the same time put an end to a movement which will undermine the system and destroy the fine independence which has, in the past, been characteristic of our country's development.

Constructive Statesmen Needed

Never was there a time when constructive financial statesmanship was so needed. If we delay much longer we will have a political issue of a business question. Granted the best will in the world, and given rare ability, the houses of Congress are, in a large measure, helpless without the guidance of outside experts who command the respect of the public because of their experience and their record of performance. A great opportunity for service presents itself, and the problem is pressing. It may be met by the pin pricking of great institutions by the politicians. Perhaps this is not serious, although men have died of prickly heat, but some able demagogue may some day seize upon it as an opportunity for self-exploitation, and do incalculable injury if the real and responsible leaders do not act.

A complete survey should be made of banking questions from the standpoint of business, of government and of banking, and recommendations made for a coördinated, constructive program. It would be futile, and possibly result in fastening ill-considered and dangerous legislation upon the country, if the present movement for semiresponsible combination were to be attacked, not at its roots but sporadically at the points of periodical disturbances.

The recommendations of a commission composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, the Comptroller of the Currency, Senator Glass, and representatives of business and depositors and creditors, such as Owen Young and Parker Gilbert, would command respect and produce results. Congress will usually eventually follow right guidance, and if the issues precipitated upon it are settled unwisely through the lack of interest and neglect of those most concerned, it will be small comfort to complain about demagoguery, and as unfair as futile.

SOUND LEADERSHIP

North, South, East and West, leading merchants are investing their capital in Durant dealerships. Men of their standing do not transform their business without a powerful incentive. The incentive lies partly in a keen desire to enjoy the competitive advantage of a 4-Forward-Speed Six under a thousand dollars, an advantage that is exclusively Durant. It lies, even more, in their recognition of the soundness of the new Durant executive leadership—factors equally important to the public, because they insure exceptional value in Durant products.

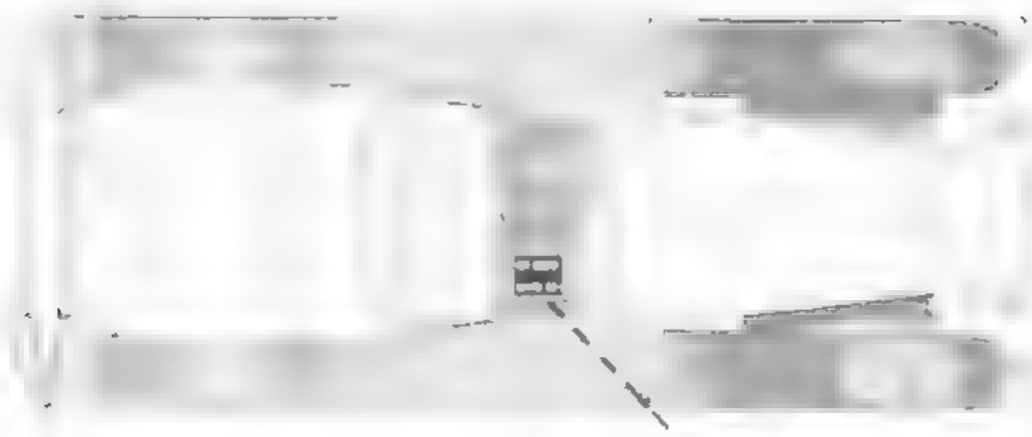
DURANT MOTORS, INC., DETROIT, U. S. A.
FACTORIES—LANSING, MICH., OAKLAND, CAL., LEASIDE, ONT.

THE SIX SIXTY		109 in. wheelbase—	$985 to $875
THE SIX SIXTY-THREE		112 in. wheelbase—	$845 to $1025
THE SIX-SIXTY SIX	*(4-Forward Speeds)*	112 in. wheelbase—	$945 to $1125
THE SIX-SEVENTY	*(4-Forward Speeds)*	119 in. wheelbase—	$1195 to $1425

All prices at factory—Lansing, Michigan

DURANT

A GOOD CAR



Look to this BATTERY . . .

It is built for the car of today

DO you realize what your car battery does today? Just count the number of lights and accessories that drain it now.

Besides, you run your car more . . . start and stop more often and cover greater mileage. All this means more wear and tear on the battery.

That's why experienced drivers choose their batteries with greater care now than ever before. That's why you'll find them demanding Exides, made by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose.

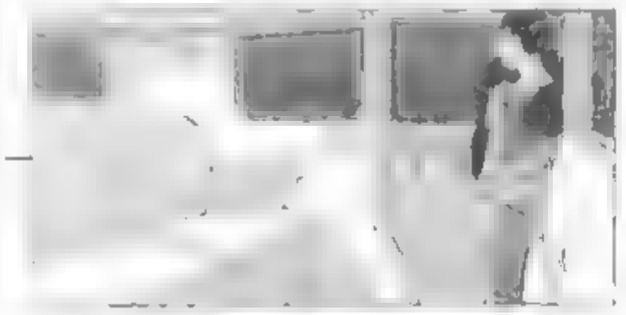
Exide Engineers built the *first* automobile battery in 1911. And they have continually improved the product. Today, Exide is still a leader . . . thoroughly up to its job. Small wonder that millions are on the road.

There's an Exide Battery Station near you where you can get expert service. Feel free to make use of it whether your present battery is an Exide or not. The Electric Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia. Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

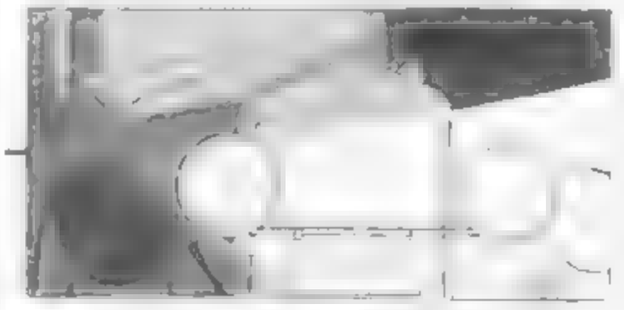
Exide
BATTERIES

WINDSHIELD WIPER AND HORN—Let it storm. Let jaywalkers wander. Your battery keeps vision clear and warns pedestrians or cars.

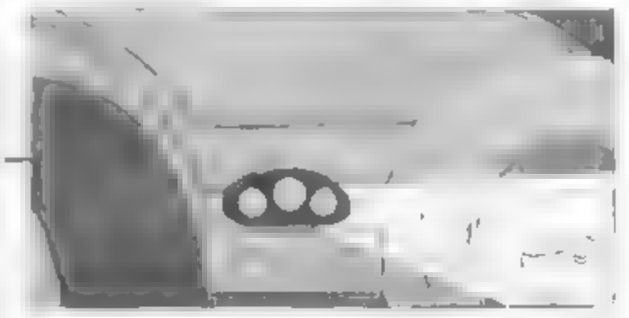
STARTER, CIGAR LIGHTER, IGNITION, DASH-LIGHT—Motor turns over . . . dash is lit . . . cigarette glows . . . thanks to battery



INSIDE LIGHTS—Living-room comfort for closed cars. When light is needed, the battery supplies generous current for it.



HEADLIGHTS AND COWL LIGHTS—The battery power cleaves the darkness far ahead . . . keeps parking lights bright for long hours.



REAR LIGHT, STOP LIGHT, REVERSE LIGHT—Vital warnings to traffic. They add to motoring safety and battery drain.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ALIGNMENT

(Continued from Page 37)

necessitated by the events of the Great War, although injured in its interest by both belligerents, the United States of America decided it could no longer maintain its neutrality. The situation had for the nation developed a moral interest which led it to overlook the injuries to its commerce by a power triumphant on the sea and to cast in its lot with the belligerents who appeared to stand for the humanities against the arrogance of military absolutism.

But making an exception in the exercise of their legal right to be neutral did not seem to the American people, as events have shown, to justify the total abandonment of that right. The idea that the American Republic is morally bound to intervene in every international quarrel or conflict did not appeal to the majority of its citizens. That they should legally bind themselves to such a course in an unknown future appeared to those who took this view like a complete sacrifice of national independence. To these it seemed that such an engagement would be to embark upon an unknown sea in a latitude of destructive storms and hidden dangers, a course to which, they felt, they could not in honor commit their children's children.

But to other nations engaged in the Great War, especially in view of their prewar psychosis regarding preponderant force, it seemed otherwise. To them, neutrality had appeared almost identical with hostility; for, in the meantime, neutral commerce had silently prospered against the interests of the belligerents, and sometimes it was felt chiefly through benefit to the enemy.

While the belligerents were fighting for life, they had felt that all neutral commerce prejudicial to them should stop. And this sentiment was, naturally, strong even in the power which had secured and held command of the seas. The peace, when it came, had been rendered possible by war, while neutrality had obstructed it. There should, therefore, be an end of neutrality. The alliance that had won the war must be continued and, in the name of Peace, a union based on "preponderant power" must be formed, into which the formerly neutral nations must be drawn under the hegemony of the victorious nations, who, by the control of this "preponderant power," could enforce peace by the menace of its exercise upon any nation disturbing the peace, which act would be construed as "a war against themselves."

Such was the fundamental idea underlying the conception of a League of Nations—a perpetual political and military alliance of the victors in the Great War and the neutral nations drawn in as members, to the exclusion of the vanquished until they were ready to accept all the penalties imposed upon them by the victors.

Superior and Inferior Nations

As a work of political expediency in terminating a conflict European in its origin and chiefly in its consequences, the Treaty of Versailles of 1919 was in some sense, but, perhaps, also with some modifications, a political necessity; but it was in no sense a juridical proceeding. It was plainly, openly and confessedly a punitive enterprise sustained by military force.

Such a vindication of violated rights might very well have stood by itself, subject to conditional revision. But this was not the decision made at Paris and executed at Versailles. Into this military settlement of the war was injected, not without protest in America, an attempt to impose upon the world, under the influence of a military victory, a permanent international organization for the regulation of the entire world.

What must not be forgotten is that the Treaty of Versailles, of which the Covenant of the League of Nations constitutes Part 1, is in its present form essentially, if not exclusively, a political and military alliance, in which the members are pledged in certain cases to coöperative military action—Articles X and XVI. Further, this treaty disposes of certain territories, possession of which was obtained by war, as subject to the sovereign power of the League of Nations, without regard to the will or desires of their inhabitants, to be partitioned out as virtual possessions of the great powers—the mandate system—thus conferring upon a hierarchy of states an imperial authority having no fundamental basis of right.

It is to be noted that in the organization of the League of Nations there is not only present a fundamental element of recognized superiority on the part of the great powers, clearly and solely because of their power and magnitude, but without any reference to their internal structure, their inherent rights as moral personalities, or their legal relation to smaller states under the accepted principles of sovereign right as defined by international law.

This hierarchy of states is composed of superiors and inferiors—a distinction on which is based the dual relation of the Council and the Assembly, as they are now called, after the change of the primary designations which at first more plainly indicated their hierarchical character—two distinct bodies, in one of which the great powers have a permanent and inherent right of membership, and in which all the others have only such right of membership as may be conferred or withheld by the Assembly; in which, also, the great powers are not only members but centers of powerful influence upon the entire body of secondary states.

A Court Without Jurisdiction

When we enter into the history of the formation of the League, we are not only struck by the absence of any juridical conception in the organization of its structure but of any intention in it, as at first projected, of a judiciary character. All decisions were to be made by the members in their purely political capacity as direct representatives of their particular governments, from which they received their appointments and to whom they alone were responsible, while subject to dismissal for any reason that might be by them deemed proper and which need not be publicly stated. In brief, the members of the Council and the Assembly are political agents of their respective governments, whose votes on every question are subject to governmental direction and control.

Upon this essentially political and military structure has been engrafted an institution that has given to it a power of appeal to the popular imagination which modern thought has not accorded to the expediencies of international diplomacy. It is called The Permanent Court of International Justice.

It is of the highest importance to recall the steps by which this institution has been brought into existence. In the first draft of a League of Nations there was no mention of any judicial organization. It was during the process of securing acceptance of the so-called Covenant that this idea first saw the light. It dates from certain recorded criticisms upon the original terms of this document which were made by noted publicists in the United States. I cite but a single one of many.

On March 29, 1919, the Honorable Elihu Root, in a letter written to influence the action of the American Government, commented upon the Covenant, Part I of the Treaty of Versailles, as then proposed, as follows:

"The scheme practically abandons all effort to promote or maintain anything like a system of international law, or a system of arbitration, or of judicial settlement, through which a nation can assert its legal rights in lieu of war. . . .

"It is to be observed that neither the Executive Council nor the Body of Delegates to whom disputes are to be submitted under Article 15 of the agreement, is in any sense whatever a judicial body or an arbitral body. Its function is not to decide upon anybody's right." [For the entire text, see American World Policies, pp. 233-240.]

As a result of this and other American criticisms, in order to make provision for a Court of Justice in the Covenant, Article 14 was framed as an amendment and adopted, providing for, but not yet creating, a court "competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto may submit to it."

The court thus projected was to have no compulsory jurisdiction, and was to serve also as the adviser of the League, thus making it, as officially stated, not only "the judicial organ of the League of Nations" but also its legal counsel—announced officially as "a most essential part of the organization of the League of Nations."

Realizing the futility of a court which is provided with no clear law by which "a nation can assert its rights in lieu of war," Mr. Root proposed a series of conferences to be convoked at intervals of five years, "for the purpose of reviewing the condition of international law, and of agreeing upon and stating in authoritative form the principles and rules thereof." This proposal, though supported later by the Commission of Jurists appointed to make a report on the organization of the court, was not adopted in framing the Covenant.

Pursuant to Article 14 of the Covenant, on June 16, 1920, a commission of twelve, of which Mr. Root was invited to be a member and upon which, as a private citizen, he served, was appointed by the Council to meet at The Hague.

Article 14, providing for the formation of a court, confined the work of the commission to the proposal of a tribunal "competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it." This restriction called for a court without compulsory jurisdiction, a tribunal which, without the consent of both parties to a dispute, had no authority "to decide upon anybody's legal right," which Mr. Root had indicated as necessary to the idea of a tribunal of international justice claiming to apply international law.

Definite Rules of Law

Of the constitution of the court proposed by the commission's report it is here unnecessary to speak. The text and the proceedings may be found in The Project of a Permanent Court of International Justice, edited by Dr. James Brown Scott and published by the Carnegie Endowment in 1920.

In the protocol by which the League of Nations agreed to accept this project, there is an optional clause by which the signatories may, if they so choose, accept a full compulsory jurisdiction by the court. Only certain powers have signed this clause. Without this separate signature an offended state has no power to bring its case before the court, and is, therefore, without means of securing legal action—a situation which renders the tribunal of no value as a means of obtaining a decision regarding a dispute concerning legal rights.

Even more necessary to a court of international justice than compulsory jurisdiction, and without which compulsory jurisdiction would be an exposure to mere private judgments on the part of the judges, is the necessity of definite rules of law previously accepted as standards of justice.

Upon this point Mr. Root had wisely insisted during the formation of the Covenant, at Paris, in 1919. This insistence was renewed in the commission to propose a statute for the court in 1920, and four recommendations conceived in this sense were unanimously adopted by the commission.

Jos. Stokes RUBBER CO
Trenton N J.
HARD RUBBER PRODUCTS
in
Every Conceivable Form
We urge the users and producers of Hard Rubber and Plastics to communicate with us. They will unquestionably profit. Our engineers, draftsmen, chemists and entire staff, with years of experience, are at your disposal
Moulders Since 1897
An exchange of views on the subject would undoubtedly be to your interest.
Jos. Stokes Rubber Co.
Jos. Stokes Rubber Co., Trenton, N. J.
Canadian Plant, Welland, Ontario

Massage

is as important for the scalp as for the skin

WHEN you massage your face you are immediately conscious of the results—better color and a pleasant tingling sensation. Your complexion is improved because the massage stimulates the circulation.

The same kind of stimulation is the best thing in the world for your scalp. It wakes up the tiny blood vessels that feed the hair roots, loosens the muscles and makes the hair healthy and strong. Try this beauty massage before your next shampoo—apply a small quantity of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp and rub it in vigorously with the finger tips, using a rotary motion. The Tonic softens and removes the dust that clogs the pores and deposits just the right amount of nourishing oil on the scalp. After the massage, shampoo as usual with mild soap and see how soft and glossy your hair is.

This simple "Vaseline" treatment used regularly, keeps your scalp in perfect condition and makes your hair lustrous and easy to manage. You can buy "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at all good drug stores. It is sold in bottles with a convenient shaker-type top. Made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1929

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

To the surprise of all who were interested in the further development of international law, these recommendations were flatly rejected by the Council, with comments by certain members which indicated a hostility to legal rules of action as an embarrassment to political adjustments.

This repudiation of the advice of the jurists charged with the project of a court of justice left the tribunal without a legal basis of judgment, and had the effect of either rendering strictly legal questions liable to be settled without any law, or of constituting the court itself a supergovernment charged with the right of creating the law for itself.

The recommendations so peremptorily repudiated by the Council of the League are in themselves so reasonable, so devoid of merely national interests, so forcibly stated by the report of the commission, and so clearly necessary for any real "advancement of international law," which was their sole purpose, that the rejection of them was regarded by many as a deadly blow to the League and to its court.

It is one of the hopeful signs in what I have called The New International Alignment that a disposition has recently been exhibited in influential quarters to accept, in part, at least, the recommendations which in 1920 were so peremptorily rejected. [For the full text, see The Problem of a World Court.]

The indisposition to make the most of the development of international law finds its explanation in the lingering shadow of the prewar and immediate postwar states of mind regarding the possibilities of "preponderant power."

The progress that has been made through the test of experience appears to be due to the growing conviction that "preponderant power" in any permanent form is a political myth. The history of the world affords no instance of the permanent endurance of preponderant military power. Many empires and alliances have seemed for a time to have demonstrated its possibility, but time has in every case proved the idea illusory.

The Roman Empire, Spain, France and Germany have seemed at a given moment its embodiment. The great alliances known to the history of diplomacy have been deemed in their period solid and perpetual, but in the presence of opposition in the great crises of history they have dissolved into their fluid components like snow under the glow of the sun of spring. Under the laws of Nature in the constitution of man, no people will forever submit to preponderant military power.

The League's Preponderant Power

The ten years that have elapsed since the establishment of the League of Nations have shown how futile is the pretense that it possesses and can exercise "preponderant power." There is no instance when the League has shown its ability, or even its disposition, to challenge and rebuke the pretensions of any great power, and it has not been able to work its will with even the smallest members.

If the occupation of Corfu by Italy is cited—and it was a test case—it should be recalled that while the Assembly and the Council were in full session at Geneva, the members of the League did not permit full discussion of the subject, and cautious intimations that it was a duty to consider the obligations of the League were silenced.

The whole matter was transferred to the Council of Ambassadors, composed of the great powers interested in the freedom of the Adriatic, who settled it by diplomatic arrangement.

It is time to exorcise this ghost of a terrified fancy that "preponderant power" can preserve the peace of the world. Wherever it appears, it menaces the peace of the world. It is a will-o'-the-wisp. It can frighten only children. Brave men will always contest it when it destroys or denies their inherent rights as human beings. What men demand is not peace. They can always have it by paying the price—submission. What they want is justice, and they will and should fight for it until they have it!

Why is it that a world that needs peace and wants it cannot find it? It is because the nations do not unite in seeking it at its true source. What is its true source? It is contentment, which is promoted by justice as its essential prerequisite.

What has the world done to establish justice among nations? Individuals and nations have endeavored to impose their wills reënforced by their power. It has long seemed to be the only way. Why has it failed? Because peace is a harmony of wills, whereas war is a conflict of wills. The secret of peace is in the voluntary agreements of men and nations.

It does not lie in armament or in disarmament. It does not lie in theories of organization. It does not lie in the debates of assemblies or the judgments of councils. It does not lie in accumulated power to enforce anybody's will. It lies in a voluntary submission to clear rules of conduct, frankly agreed upon, loyally obeyed, and the demonstration that peace can actually be found under these conditions, and that it is worth that price.

The Policy of War Renounced

In the modern world it is coming to be understood that the function of governments is to secure justice for the peoples who have established them. But if justice is the end for which the state exists, why should not the state itself be just.

The myth of "preponderant power" had so far faded into the background that Monsieur Briand, Foreign Minister of France, asked Mr. Kellogg, American Secretary of State, why France and the United States, so early and so long friends, should not always be just in their relations with each other; and, if that were the case, why not as between them renounce war as an instrument of national policy?

Mr. Kellogg, after reflection, replied, as it was expected he would, that the United States was prepared to accept that renunciation, but had other friends besides France, her first friend, and would make the same reciprocal renunciation with all of them.

In doing this, Mr. Kellogg had to remember that neither he nor the President was sovereign in the United States. The Government of which he was a part was created by the people of the United States, and the Government of which he was by the President appointed a part was governed by a law—a law on which all its authority is based—the Constitution of the United States.

This Constitution provided for war, for its declaration by Congress, and for the maintenance of an army and a navy. Neither Mr. Kellogg, nor the President, nor the Senate could pledge the United States to forgo the defense of the country if it was attacked by an armed enemy.

It was not apparent, however, that there was any reason for renouncing the performance of a constitutional duty, and Mr. Kellogg entertained no intention of renouncing it. In the Pact of Paris he did not renounce it, nor did any other signatory. What the document contains is in substance two engagements:

(1) A mutual pledge, as between the signatories, to "renounce war as an instrument of national policy"; and (2) a mutual pledge that "the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

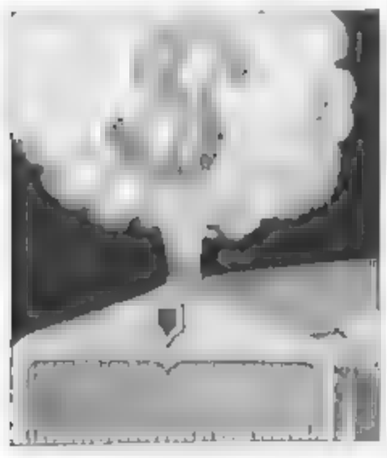
Signed at Paris by fifteen nations on August 27, 1928, the pact was submitted to the other independent nations and has been ratified by most of them, with the prospect that there will be no abstentions.

What, it is asked, is to enforce this agreement to "renounce war" and to seek the redress of wrongs by "pacific means"? Clearly not "preponderant force," and perhaps not any physical force at all.

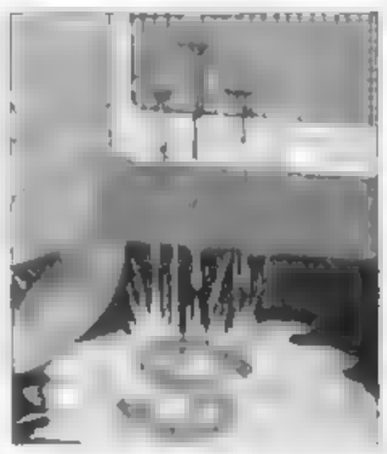
(Continued on Page 160)

WARNING!

Before you put in anti-freeze Clean . . . Flush . . . Leak-proof your radiator



EVERY manufacturer of anti-freeze advises this. Follow that advice, have your radiator thoroughly clean and leak-proof, and you'll save money.



Clogged radiators waste anti-freeze because of faulty circulation. The flow of water and anti-freeze through the cooling system is not uniform. When it comes to the radiator, not being able to get through as fast as it should, it backs out the overflow pipe.

Or because of faulty circulation and inefficient cooling, the motor overheats so that the more volatile anti-freeze mixtures evaporate. That's why it is necessary to replace alcohol.

A leaking radiator wastes anti-freeze for the simple reason that it leaks. That's obvious.

Here is an easy, economical, thorough way to make your radiator perfectly *clean and leak-proof*—as free flowing and tight as it was when new:

1. Clean the radiator and cooling system by merely pouring in a can of Purgo. Plain water alone won't do the job. But Purgo will. It is a scientific radiator cleaner, compounded to get all six of the "cloggers" that accumulate in cooling systems—rust, slime, sludge, oil, lime, and magnesia. One can of it and all these clogging accumulations dissolve and come out easily with a simple flushing.

2. Flush the radiator thoroughly until the water runs out perfectly clear. This requires only a few minutes. This flushing removes all the muck loosened by the chemical action of Purgo so that the cooling system is again as free flowing as it was when new.

3. Pour in a can of Radiator Neverleak. This seals the radiator against all leaks and closes up holes which only the accumulation of rust and scale over them prevented from developing.

But be sure you get Radiator Neverleak. It is the leak-sealing compound specifically formulated for use with Purgo and with any anti-freeze preparation having an alcohol, glycerine, or ethylene-glycol base. Guaranteed not to clog the cooling system.

Most garages, service stations, accessory dealers, sell Purgo and Radiator Neverleak. If yours does not, order direct, using the coupon below. Made and guaranteed by

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

For an extra-thorough job . . .

This complete while-you-wait RADIATOR SERVICE

Thousands of garages, filling stations, and car dealers are offering a complete Purgo Radiator Service. This service is identical with that described at the left, except for the second operation.

For the flushing, Purgo Service Stations use the Purgo Ejector. This is a scientifically designed tool made especially for this purpose. It uses compressed air and water to set up millions of tiny air hammers which dislodge every bit of the muck that the chemical action of Purgo has softened. In the illustration above, the mechanic is applying the compressed air to the Ejector with his left hand. The water is driven down through the engine block, up through the radiator, and out through the discharge hose.

This complete service takes only about forty minutes—you can wait while it is being done and the additional cost for this extra service is very nominal.

Dealers: Write us about a Purgo Radiator Service Franchise for your neighborhood.

Use Washine—the new and better automobile Cleaner-Polish. Does the job in half the time with half the labor. Large bottle $1.00. You also get FREE a handy duster. If your dealer hasn't Washine, use the coupon.

PURGE YOUR RADIATOR WITH . . .

Purgo

TRADE MARK REG.

Harmless to rubber, metal, finish and hands

RADIATOR CLEANER.

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION
582 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N Y
Gentlemen. Enclosed is $ ....., Please send me:
cans Purgo Radiator Cleaner @ 75c
cans Radiator Neverleak @ 75c
bottles Washine @ $1 00 with duster FREE
( ) Tell me the name of the nearest authorized Purgo Radiator Service Station

Name

Address

City State

My favorite filling station is

Flattering as Moonlight

. . . is the delicate lustre of Iron Clad silk . . . cleverly contrived to create and emphasize the lovely lines of youth. And there are delightful colors . . . colors soft as dawn to colors deep as night . . . that effectively point any ensemble.

The freshness and vitality of Iron Clad silk do not disappear after a few wearings and washings. Iron Clads may be washed time after time. You'll be surprised to see how every washing *renews* their original beauty.

Ask at your favorite store for Iron Clads. Style 910, pictured here, comes in the newest panel heel and smartest shades. Silk to the top in light service weight . . . $1.50 a pair . . . in sable, crystal beige, Almora, breezee, allure, light gun metal, evenglow, Romance, mistery and many other colors. If your dealer can't supply you, you may order direct, if you will be *sure* to give us your dealer's name.

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.

Iron Clad

(Continued from Page 158)

But physical force is not to intelligent minds the only or even the most important of human motives. In the Pact of Paris are involved the credit and the honor of the signatory nations; for what is to become the position in the world of a government or its people if they forfeit their honor and their credit? What public officer worthy of the name of statesman would counsel such a sacrifice?

Never until now has such a responsibility been accepted by human governments. These pledges are not made with a few governments, but virtually with all. Where shall the violators of good faith turn for friends when they have broken faith with the whole of civilization?

In some particular country public opinion may change, passion may be excited, explosions of wrath may occur and bloodshed follow. Suppose that all this happens: can it be rectified by more bloodshed, at the cost of the personally innocent persons in the population of the guilty state and of the officers and men of the punitive power? This would, no doubt, be the method of savages, but it is a relic of the past, which civilization should outgrow. Even under the influence of the postwar psychosis, it was proposed that the chief penalty for resorting to war should be an economic boycott.

This is difficult, if not impossible, to enforce against a great power. There is, in fact, no means of enforcing a promise in the case of a refusal to execute it by a great power. Perhaps the most effective method of treatment is to leave it to suffer the contempt of mankind and the consequences of dishonor. That course of treatment, it is true, does not provide in any way for the immediate protection of the innocent. In a concrete case, the need of help will inevitably make an appeal to what is best in our human nature, and in that event armed protection may still become necessary.

Plainly, therefore, while the new alignment of international relations is undergoing the test of experience, nothing could be so unwise or so reprehensible as to demand of any nation the total abolition of its means of defense, and thus render any protection of the innocent impossible.

Armed strength that is truly consecrated to justice is never a menace to anyone. It is the essential foundation on which every civilized state is based—the protection of innocence against wrong. To destroy absolutely the power to protect is a surrender to the will to injure.

The new alignment, therefore, calls neither for increased armament nor for disarmament. It opens a promising transitional period in which the one reasonable course of action is to improve those pacific means which the Pact of Paris pledges the signatories to seek for the "settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them."

Happily, the world is not without agencies already available for a resort to pacific means of settling international disputes. The first step is to remove from each one of them the obstacles which obstruct this resort and to add those developments which will promote their efficiency.

What are those obstacles and those needed developments?

The League of Nations has an evident utility. It offers an accessible meeting place for consultation and the prompt examination of difficult questions of inestimable value, especially to the European nations, whose highest political authorities may conveniently assemble in person for this purpose. The difficulty of deriving from it equal advantages is evident. The remoteness of this European center renders it less immediately accessible to the outlying nations and less potent in exercising its influence upon them. But the main obstacle to its usefulness, and even to membership in it, lies in the illusion that "preponderant power," as represented in it, can govern or is fit to govern the world. It is this assumption that it is fit and the factitious obligations that are derived from it that have created, and still sustain, the decision of the United States not to accept membership in it. Coöperation with its purposes without a bond of compulsion is, however, still possible and in certain matters has become actual.

Membership in the Permanent Court of International Justice has made to the American people a more powerful appeal than membership in an institution, essentially political and at least incidentally military, such as the League. The obstacle here is not only that the court is the creation of a "foreign agency" but, chiefly, that it is not a tribunal designed solely for judicial purposes, where justice from an offending state can be obtained through the court by the state that has been injured. This obstacle is rendered formidable by the fact that, though claiming to be a court of legal justice, its promoters have refused to accept the task of providing the court with the legal basis for its decisions which such a tribunal requires.

Indeed, it may be said that there are two different dispositions regarding the development of international law. One is that certain governments may not wish to be controlled by any law, but left free to do what they please. The other is that certain nations, of which the United States is one, are not willing to transfer the lawmaking power to foreign judges, and demand that the rules of law by which they are to be judged must first be clearly stated and freely adopted when agreed upon as law. If this obstacle were removed, there would be no reasonable ground why a free people, accustomed to making laws to regulate their own action, and with constitutions setting limits to acts of legislation, would not submit to have their disputes of a legal character with other nations judged and determined by a competent tribunal freely chosen.

While the situation of the world, particularly in Europe and the East, presents many problems difficult of solution, there is a new ground of hope in the fact that the present tendency appears to be to concentrate attention not upon the problems of power as before and immediately after the Great War but upon the problems of international justice. It is now virtually conceded that permanent international peace can never be imposed by physical power, no matter what group of nations may be supreme. The solution lies in the discovery and acceptance of what is just, and the means to promote the establishment, not of peace as a static condition but of justice as a progressive ideal. For this the signs of the times appear to be more favorable than they have been at any time in the past.

TOUCHDOWN TECHNIC

(Continued from Page 29)

hit. Red Grange is an outstanding example of what can be accomplished by the back who changes pace effectively, and remains today, as he was a few years ago, an excellent model to follow.

Although the huddle system has robbed the quarterback of much of his former glory, the position is still an important one on any team. The candidate for quarterback should be a natural leader, able to bark out his signals in sharp, authoritative tones which carry assurance. Never should he hesitate in calling a play. It suggests lack of confidence. One of the most important of his duties is to study the opposing team, find its weak spot and drive at that point. On the offensive, he should permit no one to talk but himself. On the defensive, everybody can talk.

The huddle system, incidentally, is still a subject of controversy, after years of use. The principal protest is that it slows up the game. Actually, this charge is inaccurate. In my opinion, it doesn't really slow the game. It simply creates that impression. When the quarterback called all signals the public regarded that as part of the spectacle of football and was keyed up to high interest. Today the clustering of players in a huddle seems like an interruption, even though no more time is consumed. It has, however, two distinct advantages: It helps the slower-witted player, and protects the signals from solution by the opposing team.

Defense in the backfield has its technic no less involved than offense. The defensive fullback must learn to stand from three to five yards behind the line, the halfbacks about ten yards, and the quarterback or safety man far enough away to handle quick kicks or a runner who has cleared first and secondary defenses.

The backfield man should watch the opposing end and halfbacks closely. If the end plunges toward him, he should step back warily, for the action has indicated either a pass or an end run. If the end turns toward the scrimmage, he should come in. A line plunge is indicated. Both halfbacks must be keenly studied. Only one can carry the ball, but the other can give the play away by a quick glance or turn in the direction of the contemplated run. On kicks, the man on the receiving end must, like the punter, retain a picture of the field while his eye is on the soaring pigskin. Then, after pulling it down, he takes two quick steps forward.

This gives him speed and an opportunity to advance while he studies the field and decides how to evade the ends, now coming in, or other players. An effective form of open-field running is to run directly toward the prospective tackler. It offers the runner a decided advantage. He knows which way he will turn at the last moment, but the tackler doesn't, and must be prepared for a swerve in either direction. Tacklers frequently try to drive fast runners in toward the sideline, which has, with justice, been called "the best player on the defense."

It is, of course, impossible here to offer a full description of how every play should be made and the details of such complex features of the game as passing, trick formations, and the like. The attempt is rather to present such fundamentals of individual work as will help the schoolboy athlete to improve his game, the college aspirant to improve his chances, and the ticket holder to increase his enjoyment of football as a spectacle. What can be described, however, are some of the protective measures which college players do, and schoolboys should, employ to guard against unnecessary injuries.

From the coach's point of view, a most significant fact about football injuries is that the majority of them are the result of improper and, therefore, ineffective playing. Virtually all protective measures blend naturally with the best technic of the game.

A man is seldom hurt, for example, if he completes his tackle. Shoulder injuries usually result from tackles carelessly executed and, therefore, missed. A player seldom has his wind knocked out if he carries the ball properly. That accident generally occurs when the ball is allowed to slip under the abdomen in a fall. No backfield man will injure his neck or spine if he plunges straight through the line with head and neck straight and rigid, body low and knees high. His head must be held at an angle to make this injury possible. It isn't because the outstanding stars are the strongest men physically that they so often escape injuries. It is because they are playing their positions properly and, therefore, efficiently and safely.

(Continued on Page 162)

INVEST IN LIFETIME LIVING COMFORT

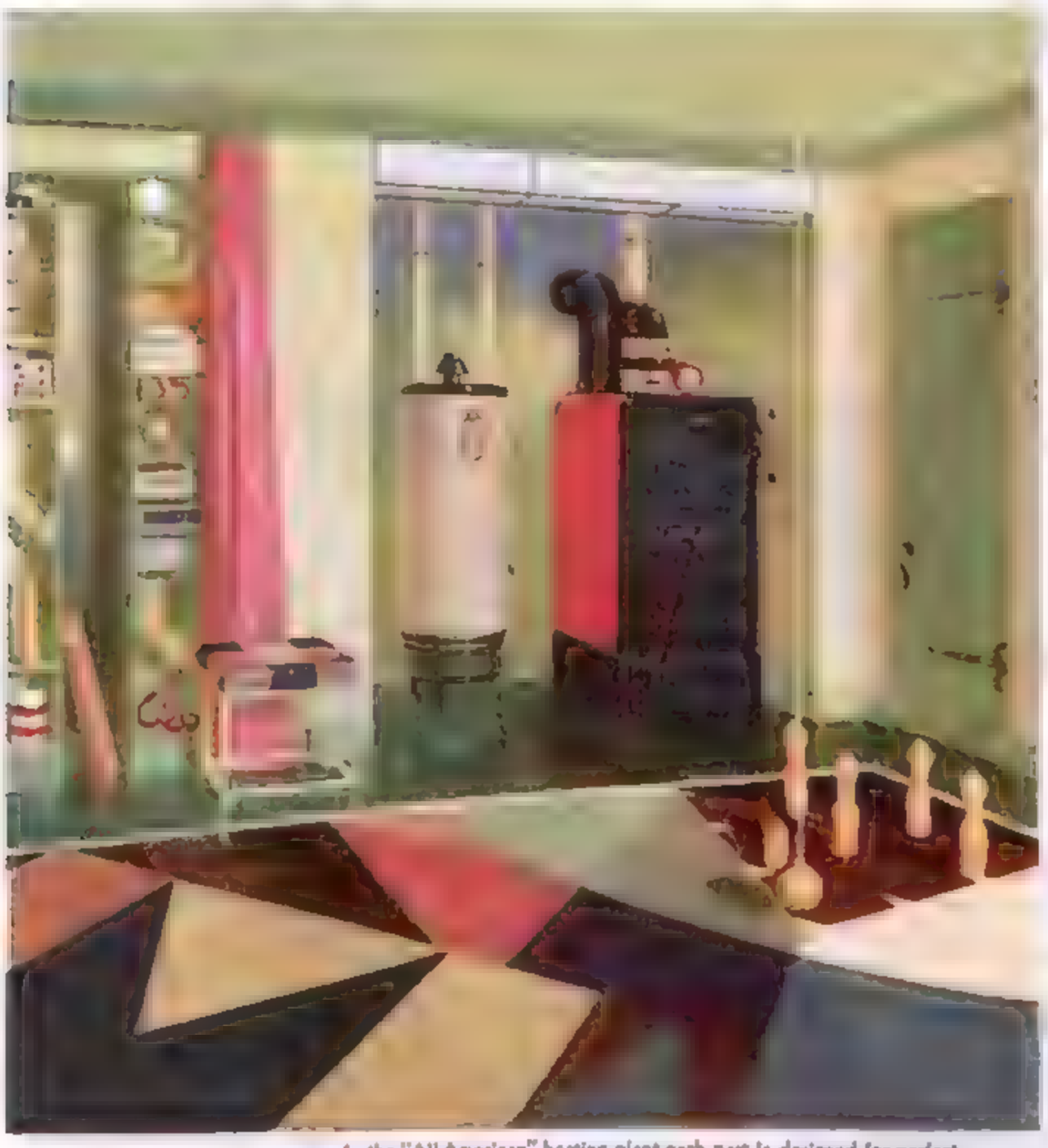
Is your home comfortably warm in every room? . . . If not, the best investment you can make is an American Radiator heating plant. It will pay you cash dividends in fuel saved; it will pay dividends more valuable than cash, in comfort and convenience, in cleanliness and health, in happiness for the whole family.

With an "Ideal" Redflash Boiler in the basement, "American" Corto Radiators upstairs, and "American" valves and accessories, you are assured of clean and healthful warmth in every room all winter long, year after year. And the fine appearance and cleanliness of the "Ideal" Redflash Boiler makes possible a livable basement for work or play.

You can enjoy the advantages of this "All American" heating plant while you pay for it—and while it is paying for itself in the fuel it saves.

Completely installed in your home for approximately $75 per room . . . Small monthly payments over a period of two years.

For details just mail the coupon that appears below.



AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS — In the "All American" heating plant each part is designed for perfect teamwork. It comprises: an "Ideal" Boiler, "American" Radiators and Accessories (Aind Air Valves, In-Aind Air Valves, Arco Packless Valves), Hotcoil, Kolflash or Excelso Water Heater.

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES are made in these colors: T'ang Red, Ionian Black, Ivoire de Medici, Clair de Lune Blue, Rose du Barry, Ming Green, Royal Copenhagen Blue, St. Porchaire Brown, Meissen White and Orchid of Vincennes.

Just as the development of the "Ideal" Redflash Boiler made possible an attractive, livable basement, so the creation of finer forms and beautiful colors for "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures made possible the bathroom that is as decorative as it is useful.

The beauty of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures has inspired a new interest in the possibilities of the bathroom as a modern interior, its architectural design, its furnishing, its decoration.

These possibilities are suggested by word and picture in the book "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home", a book of beautiful bathrooms and complete information about every plumbing fixture needed for the home. You are invited to write for a copy of this book and to visit a "Standard" Showroom where you can see the new plumbing fixture designs in the new "Standard" colors.

All "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures, regardless of price, are available in the new colors and may be purchased on convenient payments.

AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

40 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK

SHOWROOMS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

The Heating and Plumbing Finance Corporation, subsidiary of the American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Corporation, affords the best facilities for the purchase, by convenient payments, of the products of this organization.

S.E.P. 11-8-20

AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION
40 West 40th Street, New York

I AM INTERESTED IN RECEIVING:

☐ Interesting book with illustrations in color "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home".

☐ Particulars of your convenient payment plan, by which my home may be equipped with American Radiator Heat for approximately $75 a room.

The fuel I plan to use: ☐ Coal ☐ Coke ☐ Oil ☐ Gas

☐ Information on The Arco Vacuum Cleaner.

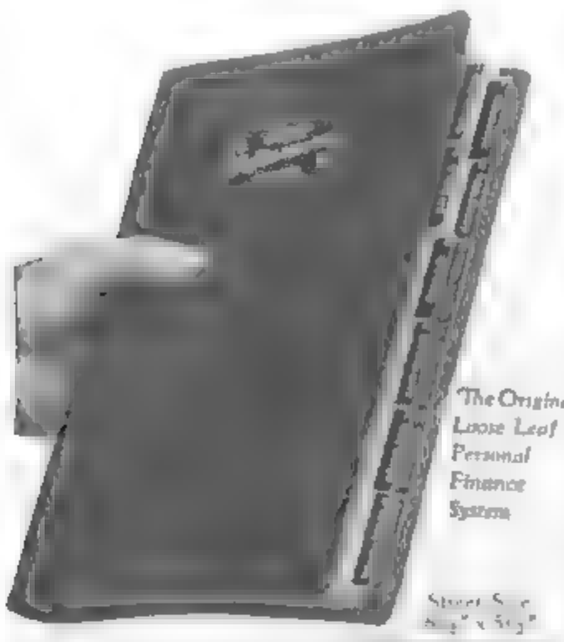
My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... State.....

Now it's fun

to keep your private records



The Original Loose Leaf Personal Finance System

IT pays to *organize* your personal financial records. Pays in time and money saved. Pays in mental relief.

$MY FINANCES$ is the new up-to-date system that makes it easy to keep your records in perfect order. It gives a crystal clear picture of your affairs which enables you to control them intelligently.

It is complete, yet simple and compact. Each "form" is scientifically correct; every requirement is anticipated. There are many new and ingenious features. The *Entries Chart* tells you where to make entries. *Numbered Check Columns* insure complete entries.

No matter what system you are now keeping, it will pay you to look into $MY FINANCES$. Contained in a handsome loose leaf binder, it is readily adapted to your personal needs — and is reasonably priced. Give it to your friends this Christmas —and pay them a rare compliment.

They Approve!

Mr. John G. Jones, an executive of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, says: "For years I have been trying to get hold of such a book and not until yours was brought to my attention did I get what I wanted."

Mr. C. N. Stone, Vice-President of Babson's Statistical Organization says: "Promotes efficiency . . . performs a real service . . . you have worked excellence into every detail."

Mr. Jos. Lincoln Lustberg, of Lustberg, Naut & Co., New York writes: "Every executive and most of the salesmen of our firm have ordered a book."

OBSOLETES ALL OTHER METHODS

Investigate for yourself. Ask your stationer to show you $MY FINANCES$. Note the exact name —the name with the dollar sign. If he hasn't it in stock, he will order it for you. Or else you can send to us direct. Your money will be refunded if you are not satisfied.

Genuine Cowhide $6.75. Fabrikoid $4.75 —Complete

Trussell $ My Finances $ REVISED

Another Trussell Specialty

FEATHERWEIGHT RING MEMOS

This is the thinnest, lightest, Ring Memo Book ever made—less than ½ as thick and heavy as any other. Feels like a feather in your pocket. Opens flat. Splendid for gifts, and good will advertising.

Genuine imported pigskin—nut brown. Men's vest pocket size. No. 112, with two extra refills $1.05

Ladies' handbag size No. 111 with two extra refills 85c.

Also a large [illegible] other sizes and bindings are available at your stationer.

TRUSSELL MFG. CO.
192 Cottage St. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Originator and Maker of All-leather Ring Books

(Continued from Page 160)

Injuries to the head should never occur on a properly drilled team. They can be avoided by the use of head guards whenever rough work of any kind is ordered. Even in practice, a torn or cauliflower ear, or a concussion, may be the penalty paid by the player who throws off his helmet, while if he wears it he is well protected against such mishaps. Most players who doff their headgear do it only in bravado—a spirit which should be discouraged at all times

A bitten tongue, which frequently causes pain to inexpert players, is almost inexcusable for the trained man. It can be avoided by the simple and logical method of running and playing with the mouth closed. Nor is there any real excuse for an injury to the neck. When a player learns to hold his head absolutely rigid and straight, he is safe from this injury. The explanation is simple. The head and neck, as everyone knows, are on the upper end of the spinal column. Each vertebra of that column is separated from the next by a cushion of cartilage. A blow suffered on top of a straight and rigidly held head will thus be cushioned all the way down the spine and cause no damage. If a player remembers this, his head cannot be twisted to one side by impact, for the muscles of the neck are among the strongest in the body and the trunk will yield before they do.

To Play Safe, Play Well

The shoulder is more vulnerable. For that reason no player should go into scrimmage without his shoulder pad. Here, too, hitting an opponent straight-on with the correct technic constitutes the safest method. If, however, an attempt to tackle or take out opposing tacklers is improperly executed, injury may result. The player may land on the point of his shoulder, tearing the ligament which separates collar bone and shoulder blade. When a tackle or attempt at blocking is missed, the player should try to roll as he lands.

Ribs are seldom fractured in football Most so-called rib injuries are actually a tearing of the cartilage joining the ribs with the breast bone. This can happen only when the player falls with arms extended. A completed tackle will avoid it, or, if missed, injury can often be escaped by pulling the arms close to the body.

Hip injuries are harder for the player to guard against. For that reason he should never go into scrimmage unless well padded over the crest of the ilium, where such hurts occur. Thigh padding is similarly necessary to guard against a Charley horse, which may be due to a hemorrhage between muscle fibers as a result of a blow, to bruised muscle fibers, or to bleeding under the membrane covering the thigh bone. Adequate padding and proper tackling and blocking can protect against all these hazards.

Tackling and blocking methods have, of course, changed with the game, particularly since the elimination of the flying tackle and clipping from the rear. Nevertheless, spectacular methods of making such plays are still responsible for many injuries—and defeats

The effective tackler should not leave his feet until he makes contact. He may miss a chance to make a beautiful play now and then, but when he gets his man he'll hold him, which is the important thing. If he hits head-on, and keeps charging with his feet, at the same time pulling both the runner's knees in, he not only throws his opponent back but makes him take the shock. In blocking, the same rule holds -leave the feet only after making contact. During my experience as a varsity player I was taught to bring my thigh up behind the heels of the opponent I was blocking. It spilled him beautifully, but as a result I was seldom without a painful Charley horse on both thighs. Today I discourage that technic. Good players are too valuable to risk on mere spectacular tricks.

The knee injury is probably the most dreaded of all hurts by players and coaches alike. It is painful and keeps a man out of the game longer than any other mishap. Yet it can occur only when the knee is struck from the side while the player is standing still. Constant motion, such as a wholehearted interest in the game demands, is the most effective protection against it. One puzzling feature of this injury is the fact that it seldom hurts much when first suffered. The agony comes hours after the game has ended.

Any player who is hurt in this way and finds himself unable to turn quickly should be taken out of the game immediately and sent to bed.

Ankle injuries, like those of the knee, are generally escaped by the man who keeps in motion. Further protection may be assured by wrapping the ankles in heavy bandages before every scrimmage. Since our team has followed that system it has been practically free from any such injuries.

There are a number of odd and interesting factors in football injuries, unrecorded in any medical book. The first is that more players report for treatment after a defeat than after a victory. This doesn't imply attempts to establish alibis. The real explanation lies in the fact that the elation of victory drives all thought of cuts and bruises from the player's mind. Probably much the same psychology applies to players injured in practice, who miraculously recover in time to get in a Saturday line-up. They aren't consciously avoiding the hard work of drill when their hurts keep them out until the end of the week. The mental excitement attending any real game actually makes them forget their disabilities in their eagerness to take part. In the game itself many players seem almost insensible to pain. I have seen physicians set dislocated fingers on men on the field under conditions which elsewhere would have caused intense agony. Yet the player's only apparent emotion was impatience at being kept out of the game so long.

This nervous tension of the player immediately before, during and between the halves of a game is what makes the traditional coach's exhortation in the dressing room a futile and discarded thing. Players don't need pepping up on the verge of a big battle. They need calm, confidence-creating advice. They don't need loyal and patriotic two-minute talks between halves. They need a few suggestions, a few words of encouragement. Their nerves are already strained to a fine tension. Their spirits are already a-flare. They require only direction.

Just Before the Game

For these reasons I discourage loyal and eloquent alumni from talking to the team on the eve of a big battle. My theory, and that of the majority of university coaches, is that the coach himself knows the temperament of his players better than any Old Grad, however prominent, however eloquent, and that he alone should handle the men during that critical period.

Until the starting whistle blows, the average player is, I believe, as tense and nervous as it is possible for any human to be But with a kick-off this disappears. He forgets the crowd and the importance of the day, to concentrate with a one-track mind on a single idea -the next play. The cheers from the student section are unheard. Cries of "Hold that line" or "We want a touchdown" fall on ears deaf to everything but the next signal. The world has narrowed down to a group of twenty-two men and a football. But it is a fascinating world, as any must be which receives so much of a youth's unselfish enthusiasm. In the minds of those who have known its appeal, there can never be any doubt that the sacrifices it demands in time, in study, and in hardships are more than repaid by the elation which comes from the game itself—particularly from the game that ends in victory.

One of Life's Minor Tragedies: When the Brother, Whom You Bullied as a Little Chap, Outgrew You

XII
THE FAMOUS WHITE ROLL CALL IS THE MOST CONVINCING RECORD OF STANDARDIZATION EVER PUBLISHED. THREE COMPANIES ARE LISTED AS OWNING 1000 OR MORE WHITE TRUCKS OR BUSSES, 57 OPERATE FLEETS OF 100 OR MORE, 150 OWN 50 OR MORE, AND 409 HAVE 25 OR MORE EACH.

When transportation must make money, operators turn to White

No set of rules covers all transportation problems. Every day operators are faced with hauling problems that go far beyond the limitations of standard truck models. To these operators White engineers represent a source of sound advice, intelligent understanding and the practical application of knowledge gained through the longest experience in commercial transportation.

A particular truck model that might be highly successful for one operator can often prove to be an expensive unit for another. White engineers not only analyze an operation in terms of loads, roads and coverage, but design the correct unit to give the operator the lowest possible transportation cost. In every field of commercial activity White engineers are saving millions of transportation dollars by specially designing the exact units to do the difficult jobs at the lowest cost.

To serve the broadest field of transportation, White builds the most complete line of quality four and six cylinder trucks and busses in the industry. But beyond this there is the resourcefulness of White engineering and the factory facilities to build any unit required to serve any requirement better.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE

A COMPLETE LINE OF FOUR AND SIX CYLINDER

TRUCKS
BUSSES

© THE WHITE COMPANY, 1929

Giants of Power

Started easily

TODAY a dainty miss can step into a powerful automobile, touch a button, have the engine pulse into life and drive safely through traffic or on cross-country trips—a giant of power under perfect control.

Starting is now so easy because of the Bendix Drive. It is automatic in every action—takes hold, cranks your engine, lets go and automatically protects the starter from damage in unintended operation.

But even these details of its automatic operation are frequently forgotten because of the certainty of uniformly dependable results—surely an indication of easy starting.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY
ELMIRA, N. Y. · WALKERVILLE, ONT.
(DIVISION OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION)

Stopped quickly

PERFECT and easy control is again exemplified in the Bendix Brakes.

Bendix brake shoes are designed to offer the maximum braking surface and to utilize the momentum of the car to increase the pressure so that brake application becomes steadily stronger and stronger, bringing the car to a smooth quick stop.

Equalization is so definite and secure that once adjusted, Bendix Brakes retain their sure, even action for long periods.

Such control and certainty have made Bendix Brakes one of the greatest safety factors in modern motoring.

BENDIX BRAKE COMPANY
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA
(DIVISION OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION)

Bendix Automotive and Aviation Products

Bendix Brakes, Bendix Drive, Eclipse Aircraft Starters and Generators, Stromberg Carburetors, Scintilla Magnetos, Delco Aircraft Ignition, Pioneer Instruments, Bendix-Cowdrey Brake Testers and other equipment.

Fully protected by patents and applications in U. S. and abroad

4

The BENDIX DRIVE

BENDIX BRAKES

ON THE ROAD

Continued from Page 40

obliged to wait. I am glad to state that the Atlantic Works did not fall into this error. At the beginning of the period of easy selling Roger Weeks gave orders to all departments that there should be no favoritism shown by credit executives. As a former traveling salesman he knew the value of goodwill better, perhaps, than many men who had never been on the actual firing line of selling.

I asked a great many business men during this period how long they believed the sellers' market would last. Some, as I have said, thought it would be a permanent condition, while others figured on a gradual tapering off; but no one figured on a letdown within three or four years. During the first months of 1920 it seemed that the optimists were right in their surmises, for not only did the extraordinary demand for goods continue but prices steadily advanced. In our line we never knew from one week to the next what we would have to pay for material or labor. Under such conditions we ourselves could not guarantee any prices to our customers. As had been the case in 1919, we took orders in three months for all the merchandise we could turn out during the balance of the year, and every order was taken subject to the prices that might be current at the time we were able to ship the goods. No one seemed to mind this. There had been a shortage in all lines for several years, and merchants were so intent on filling up their stocks that price became a minor consideration. In January of that year I was in Chicago on my way to the Pacific Coast, and called on one of our jobber customers. Among other items, the buyer ordered one thousand coffee percolators, saying he wanted them for summer and fall business. The price at the moment was ten dollars apiece. I said we could not hope to make shipment before May at the earliest, and suggested it might be wise to split the order in half, because by May the price might be higher than he would want to pay for a full thousand. I added that I would be seeing him again on my way back to New York within sixty days; and if at that time the price suited him and if he still wanted his thousand percolators, I would take it on myself to see that the factory gave him what he wanted. The buyer agreed this might be advisable, but said he would have to take it up with the head of the firm. Together we stepped into the private office of the president. That gentleman was sitting at his desk, smoking a large cigar; when I had explained my view of the matter he blew a puff of smoke toward the ceiling and said expansively:

"What do we care about the price? No matter what it is, we'll get our regular percentage of profit. I tell you the people of the United States are merchandise hungry and they've got the cash to pay!"

The jobber got his thousand percolators in May, when the price had advanced from ten dollars apiece to thirteen-fifty. But he did not, unfortunately, get his regular percentage of profit, for almost overnight the temper of the public changed. When and if the Great American Novel is ever written, I think it will concern itself with some such nation-wide phenomenon as occurred in midyear 1920. There were just as many of us in the United States in October as in July; in the aggregate we had just as much money, and we were as anxious to enjoy life; but whereas at the earlier date the tendency was to spend gayly, regardless of price, at the later date the nation was embarked on a vast campaign of bargain hunting, of waiting to see how low things might be purchased. The novelist who can trace the thousand little influences that bring about such a dramatic change in massed human nature will write a profound and valuable piece of literature.

It seems almost incredible that a radical sellers' market could change so quickly into a buyers' market just as radical. I started on my second coast-to-coast trip in September, and everywhere I went the retail streets were plastered with banners announcing sales of all sorts of merchandise at fifty cents on the dollar. The manufacturing plants of the country had at last caught up with, and passed, demand.

It was natural that a great many merchants, wholesale and retail, who had been burned by having too much merchandise on their shelves should go to the other extreme and try to see how small an investment they could have and still remain in business. That is really what it amounted to, though it was generally alluded to as the "science of turnover." Perhaps it is because I have been a salesman all my life, but I have never been able to regard turnover as the answer to all business problems. As in everything else, there is a middle ground between overbuying and underbuying. I know the theory: If you do a business of ten thousand dollars a year on an investment of one thousand dollars, you make money. But if you do ten thousand dollars a year on an investment of five thousand, you lose money.

The theory is good, but the trouble is to make it work. By cutting down your investment you may attain turnover; the danger is that it may be a turnover of customers instead of merchandise.

There is also another side to it. When a man goes into business and invites people to do business with him, he is to a certain extent a public character and he should be willing to shoulder the responsibilities that go with his position. He isn't shouldering responsibilities when he refuses to take ordinary business risks.

For a couple of years after the slump of 1920 one of our principal troubles in the electrical-appliance division of the Atlantic Works was to convince our wholesale distributors that they should carry adequate stocks. I might add in passing that we still have difficulties in that direction. One of my customers who was most enthusiastic over the science of turnover was a man whom I will call Frank Woods, a general wholesaler in one of the big Texas cities. He had taken a sizable loss during the postwar deflation period and was inclined to be extremely conservative. On two or three of my semiannual visits the business I got was much below what I felt I should have had. Each time the manager of his electrical-appliance department told me he would like to place more generous orders, but he was held down by explicit instructions from Mr. Woods. The idea was to carry no more than thirty days' supply in any department and to re-order frequently by mail.

Of course, if turnover is the main object of a commercial business, Frank Woods' idea was correct. But turnover is a means to an end, not an end in itself; and I was convinced that not only was the Woods Wholesale Company losing sales through its ultra-conservative policy but that it was not quite doing its full duty by its customers. Like many wholesalers in the West and South, Frank Woods did business largely with small-town and crossroads merchants who bought all their supplies from him and depended on him for credit, as their own customers paid their bills only once a year, when they realized on their produce. On this occasion I happened to meet one of these country merchants in the Woods establishment—an Irishman named Callahan from Jeff Davis County who aired some of his difficulties to me. He made the complaint that one often hears in rural communities: That people bought from him when they needed credit, but when in funds sent to mail-order houses for their requirements. I was staying overnight in the city and persuaded Mr. Woods and Callahan to have dinner with me at the hotel that evening.

We dined in the roof garden of the fifteen-story hotel, and after Callahan recovered

"Some pretty tough stretches of road on the way to the game, aren't there?"
"We didn't notice them at all, thanks to the Monroe Two-Way Hydraulics on our car"

REST *while you ride on* Cushions of Oil

Long, hard motor trips with continually changing road conditions used to be mighty fatiguing experiences. Even the surfaces of many city streets made pretty rough going.

All this is changed, however, for motorists whose cars are equipped with Monroe Two-Way Hydraulic Shock Eliminators. Their cushions of oil make the ride restful on any road surface. They control the springs *all the time* so that they compress softly—return to normal gently.

Rubber insulators in these shock absorbers keep noise and vibration from the car.

A nationwide network of Monroe dealers and service stations growing larger every day, is at your service. Call on them for inspection and refilling with genuine Monroe Cushion Oil.

$65 *and* $115
the set of four installed
Slightly higher in Canada

MONROE
HYDRAULIC · SHOCK · ELIMINATORS
Monroe Auto Equipment Company · 1303 E. First Street, Monroe, Michigan

DEALERS · Fill out and send us this coupon for interesting information about the Monroe franchise

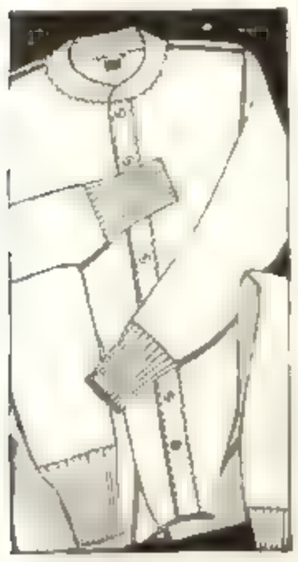
*Name*_____ *Address*

MEN LIKE COMFORT

THAT'S WHY SO MANY MILLIONS OF THEM PREFER HANES UNDERWEAR

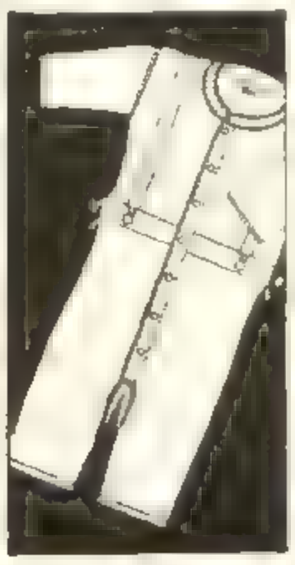
Hanes Samsonbak Athletic Union Suit of madras and broadcloth with patented belt. Only $1

Hanes Shirts and Shorts in smart, new styles and colors. 50c, 75c, $1. Wide choice, real comfort



Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, $1.25 to $1.50. Shirts and drawers, 75c to $1.

Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweights Short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. Remarkable value at $1.50. Red Label Lightweights, $1



Merrichild Wash Suits for boys and girls, age 2 to 12, 85c. Boys', age 2 to 16, "bearsit," 75c to $1

HANES UNDERWEAR is designed and built by men who have been specializing in comfort for men and boys for more than twenty-five years. That's why a HANES garment fits you better—all over. That's why the materials are so soft and pleasing—the seams flat-locked, never irritating—even why buttons are sewn *to stay!*

But comfort without economy would never do. So HANES priced luxury so low that every man could afford it. Men have responded in such numbers that it has been possible to maintain HANES values and to develop HANES facilities to a pre-eminent place in the industry.

Slip into a Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suit. It's pictured in center above. Like HANES Heavyweights and Red Label Lightweights, it is *knitted*, not cut, to your exact size. Never wrinkles, bunches or binds. It's not too light for cool days. Not too heavy for mild days. More and more men are wearing it for work and play all year round.

Here are garments for every preference—every season—every need. And remember, the biggest values you can find. If your regular store hasn't the complete line write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS — FOR EVERY SEASON

somewhat from his embarrassment caused by the luxurious surroundings, I contrived to draw him out on the subject of his merchandising troubles. In regard to human nature, Callahan was thoroughly cynical, claiming there was no more such a thing as gratitude. Not once but fifty times during the previous year had he seen customers of his, who owed him large accounts, in the post office buying money orders to send to mail-order houses in Kansas City or Chicago. They simply would not give a local man a chance. As an example, there was a man named Olson who had a ranch in the Fort Davis country. Callahan had carried Olson on his books for years. Just within a fortnight Olson had come into Callahan's store to buy a soldering outfit. Callahan did not have in stock just what was wanted, but he got out the Woods Wholesale Company catalogue, showed Olson a picture of the desired merchandise and said he would get it for him. Olson remarked that maybe he would come back and place the order, but he never did. A few days later Callahan caught Olson at the railway station just starting for home with a soldering outfit that had come from Kansas City. Callahan remarked that what he said to Olson on that occasion was a plenty.

Both Frank Woods and I agreed that this was indeed a lamentable case of ingratitude. Mr. Woods asked Callahan if Olson had any excuse for his action in ignoring a home merchant.

It appeared there was a shadow of an excuse. The Fort Davis country, being high ground and cooler than some other sections, is beginning to be quite a summer resort for people in the lower sections of Texas, and the previous season Olson went into the summer-hotel business. He needed a lot of crockery, flatware, and so forth, and came to Callahan for it. Callahan didn't have the required quantities in stock, but said he would get it. He sent the order to the Woods Wholesale Company. They shipped part of it promptly, but wrote that they would have to back-order the balance. It was more than a month before Callahan received this balance, and meanwhile Olson was in his store every few days, raising Cain because of its nonarrival. At that time Olson passed the remark that he would never trust a local merchant to order anything for him again, but Callahan thought he was just angry at the moment and didn't especially mean it.

At nine o'clock Callahan said it was his bedtime and went off to his furnished-rooms hostelry near the S. P. railway station. The wholesaler and I stayed in the roof garden to talk and listen to the dance music. He spoke of Callahan's set-to with the rancher Olson because the latter had sent to Kansas City for his soldering outfit. It seemed strange, he said, that people in rural communities did not realize it was to their advantage to spend all their money with local merchants, because the merchants helped to support the schools and churches and other institutions, and whenever money was sent away to the big mail-order houses, it was just that much less for home improvements. I had known Frank Woods ever since I was in the farm-plant business and we were friendly enough for me to risk a little argument.

"I'm not standing up for the mail-order business," I said; "as a matter of fact the Atlantic Works doesn't sell mail-order houses, but neither of us can deny that they do give good service. I guess if I had been in Olson's place I would have sent away to Kansas City for my soldering outfit just as he did."

"That's where we differ," he retorted. "Maybe I am prejudiced because I own the Woods Wholesale Company and make my living out of small towns, but I believe people ought to be 100 per cent loyal to their home-town merchants."

I chanced a pointed question.

"Is the Woods Wholesale Company," I queried, "doing everything it can to help the home-town merchants hold their trade?"

"Of course it is," he answered. "We sell them at prices that allow them to compete with the mail-order concerns. Besides that, we carry them along financially. There's Callahan, for example. He straightens out his account with us every January. He's supposed to send us some money throughout the year, but he seldom does. His own capital is tied up in charge accounts. And the very people like Olson, who are on his books, send their cash money away to the mail-order houses instead of giving him a chance."

"But Olson did give Callahan a chance once," I ventured. "When he placed the order for his hotel crockery and flatware. Callahan didn't make good. He kept Olson waiting a month for stuff that he needed badly. Remembering that, it's no wonder Olson wouldn't take another chance."

This was bringing the subject close to headquarters, because the Woods Wholesale Company, not Callahan, was responsible for the unsatisfactory execution of the order for hotel merchandise. Frank Woods colored a little.

"It was too bad about that hotel order," he said. "I hadn't heard anything about it until Callahan told about it just now. But the delay is easily explained. It was a larger order than we are in the habit of getting from our country merchants, and naturally we were short on some things. I presume we sent on to the Eastern manufacturers promptly for the items we didn't have in stock, and shipped them to Callahan as soon as they arrived. So, all in all, I am satisfied we did the best we could."

Only our long acquaintance and my real liking for Frank Woods justified my next remark.

"Would you have been satisfied a few years ago," I suggested, "before the science of turnover became such a fetish?"

He demanded in a half-irritated manner to know what I meant.

"Only this," I said, "and I hope you'll pardon me if I seem too forward: You know I call on leading jobbers all over the country. For the past couple of years I've heard this science of turnover talked about from coast to coast. I've also read any number of articles in the newspapers and trade journals which tell how the marvelous efficiency of the railroads makes it possible for mercantile houses to carry skeleton stocks and still do their regular volume of business. I'm not denying that the railroads of the country are doing a better job than at any other time in history, and it's true that under ordinary conditions a jobber can maintain a steady flow of merchandise through his warehouse.

"But I say 'ordinary conditions,' and you'll have to admit that sometimes conditions arise that are not ordinary. Just as in the case of Callahan and his hotel order. Your skeleton stocks weren't adequate, and the ensuing delay made trouble for Callahan and his customer, Olson. Every time a thing like that occurs it makes business for the big mail-order houses. Olson lost confidence in Callahan's ability to get anything for him that had to be sent away for. But he knew he could mail the cash to Kansas City and the merchandise would come to him within four days.

"You'll probably say that a wholesale house can't carry all the merchandise in the world, and that it's worth losing an occasional piece of business to keep your investment within bounds. But the question is, do you really keep your investment down as much as you think you do? You said just now that Callahan straightened out his account once a year and that he couldn't do any better because his customers send what loose cash they happen to have between times to the mail-order houses. Isn't it reasonable to suppose, if the Woods Wholesale Company filled Callahan's mail orders with the same sureness that the mail-order houses fill theirs, that Callahan might get some of the loose money which now goes to Kansas City and Chicago? And if that were the case, Callahan wouldn't have to lean so heavily on you for credit. We'll agree that the science of turnover may lessen your investment in merchandise. But if it

(Continued on Page 188

"We never see the smoke inspector *since The Iron Fireman feeds our fire"*

POURING out of your smoke stacks, blackening the air, bringing the wrath of the smoke inspector down upon your head...smoke is bad enough! But smoke is more than a nuisance...it is *Waste!*

Think of your smoke stack as an *exhaust* for boiler or furnace. You know that a smoking automobile exhaust means oil or gasoline waste...in the same way, a smoking stack is a sign of *coal* waste...loss of heat-giving gases that you pay for when you buy coal.

The Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burner, which successfully applies the scientific principle of "*Forced Underfiring*," obtains complete combustion from coal. All of the heat-giving gases are consumed—nothing is wasted—there is no smoke.

Iron Fireman savings will startle you. Few realize what an important sum these savings add to annual profits. Yet thousands have proved them.

From four sources these savings total a sum large enough to *demand* attention:

(1) *Complete combustion*—no smoke, all combustible gases from the coal are consumed. Nothing is wasted.

(2) *The smaller-sized, lower-priced coals are fired automatically by the Iron Fireman.* The same quality of coal costs far less in these smaller sizes.

(3) *Labor costs reduced*—Iron Fireman requires only a fraction of the labor of hand firing. The janitor or fireman is released for other duties.

(4) *Even temperature or steady power.* The Iron Fireman is operated by automatic temperature or pressure controls. The steady, even heat or boiler pressure it maintains brings satisfaction and savings.

WASTEFUL SCIENTIFIC

Fuel fed from above results in a smoky flame and poor combustion. Fuel fed from below gives a bright, clear flame with no waste.

Thousands of users endorse the Iron Fireman as one of today's really big developments. And why not? Coal, the nation's dependable fuel supply, now becomes inexpensive, automatic!

A nation-wide engineering and service organization makes Iron Fireman available to industries, homes and buildings everywhere. Estimate of installation costs and operating savings (usually totaling from 15% to 50%) gladly submitted. Literature mailed free on request. Iron Fireman Mfg. Co., Portland · Cleveland · St. Louis.

IRON FIREMAN MFG. CO., Portland, Oregon

Send catalog about Iron Fireman automatic "*Forced Underfiring*" for the type of installation checked below:

☐ Industrial_____h. p. Type of building_____

☐ Residential: Hot Water_____, Warm Air_____, Vapor System_____, Other _____.

Name_____

Address_____

S E P 11-8

© 1929 - I F M CO

The IRON FIREMAN

Automatic Coal Burner

Thousands in use throughout America

Carry your fireplace upstairs . . .

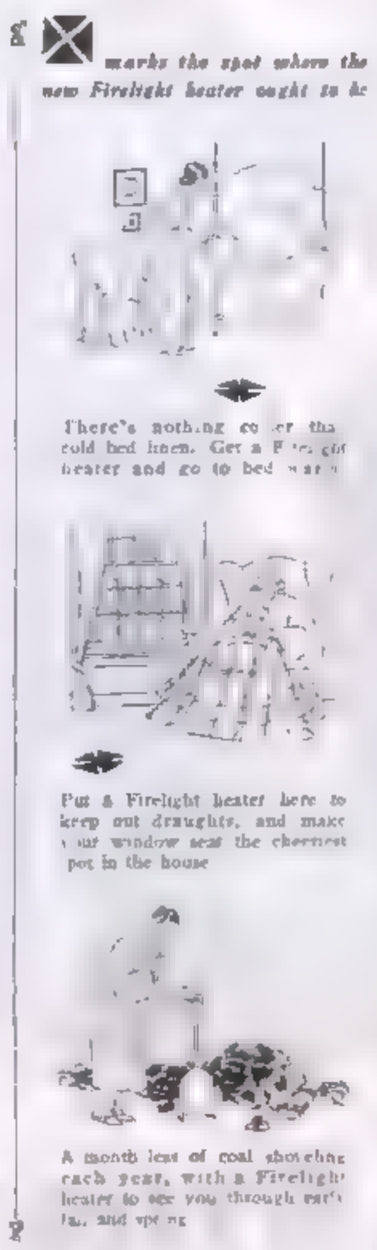
Warm content and ruddy light follow the new FIRELIGHT HEATER

GIVE this new Firelight heater just one day in your home, and it will make friends with the whole family. Its warm, ruddy glow and cheery comfort make it a welcome companion in the living room. It lights the way upstairs to the youngsters' bedroom and consoles them for having to go to bed early. It sits in the bathroom and warmly encourages the man of the house to take a cold shower. It coaxes Mother out of the covers into a warm room in the morning.

Even the family pocket book approves of it. For, like all other Perfections, it is most economical to use.

This new oil-burning heater has a transparent firebowl of durable Pyrex. It is finished in apple-green enamel, golden-sand enamel, or in satin black. There are beautiful all-enamel models in snow-white, sea blue or brown. Other models in satin black. All have new features that make them easy to fill, to keep clean, to re-wick. Prices, $6.25 to $17.75. See them at any dealer's.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY · *Cleveland, Ohio*
Sold in Canada by General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario


X marks the spot where the new Firelight heater ought to be
There's nothing co er the cold bed linen. Get a F ... heater and go to bed ...
Put a Firelight heater here to keep out draughts, and make your window seat the cheeriest spot in the house
A month less of coal shoveling each year, with a Firelight heater to see you through early fall and spring

PERFECTION
Oil Burning Room Heaters

Continued from Page 166

increases your investment in book accounts, you really aren't gaining much."

I think I am not more than ordinarily voluble, and this was the longest speech I had ever made. I was a little fearful my audience might resent my assurance, but Frank Woods was a good sportsman. After a few moments he laughed and said casually:

"Now that this lecture of yours is finished, I'll ask one question: Was it entirely for my good, or in the back of your mind, perhaps, was there the idea of getting a little larger order for the Atlantic brand of electrical appliances?"

I said he could take it either way. But he told me I might come to his office next morning, and on that occasion the business given me was entirely to my satisfaction.

XV

THE following spring, upon my return from my Western trip, Roger Weeks told me of certain changes that were to be made in the Atlantic Works' organization. The corporation's business in New York on electrical appliances had enormously increased, and it was decided to run the Appliance Division as a separate unit in the metropolitan district, with its own headquarters, office staff and sales force. Mr. Weeks said no one had yet been chosen as manager of the new office and the position was mine if I wanted it.

I asked him for time to think it over. We had been on a very friendly basis for years, and particularly since the time in the Chicago hotel when he told me of the struggle he made to overcome his early limitations; and I made no bones of confessing to him why I hesitated to accept his offer. I had made a failure once as an executive and did not want to repeat that experience. To make a fizzle at my age would be more humiliating than it had been when I was more than a dozen years younger. Naturally I would like to prove that I could be an executive, but otherwise I had no reason to quit my job as a salesman. The idea of being able to live at home was tempting, but this was balanced by the fact that my wife usually made one trip a year with me. I told Mr. Weeks I wanted to make a thorough inventory of my qualifications and if I was fairly sure I had mastered the faults of temperament that had led to my failure as manager of the Blake-Ogilvie branch house, I would accept the position he offered me.

Our conversation took place in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where Mr. Weeks lived when in New York. It was agreed I should give him my answer the following week, when he would be in town again. At the finish he accompanied me to the Thirty-fourth Street entrance.

"If I didn't think you were qualified for the job I wouldn't have made you the offer," he said. "But your idea of taking an inventory of yourself is all right. The main thing is to make a thorough job. If everyone did that occasionally there'd be fewer failures in the world."

I think I may say truthfully that no one ever inventoried himself more thoroughly than I did during the week that followed. Even at the risk of appearing a bit self-centered, I shall set down my assets and liabilities as I found them. Once, in my Maiden Lane days, I heard someone ask Charles H. Rennolds' opinion of a certain man, and his answer was, "He's all right, only sometimes he forgets that other people like to talk about themselves too." I assure the reader that in talking about myself at this point I shall try to do it constructively.

I think there are but few of us who have not the memory of some incident in our past lives that we are ashamed of, and that it chagrins us to think about. We try to put it out of mind, but it continually keeps reasserting itself. In my case it was the failure I made when the Blake-Ogilvie Company put me in an executive position. For more than a dozen years that incident had lived in a back corner of my consciousness, ready to come out and attack my self-esteem.

My failure as an executive was the result of temperament. I happened to be born with the salesman tendency, not the executive tendency. Perhaps it seems that my ordinary intelligence should have kept me from making the mistakes I did. But when ordinary intelligence is pitted against some strong tendency that you are born with, the intelligence nearly always comes off second best. Your born tendencies are what a thousand ancestors have given you, and they are pulling at you every minute of the day.

I am not contending that natural faults are incurable. This would be a defeatist world if that were the case. I want to say merely that natural faults are harder to overcome than most of us realize. You show a man where he ought not do so-and-so, and it seems he should act on your advice forever after. You set him down as stubborn or lacking in character when you find he keeps on committing the same fault. What you forget is that Nature itself is on the side of the fault.

All these things occurred to me during the week that I inventoried myself to learn if I was up to the executive job Roger Weeks had tendered me. I believed I had conquered some of the tendencies that made me fail as Blake-Ogilvie's branch manager. I had, for example, pretty well overcome my repugnance toward figures and statistics by carrying on my trips a small personal ledger in which I set down my receipts and expenditures. I drew up a balance each week with as much care as though I was dealing in millions. Financially this task amounted to little, but the training in exactness was what I needed. Still more valuable was the discipline in forcing myself to do an irksome thing.

I felt also that I had got over my former proneness to regard business entirely from the standpoint of immediate sales. My disastrous experience with George S. Dennett and his gift of five thousand dollars' worth of orders had taught me once for all that sales are profitable only when they fit into a definite program. I looked at business in a broader way than when I had made my failure. I could talk with the heads of firms on a basis of equality. Part of this was, doubtless, owing to my more mature age, but a good share of it was due to my own efforts. After my Chicago interview with Roger Weeks, I had followed his advice in the matter of serious reading, and specialized in history, which was most to my liking. I will not say all the business men I made friends with were students, but I had something in myself as result of my reading that gave me added weight.

I credited these things as assets in my character inventory. The principal item among the liabilities was the uncertainty as to my capacity for handling people. Could I delegate authority? If not, I would be no success as an executive. All my life I had been a man of action, used to doing things for myself. I knew how to sell. Would I be able to sit in my office chair and trust my salesmen, or would I be tempted, in important cases, to go out and make the sale myself?

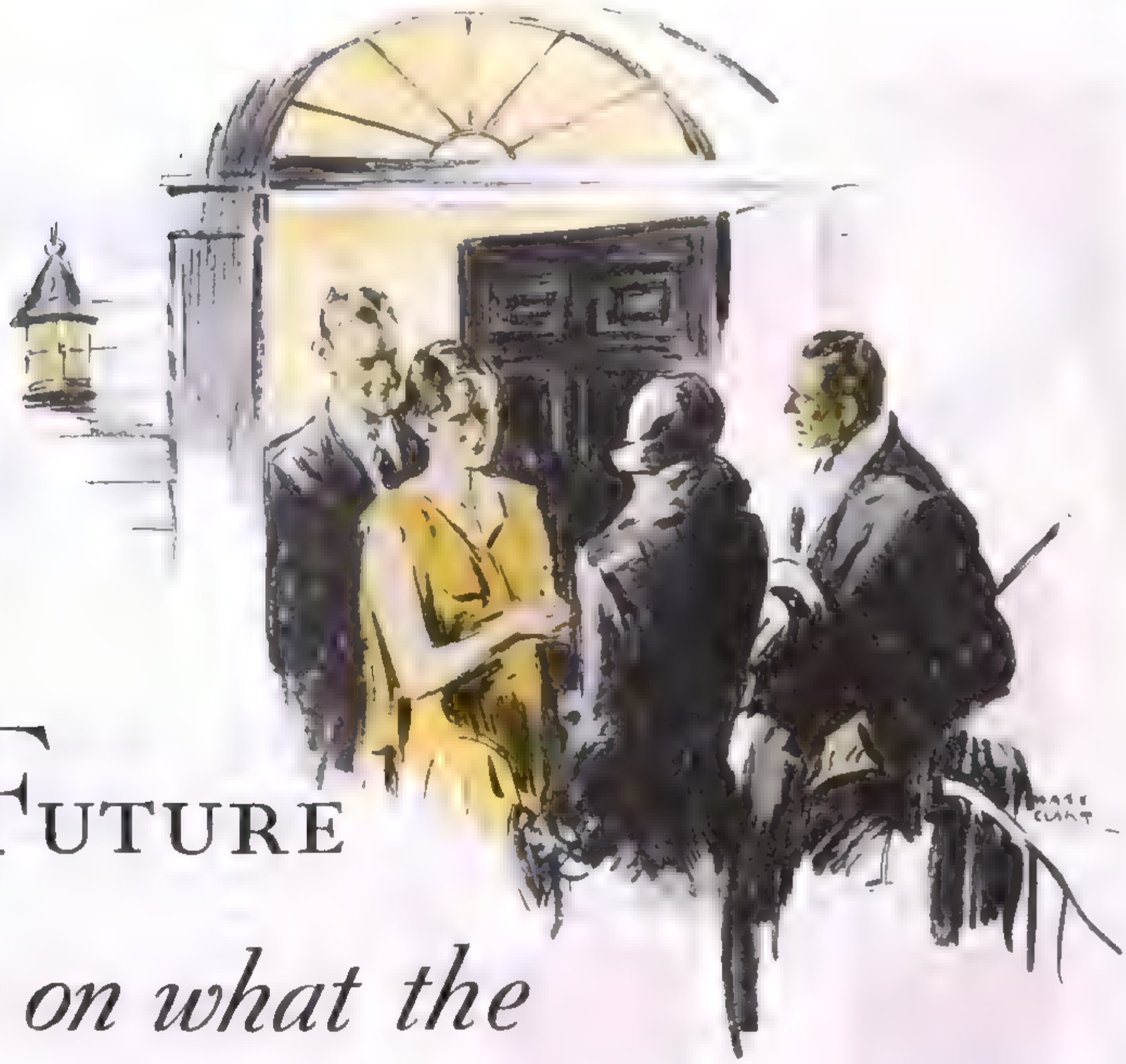
I drew up a regular balance sheet, setting down what I considered my assets in one column and my liabilities in another, and presented the paper to Roger Weeks on the occasion of our subsequent conference. He looked it over curiously, smiling at some of the blunt entries I had made. Finally he handed it back to me with the remark that my statement was not complete. I asked what I had omitted.

"You haven't credited yourself," he replied, "with an item that properly belongs in every business statement. You haven't placed a value on your 'invisible assets'"

I said I didn't know I had any invisible assets, but if he would tell me what they were I would be glad to make the addition. His response was so gratifying that I will repeat it, even though I may seem egotistical in doing so.

"The major item in your invisible assets," he said, "lies in the fact that you

Continued on Page 171)



YOUR FUTURE *may rest on what the* Open Door *reveals*

THIS is the age when men and women *use* their homes for social and business advancement. A generation ago it didn't matter so much if home furnishings lagged a decade behind the mode. But nowadays —how different! Never has it been so important to *first* furnish your home; putting this obligation above all other investments. Never has it been so true that interesting, worthwhile people judge *you* by what your rooms reveal.

When important callers come, scanty and inappropriate furnishings contradict your conversation, betray your every effort to "make a good impression." But a home tastefully furnished speaks always in your favor. Moreover it is a constant source of inspiration to every member of the family.

And such a home may be yours more easily than you think. Really it is astonishing the difference that just a few new pieces will make—a table, perhaps, a chair or two, a beautiful mirror or some attractive floor coverings—these things will dress up your home at a modest cost. And how proud you will be when friends and acquaintances come to call.

You can make no sounder investment than the purchase of such possessions to adorn your home. The inspiration of an inviting environment is a mighty important factor in your personal advancement.

And you can have this home of your dreams right now, without years of weary waiting. For the modern method of buying furniture lets you have it right away.

THIS HELPFUL, 24-PAGE COLOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET IS FREE! ASK ANY DEALER WHO DISPLAYS THE ABOVE EMBLEM FOR YOUR COPY

THE FULLER WALL BRUSH
Lifts dust out instead of brushing it in. Simplifies cleaning over doors and windows.
THE FULLER PUSH BROOM
Fine for cleaning wood, linoleum, cement, brick or any type of floor
THE FULLER FIBER BROOM
Outwears several corn brooms . . . and sweeps floors clean.
THE FULLER TAN MOP
Its big fluffy head picks up all the dust. Keeps floors free of tell-tale "fuzz-balls
THE FULLER WET MOP
Extra-long strands of staple yarn take drudgery from mopping.
THE FULLER SCRUB BRUSH
Any type of floor is thoroughly scrubbed by its strong palmetto fibers.
Fuller
©F B CO

SIX · SILENT · MAIDS TO · SERVE · YOU

TO homes that have maids, this set of practical household aids will bring additional help. Homes without maids will find the burden of housework materially lessened.

At a cost well within the reach of every purse, the six time-and-labor-saving aids of the Fuller "Silent Maid Set" can go on duty immediately in every home.

Every item in the "Silent Maid Set" is indispensable to the efficiently run household. Each is designed from the wealth of Fuller experience to do its particular duty in the simple, easy way that ten million American housewives prefer.

Check over your list of Fuller "Maids" today. If your set is incomplete, be sure to see the missing items next time your Fuller Man calls.

And in addition to the "Silent Maids", of course, Fuller has created a wide array of household aids, arranged in sets for your convenience, to simplify tasks in every room in the house.

If you wish these or any other Fuller Brushes before the next regular call of your Fuller Man, do this: Telephone the local Fuller Brush Company Branch Office. Or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 355B Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. In Great Britain, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Morley House, 322 Regent St., London, W. 1.) Be sure to ask for new booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home".

FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

Be Our Radio Guest

Your Fuller Man invites you to listen Sunday evenings 9:45 to 10:15 (Eastern Standard Time) WJZ and associated stations of N. B. C.

(Continued from Page 168)

have had the courage to inventory yourself in this manner. You have stood your faults and your virtues up and counted them. I don't believe you would have done that years ago, before you made the failure that has chagrined you so much. You have evidently made some progress. I can't tell whether or not you have entirely conquered your faults of temperament. I don't know that I care especially. The main thing is, you were knocked out once and didn't try to fool yourself that it was anyone's fault but your own. I suppose you'll make mistakes in the future. We all do that. But if I want to fill a responsible position and have to choose between a man who admits he has some faults and a man who has never given the subject of his faults any consideration, I'll take the first one every time!"

And so I became general manager of the metropolitan offices of the Atlantic Works, Division of Electrical Appliances, a position I have managed to hold for the past six years with some measure of success. The area over which I have jurisdiction—Greater New York and suburbs—is said to contain ten million inhabitants. The appliance industry has increased almost beyond belief since the days when, as a pioneer salesman, I tramped about to look for side-street mechanics who might be developed into merchants.

It would be idle for me to say I have had no troubles as an executive. I am still far from a perfect manager of people. I have constantly to fight my old tendency to allow little faults to go too long before correcting them. I am afraid also I do not delegate authority as well as I might. I do many things about my office that I should have someone else do. My desk is never quite the model of orderliness an efficiency expert would commend.

But I have, I think, conquered the one fault I most feared. I never interfere with the work of my sales force. At times I have had almost to grip the arms of my executive chair to keep from going out myself to close a deal that was hanging in the balance, but always I have curbed my natural tendencies. I know it does not pay to make a sale and spoil a salesman.

(THE END)

TOUCH

(Continued from Page 21)

For a moment or two nothing happened. Then Charlie, at some sound, turned and saw Lucy Blake coming toward where Mr. Boetius sat. Charlie caught her eye and smiled a greeting; and when she stopped to speak to the city editor, Charlie touched the inspector's shoulder and told the old man who she was. A moment later she and Boetius came toward them; and she asked quickly:

"Can you understand it, inspector? The note?"

"Why, not yet, ma'am," he confessed.

"I know Lin is all right," she said in a still, low tone. "I know we'll find whatever he has done was well done!"

The old man looked at her gently, and he said, "I'm going on that theory myself, Mrs. Bracy."

She nodded, stood for a moment silent, turned at last aside. "He'll come home, Mr. Boetius," she said. "I will be waiting for him there."

"I'll phone you if we hear, Lucy," the city editor promised gently.

And the three men watched her as she crossed the room and disappeared. Boetius stood for a moment; returned to his desk. And the old inspector placidly resumed his scrutiny of the chaos of letters and symbols on the sheet of paper in his hand.

Charlie lighted a cigarette and waited, but the inspector was silent so long that by and by Charlie said, half impatiently:

"Nothing in it, is there, inspector?"

"Why, I'm assuming that there is, Charlie," the old man confessed amilingly. "If we assume it means something, it's an excuse to sit still here and study it, anyway. If it don't mean anything, I'd have to go walk the streets with you."

"You know anything about codes?" Charlie asked; but the inspector only shook his head without replying at all, and Charlie was silenced by this silence on the part of the older man. Yet he was more and more impatient, and at last he demanded:

"Well, what do you make of it, inspector?"

Tope looked up slowly. "Why," he admitted, "I hadn't got as far as reading it. But if it means anything, then that slanting line you see all through it is meant for a period, Charlie. You notice there's a wider space after that mark every time, and usually there's a capital letter too."

Charlie looked and presently assented. "I know you often strike that key instead of the period key if you're writing fast," he agreed. "I've done it myself."

"And Bracy wrote fast, you told me?" The old man seemed pleased with this discovery. "Then there's a capital *O* standing by itself," he pointed out. "That's either an *A* or an *I*. If it's *I*, then I guess that half parenthesis is meant for an apostrophe. And the comma must stand for *m*. And *s* would stand for *a*."

"I don't see that," Charlie urged. "Where?"

But the inspector did not reply. He had suddenly leaned forward, spreading the sheet of paper on the leaf of the desk. The typewriter was at his elbow; and the old man's head moved from side to side, as though he looked from the paper to the machine and back again.

"Got something?" Charlie insisted.

The other made a gesture with one hand, invoking silence. And Charlie, faintly disgruntled, stepped back and lighted a cigarette, watching the old man moodily.

But when Tope, three minutes later, rose, he was beaming and his bright eyes shone. He folded the sheet of paper and crossed to the desk of the city editor, Charlie at his elbow.

Boetius looked up at their coming; and the inspector said guardedly: "I've got a notion, Mr. Boetius. Charlie and I will go see."

"What is it?" Boetius asked.

But Tope made a deprecating movement with his pudgy hand. "It's wild, probably," he declared. "Charlie can handle it alone, anyway. And we'll let you know."

Boetius hesitated; then he nodded and stuck the note once more on the spike. "All right," he said curtly. "Phone me if you get anything. If you need help, Charlie, call up."

Charlie assented with a word; and he turned hastily to follow the inspector, already moving swiftly toward the elevator. The old man always walked with a curiously light and springy gait, his hands swinging at his sides with the palms turned forward, as though ready to grip and hold. The usual alertness of his bearing, Charlie thought, was accentuated now.

There were in those days, tucked away along the water front, certain establishments which catered to a salt-whetted taste for beer or for stronger drink. Some of these places were forthright and respectable enough; some were otherwise. And there was none of them more otherwise than Casey's.

Charlie had never even known that Casey's existed until Inspector Tope brought him there this day. They came to it by threading an alley between two wharf buildings; the alleyway was built of boards laid on piles, so that the boards yielded soggily under their feet, and the smell of

(Continued on Page 173)

The only

Healthy Way

to smoke all you like!

..with a

Drinkless

"TOBACCO YELLO" HOLDER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A new, *healthy* way to smoke, with even greater satisfaction from your favorite brand, is now within reach of every smoker. You know how "Tobacco Yello" stains your fingers. The same substance goes into your mouth with the smoke. The Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder protects your mouth, lungs, and stomach, and gives you all the full enjoyment of tobacco. Read how this new holder takes Tobacco Yello (coal-tar) out of your smoke. And enjoy this healthy, pleasanter way of smoking.

Ask for "Healthier Smoking"—a physician's booklet on Tobacco Yello. It's Free.

Send us your name and address—or see your dealer—and get this new evidence about smoking and health. Tobacco smoke contains tar. The Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder takes it out—proved by unbiased laboratory test.

Why It's a Healthy, Pleasanter Smoke—

Use a Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder for one day. Then remove the mouthpiece and look at the Drinkless Attachment. There's the "Tobacco Yello"—a moist, yellowish-brown coating. Ordinarily, this bitter, staining substance goes into your mouth and down your throat with the smoke. The Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder is the only holder that contains the new Drinkless Attachment, which *removes 66.1% of the Tobacco Yellow* from your smoke.

There's a "Tobacco Yello" holder for cigar smokers at the same price—it, too, takes the Tobacco Yello out of your smoke.

$1

Every genuine Drinkless holder (for cigars or cigarettes) is stamped with the words "Tobacco Yello", indicating that it removes this substance. *Be sure* the holder you buy is marked Tobacco Yello.

SEE 1930 MODELS of the Drinkless KAYWOODIE Pipe. They eliminate Tobacco Yello from your pipe smoke.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.

Established 1851

120 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Life was simpler for her in the old days when she was naturally the center of the home, and all activities revolved around her and her fireside.

All that is changed today. Amusements and pleasures, in vastly increased numbers, scope and excitement, have become easily accessible; there is a new sophistication, a new freedom. So many hectic interests are centered *outside* the home. These things could not fail to loosen the ties that once bound the family together.

Upon woman has fallen now the additional grave task of combating the new forces which threaten the family unity and happiness. She has learned that in the management of husband, children and

home she is called upon for endless tact and diplomacy. She must see life through her own eyes and through the eyes of son and daughter, to achieve a happy medium. She must have that patience which sees beyond the vexations of today, and the faith to instil into those in her charge the truth that now, as yesterday, life is worth living wisely and kindly.

Yet difficult as this task is she has learned to perform it successfully —at once wife, mother, manager, advisor, and diplomat extraordinary!

This diplomat Extraordinary

Every woman can profit from the experience of others. Regularly, McCall's offers—in fact, and in fiction that is brother to fact—the solutions of many problems vital to the modern woman. Perhaps this is why McCall's is read in 2,400,000 homes.

McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page 171)

dead barnacles and mussels came up to them through the cracks, and the sluggish stir of sour and garbage-tainted water sounded from below. But half a block from the street the alley widened into a sort of areaway; a loading platform where trucks might come and go. And here, at the end toward the water, in a building like a low shed, which seemed abandoned to decay, was Casey's

When they came in, the place was empty save for three individuals. One of these, completely obscured by the stained derby hat which was tilted forward over his face, was asleep in a chair. One was occupied in sweeping the floor, brushing the sawdust and the grime through a trapdoor into the waters of the harbor. The third individual was the man behind the bar; and he served them the beer the inspector ordered, watching them with a blank and guarded eye.

Charlie had been full of questions on their way down here, but he had no least answer from the older man.

The inspector said warningly: "There may be nothing in it, Charlie. Or if there ever was, we may be too late. I don't want to disappoint you, son."

And Charlie's insistence got no more than this from him. He had not even known where they were coming; so he looked all about him now with an intent and curious glance. But he saw only a dusky room with some tables at one end, and a bar along one side, and a barkeeper who preserved a silence that had in it something vigilant, as though he knew Inspector Tope and was on his guard.

They sipped their beer, and the inspector remarked that it was good beer. Charlie did not agree, so he held silent. Then his roving eye saw something else. There was a table in the corner beyond the bar, shadowed in obscurity; and on this table stood something under an oilcloth cover that might be, must be, a typewriter. The young man's pulse quickened at the sight; he thought suddenly that the trail was warm.

For Lin Bracy's message had been written on a typewriter.

Then Inspector Tope asked him casually: "What manner of man was Bracy, Charlie? To look at him? Make a picture of him for me, son."

The man behind the bar mopped up some vagrant suds and stood as though waiting their commands.

"Eh?" said Charlie, half startled. "Oh, Lin Bracy? Why, middle-aized, inspector. He had on a gray suit, and a gray hat darker than the suit. Gray hair, almost white. His skin was white, as though he might be sick. About forty, but he looked fifty or more. Five feet eight, or so; and he'd weigh about a hundred and thirty-five."

The inspector nodded, and he looked toward the bartender. "Know him, Mike?" he asked gently.

The other looked up vaguely. "Me? Know who?"

"Lin Bracy," said Inspector Tope.

Mike shook his head and scrubbed the bar, too diligently.

"Five-eight, hundred and thirty-five pounds," Tope insisted sternly. "Pale, gray hair, gray suit. He was in here last Friday night with a brown-paper parcel under his arm."

The bartender looked relieved. "Joe's here at night," he replied briefly.

"Where's Joe?" Tope persisted.

"Home abed, likely."

"Call him up, Mike," the inspector directed. "Ask him."

But the man shook his head. "I dunno where he lives," he declared.

Tope took off his hat and mopped his brow. "This Lin Bracy left the parcel here," he said then. "He left it with Joe, likely. To be called for. Joe'd turn it over to you."

Mike seemed more and more relieved. "Why, I mind now," he confessed, too freely. "Joe was telling me, Sat'day night when he come on. There was a drunk in here with a bundle under his arm, bragging how it was worth a million dollars. He held on to it all the time. He wanted to fight one fellow that tried to touch it. Then finally he give it to Joe to keep, and went on out of here."

Charlie's lips were twitching, but he held his tongue

"Where is it?" Tope asked mildly.

"Why, it must be here somewhere," Mike hazarded. "Joe told me he stuck it under the bar. Let's see."

He began to move along behind the bar, crouching as though to scan a shelf there; and the inspector and Charlie watched him, following him, with the bar between them. Later they joined him behind the bar. But the parcel was not there.

"Where is it, Mike?" Tope said, more sternly then. "There isn't a cent in this for you. Don't you hold out on me."

"I wouldn't, inspector," Mike assured him volubly. "I dunno ——" He looked this way and that about the room; and his eye lighted on that individual who, when they entered, had been sweeping the floor. "Hey, Buck!" he called.

Buck was replenishing the match boxes on the tables in the rear end of the place. He came reluctantly toward where they stood; and Mike said sharply:

"You see anything of a package under the bar here, Saturday or this morning?"

"What kind of package?" Buck mumbled. He did not look like a buck, except about the teeth; he was a frail and broken little man.

"Brown paper," Charlie told him eagerly. "About so big." He indicated the size with his hands

Buck looked at Mike for guidance; and Mike nodded. "Why, I guess so," said Buck feebly.

"Where is it?" Tope prompted.

"It was laying on the floor," Buck protested. "It was all smeared over with beer suds and all. I throwed it in the waste bin."

"Where's that?"

"In the main building," Mike told them, interposing. "We don't throw papers in the harbor, inspector. There's a bin in the main building, through that door and down the hall."

Charlie, taut as a hound, swung instantly toward the door, but he paused at the threshold to look back toward the inspector.

"Coming?" he called.

"You go along," said Tope mildly. "I want to ask Mike here a thing or two more."

Charlie saw the bartender's countenance harden again in that furtive mask of guarded fear; but the missing manuscript was, after all, his own chief concern. He bolted through the door, along the corridor.

Three minutes later he was racing for a telephone with the parcel tucked safe under his arm. Boetius bade him bring it in. Charlie had not even time to take just then his thanks to the old inspector. They must wait another opportunity. And his questions, too, must wait. For there were questions. There was much here that required to be explained.

He did not see the inspector again till late that afternoon. When he delivered the manuscript to Boetius, the city editor instructed him to take it instantly to Shulmann.

"And afterward," Boetius reminded him, "you can dig up a story on Duane. We ought to have something new for the final edition."

Charlie assented, and departed to locate Shulmann. He found that individual at the Opera House, and Shulmann hugged the manuscript and cursed Lin Bracy, root and branch, and offered Charlie the treasures of his gratitude, even while he put half a dozen stenographers to the task of typing the parts out of the book.

Then Charlie started back downtown and stopped off at the inspector's room, but Tope had not returned. Charlie went on to

Continued on Page 176

3 *simple changes—*

and it's a modern *plant*

THREE little changes in your present steam heating system . . . and you have a modern *vacuum* system.

In a vacuum heating system, radiators heat up quicker . . . because in a vacuum, water boils at low temperatures and this quickly made steam, unimpeded by air in pipes, speeds to radiators.

In a vacuum system, radiators *stay* hot far longer after the fire is banked . . . because in a vacuum, air cannot prevent formation of low temperature steam. Figure for yourself how much less oil, gas or coal is burned, when radiators stay hot all day in coldest weather without frequent raising of steam pressure.

If you have steam heat, a short job converts it to a vacuum system. Your heating contractor will do three things. (1) Tighten up the system, to keep out air. (2) Place a Hoffman No. 16 Valve on the basement main, to clear the pipes of air. (3) Install a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve on each radiator.

You will then have a *vacuum* system. When drafts are opened, or the oil burner is turned on, radiators will be hot in *15 minutes*. When drafts are closed, or burner shuts off, the vacuum *keeps* heat in radiators *for 3 hours* or more, just as though you had steam up all the time. In thousands of homes whose systems have been vacuum-ized with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves, there is a saving of as much as $5 per radiator every year. Can you imagine a more efficient heating system?

Practically all new oil burner and gas burner steam systems are vacuumized with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves. They are equally efficient on coal-fired systems.

Ask any good heating contractor about the cost. He will examine your system and give you an estimate. You will find the cost so low that you may not believe all our claims. If so, send for our booklet, "How to Lock Out Air, the Heat Thief", which explains and *proves* the whole story. Address Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. O-24, Waterbury, Connecticut, U. S. A.

Seiberling

ONLY THE BEST TIRE DEALER CAN GIVE YOU THE BEST TIRE DEAL

Independence is the very breath of life to American business. Where there is freedom to plan, to dare, and to act, business prospers and customers get the best of service. Seiberling is represented everywhere by an independent local dealer. He owns his own business. He is a responsible, self-respecting merchant. A local taxpayer, he has exactly the same stake that you have in the welfare of his and your own home town. Go to your Seiberling Dealer whenever you need a tire. You will get the superlative quality of such a product as the Seiberling Special Service Balloon Tire. You will get the personal service of a friend, a neighbor and a fellow citizen, who is always interested in giving you the most for your money. Beyond this, it is impossible to give or to get a better deal.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

An Overcoat
that lives up to its name—
The made-to-measure
"TU-YEAR"
Guaranteed for 2 years

Did you ever hear of such a thing before? The Tu-Year overcoat—a smart looking, custom-tailored, all wool overcoat at $35, guaranteed to give satisfactory wear for two years. Here's an overcoat by the makers of the famous Homeland tailored-to-measure clothes that will give you comfort, style and long wear for even less money than you've been accustomed to paying for overcoats you only expect to last one year. Homeland's confidence in the super wearing qualities of the fine materials, makes such a guarantee possible

What Volume Can Do!

At $30—$35 truly de luxe fabrics.

"Johnny Homeland" (that's the name popularly given each of the 3,000 representatives of the Homeland Tailoring Company) is ready at a moment's notice to come to your shop, home, or office, and measure you for a fine all wool suit, topcoat or overcoat. Every garment is backed by the Bonded Guarantee of the [illegible] Fidelity and Guaranty Company with resources of $65,000,000. Fill in and mail the coupon. We'll see that "Johnny Homeland" comes to see you.

H[illegible] I[illegible] I[illegible]
8-330 E. Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
☐ Send booklet "From the Street of W[illegible] Men," and some samples of Homeland fabrics
☐ I'd like to meet "Johnny Homeland"
☐ I would like to represent Homeland in my town
Name
Address
City

WANTED—A FEW MORE REPRESENTATIVES Homeland men are backed by national advertising. We supply a complete salesman's outfit free of charge. Check and sign coupon.

(Continued from Page 173

headquarters. The press room there had no word of Doane, but there was a message for Charlie, and in obedience to that message he went upstairs. Inspector Tope had left word for him, he would meet Charlie at the Journal office late that afternoon.

Charlie asked the captain for word of Doane, but the man assured him there was none. It occurred to Charlie there was a reservation in the other's tone; and he spoke of this.

But the officer said grimly: "What do you ask me for? You newspaper guys find all the crooks, don't you? Go on and find Doane."

"Hey!" Charlie protested. "What's the idea? Who's been riding you, captain?"

"Riding me?"

"You're all bloody from the spurs," Charlie grinned; and the captain grunted, and Charlie went away.

He drifted down to the Chattel Loan Company's offices, but there was no word there. He moved aimlessly for a while, trying to conceive some plan of activity. But his thoughts were too much engaged with this miracle Inspector Tope had performed. It was obvious that somehow, out of that meaningless jumble of letters and symbols, he had read a meaning; and to good purpose too. Charlie wanted to know how the trick had been done; and he called the inspector's room again, but Tope was not there.

He was reluctant to return to the office without something that would satisfy Boetius, but luncheon left him still empty of ideas. He went down to Casey's bar again, but the inspector was not there, and Mike regarded him with an unfriendly and a noncommunicative eye.

So Charlie wandered back uptown. As he approached Post Office Square he heard a sudden clamor there—the shrill cries of newsboys breaking out a new edition. He saw the headlines before he bought the paper; letters three inches tall:

DOANE FOUND

And below, in diminuendo:

DEFAULTING BANK PRESIDENT
CAUGHT
IN PORT AUX BASQUES

And

Journal Reporter
Locates Fugitive

Charlie's quick glance ran down the column below. He read:

Wallace Doane, president of the Chattel Loan Company, whose disappearance was followed by the discovery of a severe shortage in the cash in the bank's vaults, was taken from the Black Star freighter City of Osceola when that ship touched at Port aux Basques, Newfoundland, today.

Doane had been shanghaied and was still suffering from the effects of the drug given him by his captors.

Lin Bracy, a Journal reporter, trailed Doane; he boarded the City of Osceola here; he signed on as a deck hand; he got in touch with the authorities at Port aux Basques and brought about Doane's detention there.

Bracy's first dispatch, telling in summary the facts of Doane's attempted escape to foreign soil, reads as follows:

But Charlie waited to read no more. He was already racing toward the office, the paper crumpled in his hand. And he grinned as he ran. This was the sort of thing for which Lin was famous; this rescue of a hopeless situation, this trick of turning black defeat into glorious victory. He chuckled as he ran; and it occurred to him suddenly that this, too, Inspector Tope had known. He remembered that Tope had stayed to question at more length the surly bartender; he remembered that the Black Star line boats sailed from the dock next that wharf where Casey's bar was hidden so obscurely away.

There must have been sense and meaning in that jumbled note which Lin had left, then; a sense and meaning the inspector had been wise enough to see. He ran the faster at the thought, eager to reach the office, sure the inspector would be there.

But he found only Boetius, grimly content with the good turn of the affair. A long dispatch from Bracy was coming over the wire. Lin had seen Doane in Casey's bar and recognized him there; he had seen the crimp spill a powder in Doane's glass of beer, and himself warned Doane. But Doane, not knowing that Lin had recognized him, ignored the warning, drank the drugged beer; and Bracy understood, and saw the possibilities of the story, and understood that it would be the better if Doane were allowed to carry out his plan.

So he followed on; he signed the articles on the City of Osceola; he saw Doane dragged helplessly aboard. And in this dispatch he related every detail of the drama to the end at Port aux Basques where the authorities came aboard.

Charlie read the story over the operator's shoulder as it came letter by letter from the keys; and when it was finished, he turned to Boetius. "That's Lin for you!" he cried exultantly.

Boetius nodded.

"What did Lucy say?" Charlie asked. "Was she tickled?"

Boetius spoke in swift regret. "I forgot," he confessed. "I'll telephone her now."

Charlie chuckled; and while Boetius took the phone, the young man found Lin's note on the spike, and bore it to his desk and puzzled over it, trying in vain to discover there the sense the old inspector must have found. But he was still baffled when the inspector himself drifted into the office at last, smiling cheerfully as he strolled across the floor.

Boetius saw him enter, and Boetius was before Charlie in grasping the old man's hand.

"We're in your debt, inspector," he said quickly. "I got your message, and I had a wire open to Port aux Basques, and a man on the dock to meet Bracy." He shook his head. "But I don't see how you knew."

Tope was human; he could enjoy a triumph as well as any man. "Why, the City of Osceola was due there at noon today," he explained. "That's all there was to that."

But Charlie interposed. "What of it?" he demanded. "What did you know about the City of Osceola?"

"Mike told me that was the boat," Tope answered, and his eyes were twinkling.

"You got something out of Bracy's note to me?" Boetius asked, half understanding.

Tope saw the sheet of paper in Charlie's hands. "Why, yes," he confessed, and he took the sheet and looked at it smilingly. He crossed to the nearest desk, where a typewriter stood; and he read the message off slowly, a word at a time, with long pauses between, glancing from the paper to the keyboard constantly, while they listened, marveling.

Left Bagdad book with bartender at Casey's. Send for it. Doane there, doped by crimp. I think he framed it for a getaway. Looks like big story so I'm tagging along. Cable you first port of call. Get ready.

Boetius snapped his fingers. "I see. But how'd you read it, inspector?"

"Why, I told Charlie here all about that," Tope quizzically explained.

Charlie uttered an ejaculation of protest. "You didn't tell me enough to butter a gnat's eye," he retorted. "How, inspector? What's the key?"

"The keyboard is the key," said Inspector Tope. And after a moment, relenting at their bewilderment, he made the matter clear. "I told you that slant line was probably a period, Charlie. And 'O(,' might be 'I'm'; so *O* is *I*, and the parenthesis is an apostrophe, and the comma is *m*. And *s* stands alone, so if *o* is *i*, *s* must be *a*.

"But each of these characters is the one to the right of the one he meant to strike on the keyboard. See? I noticed that, and Charlie here had said Lin used the touch system.

"Either he wrote in the dark or he was watching something else when he wrote."

"Or he was drunk," said Boetius.

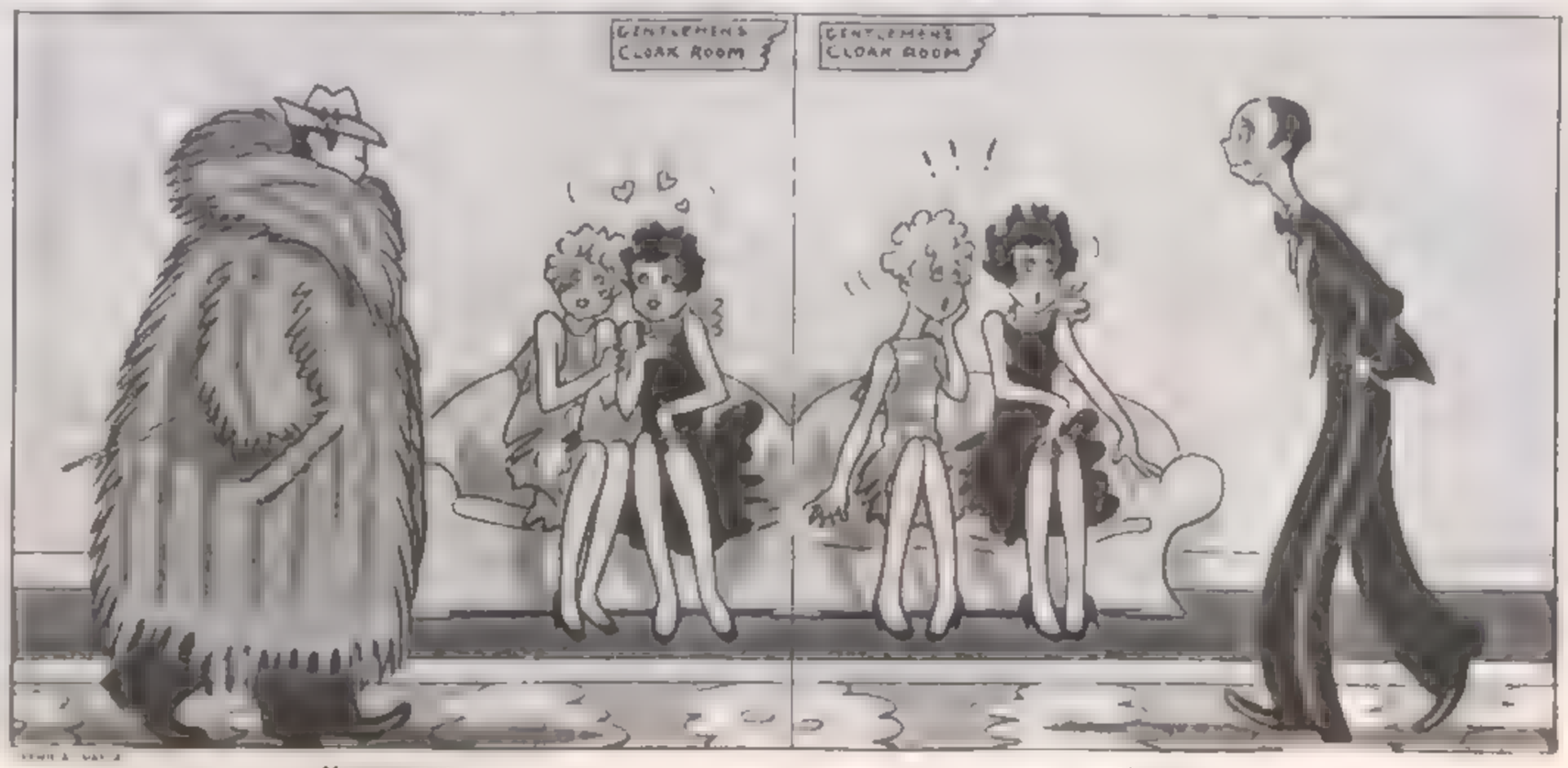
"Anyway, he started on the key to the right, and never did notice his mistake," Tope told them. "That's all."

"Too drunk to see," Boetius repeated.

They had not remarked the woman who had come up behind them, till she spoke now. "He wasn't drunk!" she cried loyally. "Lin hasn't touched a drop for months. He wasn't, Mr. Boetius. I'm so sure."

They turned then to discover Lucy Blake beside them there; and her eyes were shining with proud tears. Boetius smiled, and he told her very gently:

"It doesn't matter, Lucy. Drunk or sober, I guess Lin is good enough for me."



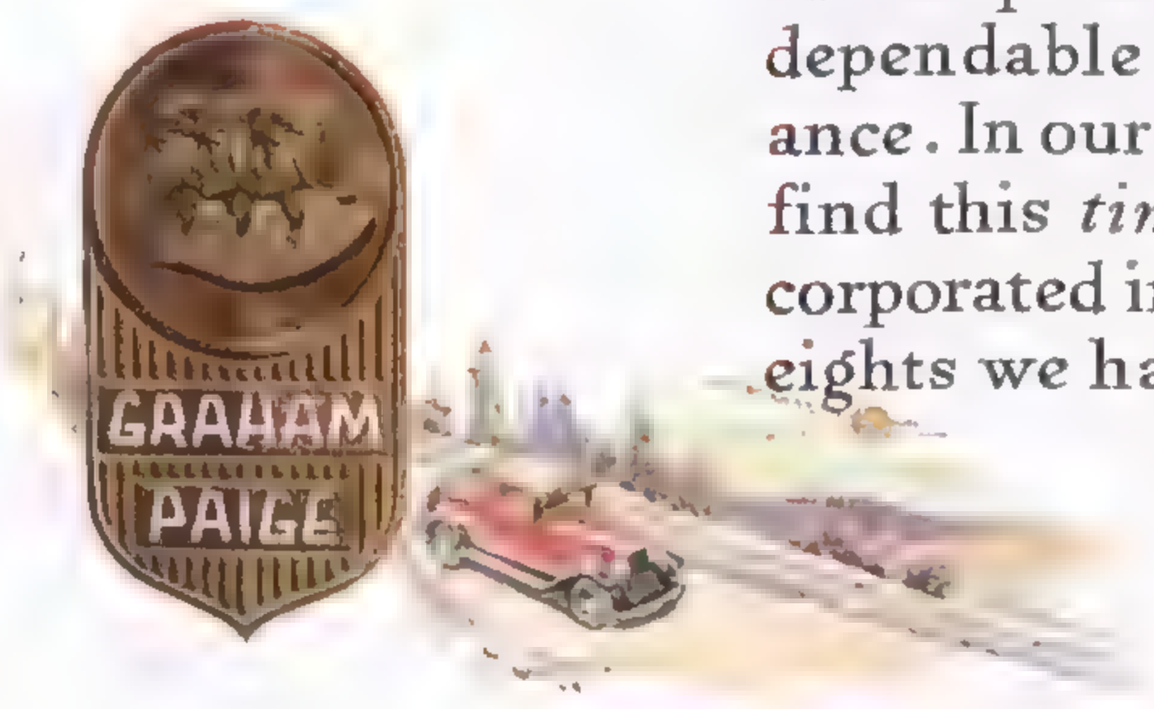
"O-O-H!" "OH!!"

Our Finest Cars

– *and* Time-Proved Four Speed Performance

Through long and successful experience with four speed motor cars, Graham-Paige engineers not only have refined and perfected the four speed transmission itself (two quiet high speeds and *standard* gear shift)... but have developed every detail of motor and chassis construction to bring out the fullest possibilities of brilliant, dependable, four speed performance. In our 1930 line, you now find this *time-proved* feature incorporated in the finest sixes and eights we have ever offered .....

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham



a drop kills PAIN instantly

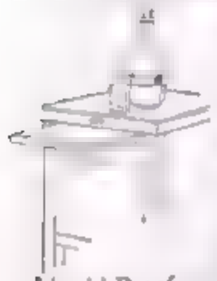
. . . soon after corn lifts off, easily, painlessly. That's the way this amazing, safe liquid works on old corns and new corns, on calluses and bunions. Nothing better, as thousands of men and women will testify. To keep free from painful corns keep a bottle of Freezone handy. Sold by all druggists.

Clever New Safe *is Concealed* Yet Within Reach!

Table High

Cabinet looks like a file. A false front conceals the safe. The cabinet combines the utility of the side table, stand for water bottle, telephone, smoking set, dictionary, etc. Finished to match fine desks

Keeps Private Matters PRIVATE!



Liquid Proof Top and Service Shelf

Washable, stain-proof deck linoleum surfaces on the top and on the sliding shelf. Both are beautifully bound with bronze edging. Protects other surfaces from abuse. Distinctive in appearance.

Have your personal records, private stocks, bonds, daily cash, salesable samples, etc., in a Concealed Safe yet within reach. The inner steel safe is asbestos lined and inseparably welded into the handsome steel cabinet. The inside safe door is ½-inch solid steel. Substantial combination lock automatically controls three-point lock bolts. Inside, 12" wide, 13" high, 16½" deep. Weighs 175 lbs.

The Invincible Concealed Safe is widely used by leading executives, bankers, physicians, and in government offices. Priced up to $67.50. Slightly higher in distant points. *Write for illustrated folder.*

INVINCIBLE METAL FURNITURE CO.
800 Franklin Street
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Invincible STEEL
CONCEALED SAFE

TOUR CONDUCTOR

(Continued from Page 25

downhearted and stricken. It was all I could do to keep my mind on the twenty-one tourists, ministering to their comfort and answering fool questions, such as: "Can you walk around Hong-Kong by yourself and not be killed?" I always thought when a person was in love he felt buoyant, and like singing in his bathtub or writing nonsensical verses, or a little exhilarated, as after a glass of champagne. That is not the way I felt on the Narobi. Once, when younger, I had scarlet fever and the mumps at the same time, but I felt no worse then than I did in passing west of Honolulu. As for Miss Monica, she never even suspected that I looked at her. She spoke about it in her girlish innocence.

"You are a rather strange person, Mr. Carter," she remarked, leaning against a lifeboat.

"In what way?" I asked politely.

"You seem to have such a cold manner about everything. You act as if the passengers bored you dreadfully."

"Not at all, Miss Stevens. Not at all. I am intensely interested in this journey and I like the people in my party without exception."

She looked at me out of those calm, brown eyes and I was seized with the usual tremors. I longed to add: "And not only that, Miss Monica Stevens, but I am so insanely in love with you that I ache like a broken thumb." I did not give way to this wild impulse, which was fortunate, as she no doubt would have reported me to the skipper—a stern person in matters of sentiment.

Justice compels me to say that in passing across the Pacific Ocean, Dan Smith behaved fairly well and caused no scandals. True, he became noticeably jingled several times; but always late at night, after the ladies had retired. I did my best to like him, but found it impossible. It is difficult to grow fond of a rich young man who is perpetually with the girl you love, helping her over imaginary obstacles and sitting with her five hours a day. No matter when I came on deck, I was certain to see them. Monica fluttered about the ship like a beautiful butterfly and Dan tagged along behind, carrying a steamer rug or a book, having a general air of possession.

We arrived in Japan at midnight, the town being Kobe, and Mr. Smith came bounding out of the smoke room and demanded action.

"I'm going ashore," he announced, "and see what kind of people live here, and why."

"Everything is closed," I argued. "Better wait until morning."

"I am going ashore now," he repeated, "and watch the geisha girls dance."

"You will find nobody awake," I said, but he waved me aside, saying I lacked sporting blood, and summoned half a dozen male cronies, all of them slightly flushed with beer. It was my personal wish to retire, facing a hard day on the morrow with my twenty-one nomads, but perceived that duty called me ashore, and with regret I donned overcoat and hat.

"Coming after all, are you?" Mr. Smith asked, and I said I was, whereat he galloped down the gangplank, shouting at the surprised natives on the dock, pretending to talk Japanese to them and waving his hat. It started like a merry expedition. Mr. Smith assumed command, employed half a dozen ricksha boys and the parade clattered off the dock, heading into town. I may say that looking for excitement in Kobe, Japan, after midnight is the same as in Swampscott, Massachusetts, or Meddybemps, Maine.

Our cavalcade charged up this alley and down that, seeking nocturnal adventure, whanging upon doors, asking stray citizens where they kept their night clubs hidden away, and demanding admittance to dim places that looked as if they might house a dancing girl. The slant-eyed citizenry of Kobe surveyed us in sleepy wonderment, touched with scorn. Dan's smoke-room comrades sang dissolute songs. Finally I protested.

"You can see the town is closed up," I reasoned. "Let us go back to the ship."

"You're a wet blanket," Dan replied "Why don't you stay on board and knit? Nobody asked you to come."

"Nobody but your father," I said with a trace of sadness. "If you think I like it, you're mistaken."

He advised me to cultivate a livelier disposition and continued to pound upon gates. After another hour of futile search the procession drifted back to the pier, and as the leading carriage turned noisily into the dock, the ricksha boy slipped in the muck, slid to his knees and threw his passenger.

The passenger was Daniel. Being unprepared, he landed upon his head, swore outrageously, scrambled to his feet and aimed a hearty kick at his human pony

This was resented by the Japs. They began howling in their quaint way and another war was on. Mr. Smith wiped mud from his countenance, hauled off to flatten the nearest boy and was knocked silly by a flying cobblestone. Japs are very good at throwing small objects. The riot awakened people on the ship, Japanese dock-wallopers, stray pedestrians and persons who were either Kobe policemen or gentlemen from the army, and while I was desperately trying to stop the affray, a brickbat knocked off my hat, indenting my skull slightly and leaving me with a dazed feeling as I arose.

The disturbance was subsequently quelled, but I had nothing to do with the quelling. Captain Stout of the Narobi summoned me into his quarters at two in the morning, and I staggered up the stair, licking my wounds.

"What kind of a trip are you trying to make out of this?" he asked, standing in his pajamas and looking severe.

"Captain," I stated, "I only tried to stop the mêlée"

"You're supposed to be in charge of a party of tourists," he continued. "Not Cossacks, just tourists. So far we have been in two ports and you have been in two battles. Now I want to know from you, as a personal favor, is the rest of this travel tour going on a peace basis or do we battle our way around the world?"

"Captain," I said, "I am very sorry it happened. It was not my fault. I have been around the world with you before and am a peaceable person, as you must know."

"You were, you mean."

"I am the same sedate soul, captain. It is the Smith family that is making this tour so lively."

Warning me that I would do well to take the effervescent lad in hand ere something happened to him, Captain Stout climbed back into his berth and I descended to my cabin, feeling of my lip, where there was a small wound.

Next morning I took my twenty-one passengers for an interesting tour, and little was said of the midnight shindig, though Monica gazed at me with a peculiar glance and observed my lip, which was swollen. Dan sat, as usual, between Monica and her mother, and I was forward with the Jap chauffeur, scattering chatty facts about temples and jade. Dan bore no marks—which, I thought bitterly, is the irony of life. He made one or two comments in a low tone, causing Monica to smile, and altogether, it was a miserable day for me.

When we sailed for Yokohama, there was a casual conversation in the smoke room that settled my hash and knocked the nonsense out of me. Mr. Smith and his boy friends were idling over refreshments, and the talk turned to our passengers on the Narobi.

"They're a lot of nit-wits," Daniel stated. "A bunch of dough-head Americans of the small-town or yap variety. Funny that nearly all traveling Americans act like chumps, isn't it?"

"You are mistaken," I said. "There are many agreeable persons on this ship."

"Name them," he scoffed, and I immediately did so.

"Monica Stevens has it about right," he added. "She says there are just four people on this steamboat that she likes—just four, out of four hundred."

I was going away, but paused and listened with natural interest.

"Her own mother," Dan continued, "Captain Stout—who certainly is a swell fellow Harry Bender, the purser, and myself."

He leaned back and laughed.

"That's about right too," he repeated. A moment later the conversation drifted into another channel, and I drifted, walking slowly down a passage and feeling that Miss Monica might have had the grace to include me in her select list. I had gone out of my way for the Stevens family. Later in the evening I chanced to stroll along the boat deck and, as usual, passed two chairs, close together. I did not even bow, but continued down to my cabin. The porthole was open and I could see the still, bright moon—the same moon that was gleaming down upon Monica and Dan as they murmured, side by side, on the top deck. I went to sleep, very low in my mind.

At Yokohama, I made a change, assigning the Stevenses to Car Three, where they could have Daniel to themselves, taking a family named Higbee with me in the leading machine. Monica and her mother appeared oblivious that a transfer had been made. That night I said to myself, while preparing for dinner; "This will work out all right. It will be better if you do not see much of Monica, for by having her near by, you are only plunging yourself into needless misery."

Our Yokohama pause was unmarred by incident during the daylight hours, as Daniel clung to the young lady and was forced to behave. Toward sundown, tourists began returning to the Narobi, and it was seen that Mr. Smith had escaped. I worried, as my orders were to keep an eye upon him. After dinner we received telephonic information that the resourceful fellow was in jail and would we kindly come and see about it. Captain Stout, who knows everybody in Asia, put on his street clothes and summoned me.

"This was a happy idea," he said in his cabin. "I suppose you thought it up."

"What idea, captain?"

"Taking the offspring of the Smith family with us."

"No, sir, I did not think that up. It was foisted on me. I hope you begin to see that I am still a serious and law-abiding person. If I could send him back to America tonight, I should do so."

The skipper had an engagement to play cards with the American consul and was far from pleased at having to spend his evening prowling in Japanese jails. We found Dan sitting in a police station, not actually under arrest but suffering from detention. On a table beside him stood his camera, surrounded by interested officials, who had restrained him from taking further moving pictures. In a spirit of innocent enthusiasm, he had been around town, photographing quaint Japanese scenes, such as native babies at play and local fortifications. The Japs are broad-minded about such matters, but have a general rule referring to forts. Can you imagine what we would do to a slightly pickled young Jap taking movies of Governor's Island or the Presidio for friends at home?

"Don't you know you can't go around taking movies of forts?" Captain Stout asked caustically

"Did I know it was a fort?" Dan asked. "Why didn't somebody tell me?"

(Continued on Page 180

Much of the charm of this room is due to its aristocratic Upsonized walls and ceiling. The walls and ceilings of nearly all well designed homes today are paneled. These walls and ceilings are permanent. They may be cleaned with a damp cloth.

Smart Bedrooms and Baths of Today

reflect the character and personality of the owner

THE cheerless bedroom is gone forever!

Fresh, cheery color everywhere! Walls and ceilings of velvety softness—happy and restful—dispel the gloom of the "morning mind" and start the day with a fresh outlook.

Of all the rooms of the house the bedroom is the most intimate room. It should reflect the personality of the occupant, for no room of the house gives greater satisfaction when the walls and ceilings are *restful* and attractive.

The rooms above are typical of the transformation possible with Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile. The cost is so little that no one need hesitate about "doing over" any room.

Glimpse *your* own bath through the open door. Is it *pleasing* to you? With Upson Fibre-Tile it can be easily and quickly transformed into a room of radiant and impressive beauty.

Almost every modern home has two or more baths. If your home is one of those still handicapped with the *single* bath, you will be glad to know that additional baths can be installed at comparatively little cost. Nearly every home abounds in opportunities for the extra bath—old closets, trunk rooms, and even attics, provide convenient space.

Upson Board is Being Used for Thousands of Distinctive Walls and Ceilings.

The big, sturdy panels of this modern wall-lining are applied direct to studs in new construction—or over cracked plaster in homes already built. There is little muss or delay—no waiting for plasterers to come or for plaster to dry.

We invite you to mail the coupon today for samples and interesting booklets.

Upson Self-Clinching Fasteners anchor the board from the back and eliminate unsightly nail holes.

The new Upson Relief Ceilings have that attractive quality which in people is called personality. They give the beauty of expensive hand-modeled plaster at a fraction of the cost. They can never crack or fall.

The Upson Studio of Decoration and Color will gladly furnish directions for finishing, meeting your individual requirements—whether for bedroom, bath, living room or kitchen.

Both Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile excel in resistance to jars, blows, heat, cold, moisture—even ordinary leaks—as compared with needlessly heavy and brittle boards.

Any good carpenter can transform any room in the house for you. Upsonize the ceiling of just one room—then you will want Upson Board all through the house as have tens of thousands of home owners all over the country.

UPSON BOARD

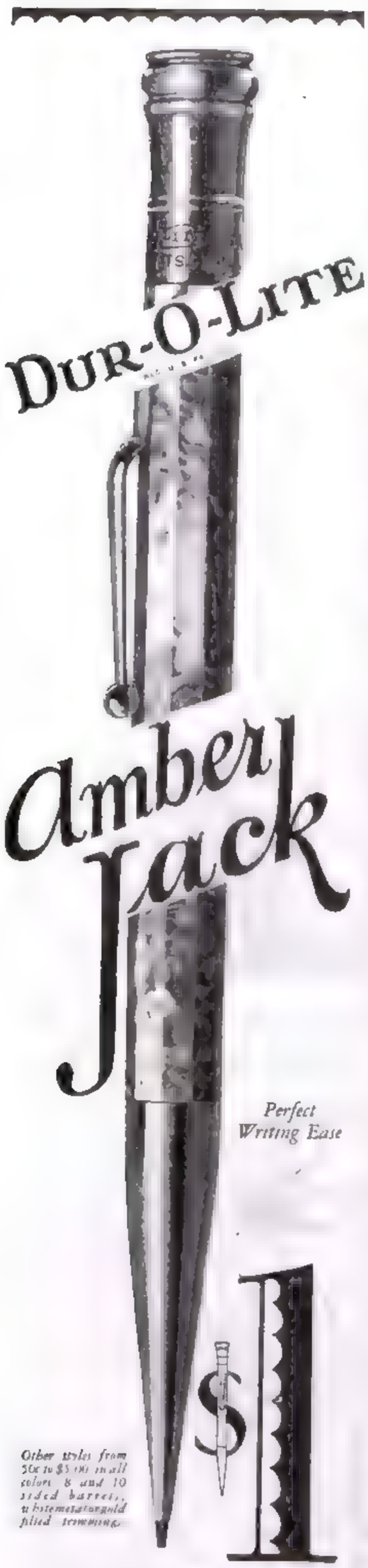
THE UPSON COMPANY, 1109 UPSON POINT, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Enclosed find 10 cents for samples of Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile and copies of your new booklets—"Cheerful Walls and Ceilings" and "Upson Relief Ceilings." Better still, I am enclosing $1.00 for copy of the new book, "Distinction in Home Decoration"—above mentioned booklets and samples and details of Decorative Service.

Name .....

Address .....

© 1924, The Upson Company, Lockport, N. Y.


DUR-O-LITE
Amber Jack
Perfect Writing Ease
Other styles from 50c to $5.00 in all colors 8 and 10 sided barrels, with metal or gold filled trimmings

A BEAUTY to look at, a joy to use—"Amber Jack," with its burnished amber barrel of unbreakable Dur-O-Lite, its white metal trimmings, its perfect balance and writing ease, is the leader of the pencil world.

You'll be proud of "Amber Jack" in your pocket—you'll be happy with it in your hand. "Amber Jack" costs but a dollar.

For Sale by Leading Dealers

DUR-O-LITE Pencil Company
4341 Ravenswood Avenue Chicago, Illinois
Eastern Sales Office: 26 Cortlandt St., New York
Western Sales Representatives: A. L. Jones, Inc., San Francisco

(Continued from Page 178)

"Consider yourself told. . . . This gentleman," he continued, turning to the mild-mannered officials, "had no harmful intentions. I know him and his family. He's all right."

The Japs recognized Captain Stout and grinned happily; thereupon releasing young Daniel, but not his picture box. He was inclined to be sultry about it, but consented to leave jail minus the camera. The skipper commented to me in some detail, but nothing further was said to our flaming youth, who immediately led us to a place where you could get anything. I spent the remainder of the evening trailing him about town and being ejected from houses of public entertainment for boisterous conduct.

When we sailed for China, I devoted myself strictly to business, made out reports for the home office, gave the members of my party information about Shanghai and Hong-Kong, and tried to avoid thinking of Monica Stevens, which was the same as trying not to think of a peach pit stuck in one's throat. She was pleasant to me at our casual meetings on deck and during meals.

"Aren't we ever going to ride in the first car again, Mr. Carter?" she inquired with a smile.

"No," I said coldly, thinking of the four people she liked on the ship; and when pressed for reasons, I made up a lame excuse, saying I must carry interpreters in my auto. She assumed a look of disappointment, which of course did not deceive me; yet it hurt considerably to face the girl across a table and act coldly. She was so lovely and seemed so sympathetic in our fugitive conversations that my despondency increased. Her eyes were warm and blue like the sea off Alexandria, and whenever I stared at her, I began to feel poetic; though ordinarily I never write poetry or feel foolish in any way.

I took to standing by myself at the stern, as we plowed toward China, gazing at the gloomy, gray sea that seemed so old and sick of it all, just the way I felt. But we both had to go on with our respective jobs.

At Shanghai I received a cable from America asking a full report regarding tourist trouble in Honolulu and Yokohama; to which I replied briefly, "Trouble of no consequence," and let it go at that.

Some of the passengers had been cabling home news, saying I spent most of my time fighting coolies and foreign barkeeps. In Shanghai harbor, Monica came to me with her sweet smile and threw a feeble beam of light into an otherwise gloomy soul.

"Do we have to ride in the same car with Mr. Smith?" she asked as the motors lined up for a fast jaunt into the native section.

"Don't you want to?"

"Well," she said slowly, "there are so many in our party. Wouldn't it be nice to shift about?"

"I thought you liked Mr. Smith."

"Oh, I do," she hastened to say. "Only mother suggested it would be interesting to change."

"I'll try," I promised, knowing it was futile. Dan had often informed smoke-room loafers that his old gentleman owned the line, and that he would own it anon.

"Believe me," he stated, "I'll run this shipping company right. When I step in, I'm going to have two bars on every boat."

It would do no good to assign others to the Smith car, for Daniel would order them out. Yet I am sure Monica exercised a refining influence upon the young firebrand, for he was with her constantly and remained sober for many hours a day. In Shanghai he was calm for thirty-eight hours, after which he purchased a water buffalo from a coolie for six dollars, Mexican, draped it with flags and drove into the lobby of the Grand Hotel, aided by ribald friends. A water buffalo is a meek and humble beast with a queer look, and is very humorous standing in the lobby of a hotel. Mr. Smith informed the management that he was taking it up to his room, and even tried to squeeze the animal into an elevator, and it required seven people of several races to dissuade him. He was not arrested in Shanghai, when I informed the authorities that it was young Dan Smith of the P. & E. line, as it was seen he would go to sleep in a short time anyhow. The water buffalo was chevied back upon the highway, and when Captain Stout appeared with two ladies, the hotel people asked him what he meant by bringing American humorists to China. The captain faced me.

"I thought they told you to keep an eye on him," he said accusingly.

"I am doing my best, captain. Did you ever try to keep your eye on a camel bird? I shall be happy when this tour ends."

On the run down to Hong-Kong, I avoided Monica Stevens more than ever. There was a dance each evening, and I remained on deck, for if I started dancing, I inevitably should have had to ask Miss Stevens, and it gave me a feeling of sadness to think of waltzing with a girl who didn't like me. There were times when I could stand in a shadow and stare at her back as she leaned against the rail; and steaming into Hong-Kong, she turned too suddenly and caught me in the act. She smiled and I pretended to be gazing at an island in the distance.

"Mr. Carter," she said in her friendly way, which did not fool me in the least, "don't you like mother and me?"

"I certainly do," I stated.

"Then why is it we never ride with you any more on the shore trips? Why is it you never speak to either of us on shipboard?"

It was difficult to do it, but I looked at the beautiful creature with a cold manner.

"Miss Stevens," I said, keeping my voice casual, "I make it a rule never to force myself upon passengers who dislike me, and as your likes on this ship are limited to four individuals, not including myself, it must be quite plain to you."

I then walked slowly away. Monica stared at me, opened her mouth as if to speak, seemed to think better of it, and hastily turned upon her heel. When I next encountered her in the tea room, she glanced out a window with an air of absorption.

At Hong-Kong, I drove my tireless world jumpers about the city, took them out to Repulse Bay for tea and cakes, showed them where to purchase red napkin rings and lace doilies cheap, and eventually left them to their own devices, which were not numerous. Mr. Smith immediately fell into a squabble with a taxicab driver and was arrested again, being fined ten dollars for questioning the driver's fee, ten for hitting him on the nose, and ten for conduct unbecoming an inebriated gentleman. Captain Stout appeared with me in court and said it was an education to him, getting into so many public buildings.

The Narobi sailed and Dan saw nothing of interest in Singapore, but in Johore, which is a short drive due north—a sort of Malay state, watched by England but ruled by a sultan with a fez—Mr. Smith stepped up the speed while visiting the Temple of the Seven Gods. Here he encountered a rule requiring him to remove his shoes, but saw no reason for doing so, as the temple rugs were quite moth-eaten and seemed dusty.

Fortified with Singapore rickeys, Daniel trotted into the temple in full possession of his shoes, was chased by horrified guardians, and finally mounted the private praying pulpit of the sultan, a lofty throne of imitation gold. Here Dan gave imitations of a college cheer leader during a football game. This whimsical exploit did nobody any good. Soldiers with carbines dislodged the playful fellow, and he came away, carrying off parts of the sultan's banisters, swearing genially, and demanding admittance to the royal wine cellars. The sultan and England get along nicely, but it took the British consul three hours to avert war with America; at the end of which time we worked Dan back on board the Narobi and locked him in his cabin.

"One thing about him," I said to the skipper: "He never stops trying."

"Yes," agreed the captain, "there's certainly beaver blood in the Smith family. He won't get back to America, though. Somebody will kill him, and if nobody else does, I will."

Mrs. Stevens, a kindly woman, eventually came to the conclusion that while Daniel had an active mind, he was a bit too unconventional, and presently my private disaster found himself treated courteously, but with a dash of coolness. Monica's mother insisted upon being placed with Mr. and Mrs. Palmer in the motor tours, and Dan became an orphan.

"Can't get along with the Stevens girl," he said to me confidentially. "And I don't like the mother, either."

"That's funny," I said, the sarcasm being wasted. "Everyone seems to like you, Mr. Smith."

The Narobi crawled along through this ocean and that, calling at strange ports, and whenever I looked toward Monica, she turned her head. This was painful to one in my condition, and it was a tough trip for Ronald. We arrived in Naples on schedule time, and Dan went over the side like a man who has immediate business. I felt omens that something would happen in Naples and that my place was by his side, as per written orders.

"Come on, if you must," he said, and presently we strode the narrow streets of Naples, hustled down a dim flight of steps and sat at a little iron table in a room partly filled with Neapolitan gentlemen drinking coffee and colored liquids.

"What'll you have?" Dan asked, and I said a glass of charged water, whereat he sneered and ordered himself a large, hairy, he-man's drink. We remained in moist contemplation of Naples life.

"Let's go," I suggested after a reasonable time, knowing I would have trouble walking him back to the Narobi.

"There's no hurry," he replied. "Boy, load 'em up again."

The boy did so. About the third load, when Dan was commencing to make audible and profane comment concerning those present, there was a clattering noise outside the mug house and a file of soldiers jangled down the stair, led by a sergeant or possibly a lieutenant of marines. He wore a jaunty feather in his hat, had a military manner, and once conducted a shoe-shining stand in Newark, New Jersey, before returning to his native Italy. The soldiers snapped into line, all eight of them, and the commanding officer shouted, "Attention!" I suppose it was "attention." As he barked, the Neapolitans solemnly arose.

"Casaba del casaba Mussolini!" cried the young officer, that being the way it sounded to Western ears, and instantly the gentlemen drinkers saluted. Dan Smith looked about with grave interest. The young officer turned to us and stepped forward.

"You heard what I said," he snapped in good Newark English.

"Well, and what did you say?" Dan asked, tipping back his chair.

"I said to stand up and salute Mussolini."

"You did, did you?" Dan cried heartily. "Well, who the healthy heartburn is Mussolini?"

There was a dead silence, a portentous, smoky silence, such as hovers above a bomb before it goes off.

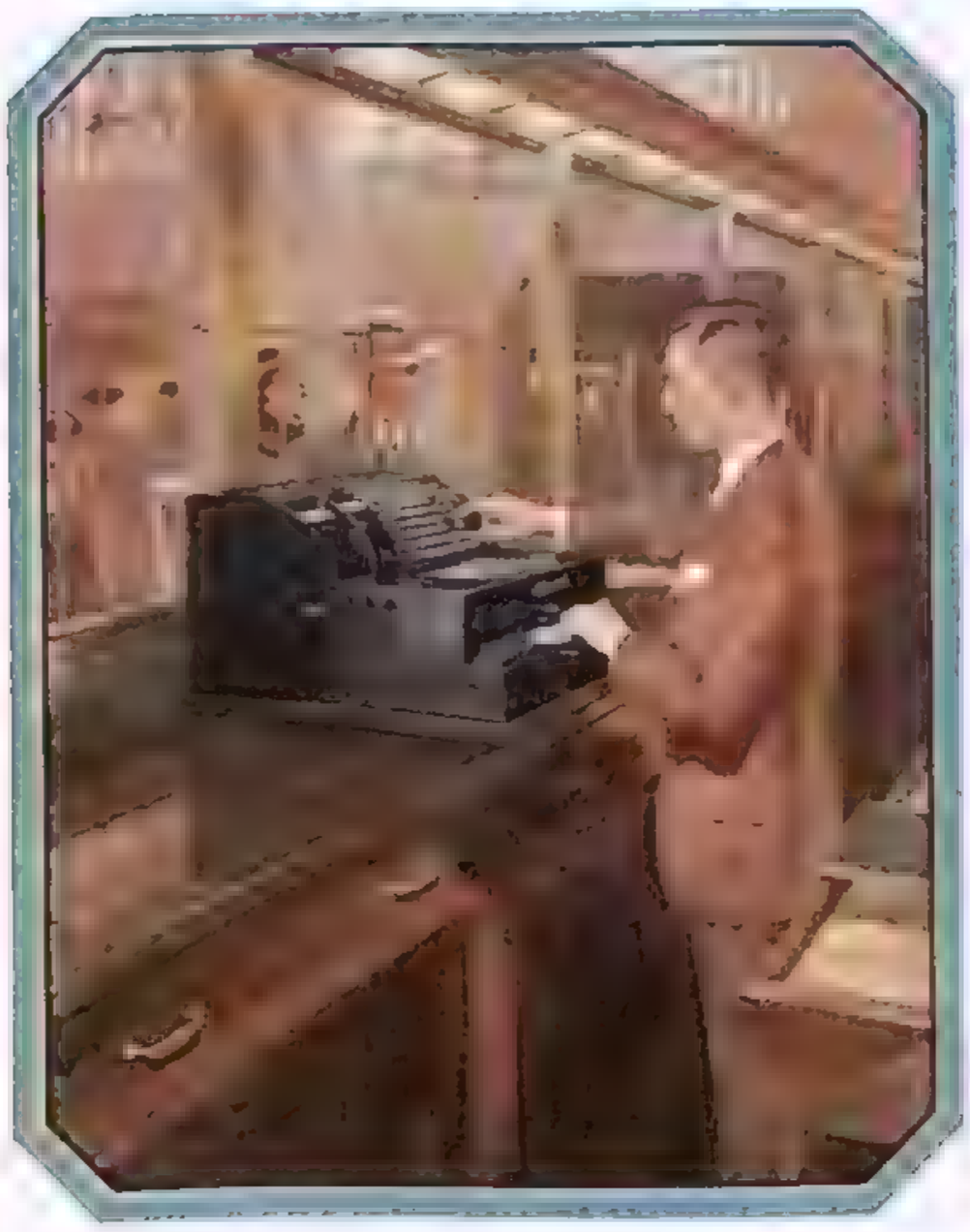
"Tell Mussolini," Dan added chattily, "to go chase himself around the block."

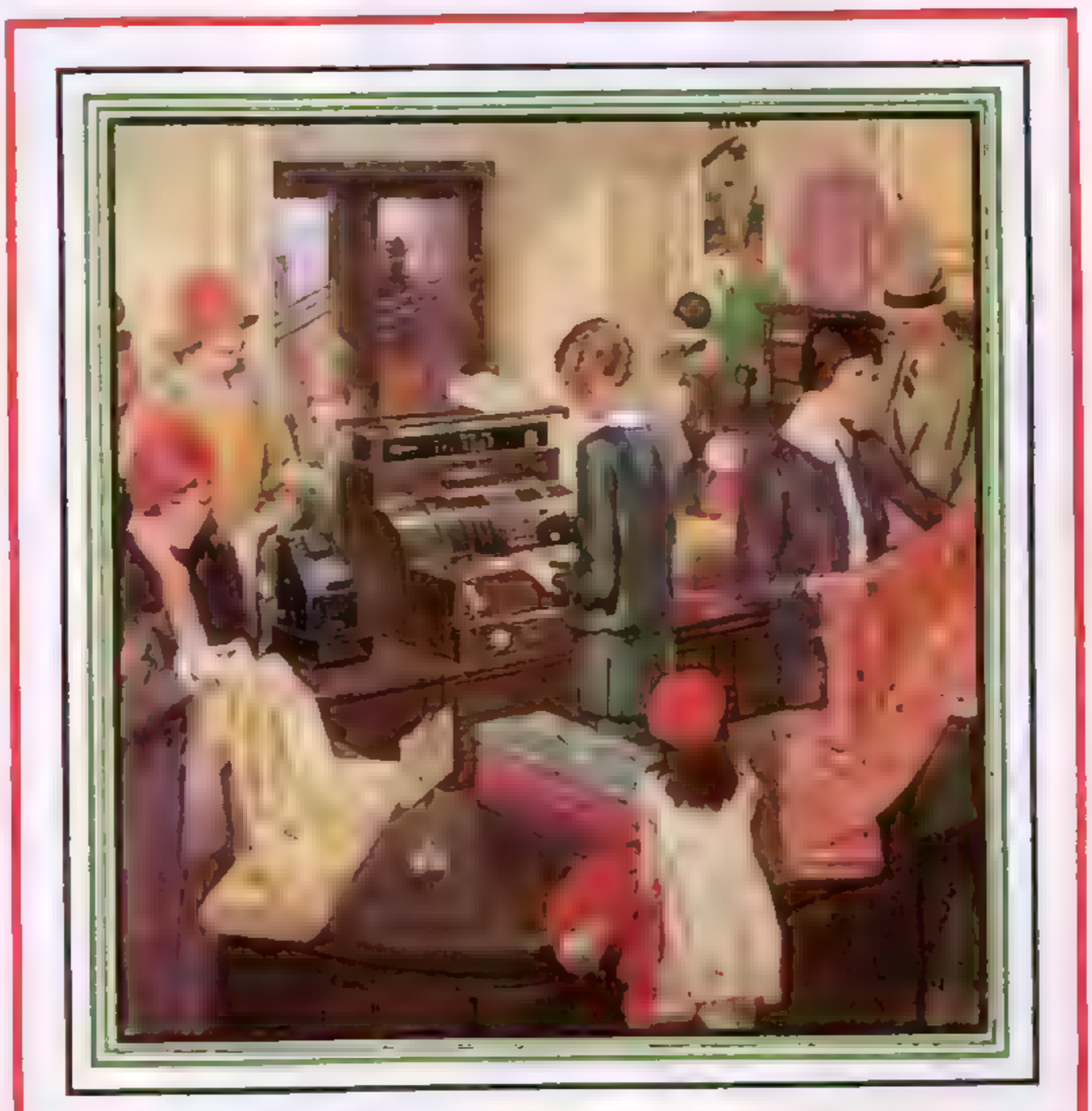
What he actually said was more preposterous than this, and I merely translate the speech in a polite way. Mr. Mussolini has done a great deal for Italy, and especially in Naples is he held in high regard. The lieutenant immediately translated Dan's suggestions, and without further ceremony the militia climbed over tables and fell upon the Americanos. The Americano that they principally fell upon was none other than Mr. Carter, the tour conductor. Daniel fought valiantly against great odds, but was knocked wan in the first barrage, and as I started to explain to the officer, somebody hit me with a small iron chair

(Continued on Page 182)

An Efficient Business System

for serving customers quickly





NATIONAL CASH REGISTER products speed up service in every type of business.

They eliminate the slowness and inaccuracy of hand methods.

In retail stores they furnish instant, machine-added and machine-printed receipts, in place of hand-written sales slips.

In banks they give printed, unchangeable records of each transaction to savings depositors and to the bank.

In motor-coaches they issue tickets and register fares with one operation, instantly.

For every business where records are kept and money handled, *National Cash Register products provide an efficient business system for serving customers quickly.*

They are designed to meet peak load conditions with the greatest possible efficiency; the Christmas rush at retail stores, noon-time activity of bank depositors, a crowd boarding a motor-coach.

Modern business problems demand modern business machinery.

The National Cash Register Company, for nearly half a century, has been supplying business with the best machines that brains can build or money can buy.

Its products today are saving time, money and labor wherever they are in use.

No other concern is better fitted to meet the demands of the machine age in business.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

DAYTON, OHIO, AND PRINCIPAL CITIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Modern machine systems for every business, priced from $60 up in the U. S. A.

"Dress Sanely not Vainly"

by Walter Eckersall

the country's most noted football authority

READ and heed this sound advice from this man who knows.

"Wintry weather, chill zero, blustering blizzards, snow and sleet are just around the corner. Guard against them all by keeping yourselves sensibly warm . . . give Nature a chance to help you keep well.

"Remember that 'prevention' is the slogan of modern medical science rather than 'cure.' So dress warmly and completely.

"An underclothed body means an overworked heart and that means increased susceptibility to winter's penalties . . . colds, coughs, flu and even worse.

"Give sensible attention to your underwear . . . dress sanely, not vainly! Clothe your body completely this winter."

* * *

Whatever your build and whatever your occupation . . . and whether you spend most of your time outdoors or indoors . . . Munsingwear can fit your figure and your preference exactly. The modern Munsingwear Knit Union Suits for men and for boys are not just the old-fashioned heavies, but the finest examples of tailored craftsmanship . . . knit to fit and to stay that way.

They're offered in the most complete selection of materials . . . in wool, worsted, cotton, lisle, rayon and mixed fabrics. And they come in light weight, medium or heavy, and with the sleeves and legs in the length that you most desire.

Although Munsingwear makes every type of underwear that any man could want . . . even shirts and shorts . . . Munsingwear is frank in recommending to you for your good health this winter, Munsingwear Knit Union Suits. See the Munsingwear merchant in your community.

MUNSINGWEAR, MINNEAPOLIS

MUNSING Wear

LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

(Continued from Page 180)

and I revived in a near-by jail, being copiously covered with minor wounds. Dan was a wreck, but admitted that Italians in action possess a certain dexterity.

Once again the faithful Captain Stout abandoned his ship, conferred with the authorities and procured our release by methods unknown to me. I expected the salt mines. When I again appeared on the Narobi, my twenty-one customers regarded me curiously, and I knew more letters would be written. I carried a sad-looking eye and specks of court-plaster. Even Miss Monica Stevens forsook her stony attitude and broke her silence.

"We had a little trouble ashore," I said evasively. "Nothing to speak of."

"The whole boat is speaking of it," she remarked. "I always thought of you as a quiet one."

"You have had several thoughts about me, Miss Stevens," I said with some bitterness, "and they are all wrong."

What would have come of this conversation there is no saying, for we were interrupted by the Palmers, who made jovial comment. The ship started for Gibraltar, the Atlantic Ocean and the good old U. S. A., and I felt vast relief in the knowledge that young Dan Smith would soon step out of my life forever. His opportunities for making whoopee were fast diminishing, and just as I had concluded peace was with us permanently, peace was elsewhere. Mr. Smith had one more shot in his locker.

Idling on the top deck in the Atlantic sunshine, surrounded by three or four others, he contemplated the scene, stared after a couple of passengers and shot off his mouth once too often. The passengers were Miss Stevens and Mr. Palmer.

"Seems to prefer married men, doesn't she?" Dan asked, jerking his head toward the retreating two; and for some odd reason I instantly saw red, crimson, purple and more red. I realized, to be sure, that Mr. Smith was annoyed and spiteful.

"Miss Stevens," a voice said, "and her mother are old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer." To my astonishment, the voice was my own, but it sounded foreign, as I was shaking.

"She's been hanging around with every married man on the ship," Dan added.

"Who has?" asked this odd voice.

"Monica Stevens. Maybe she prefers married men to single ones."

"You're a wormy liar," I stated quietly, and I could feel a warm roaring inside me, as when one starts up a powerful eight-cylinder engine.

"What did you say?"

"I said you're a liar," and again I qualified the sturdy word with an even sturdier word, and meant it. Looking backward, I thought of all the sorrow this person had brought into an otherwise calm life, and how I had tried to like him. There flashed through my mind the reflection that Fate had pulled open a door and was motioning me to enter. Dan was on his feet now.

"You have been in seven fights, you good-for-nothing rowdy!" I shouted. "And now you're in another one!"

Forgetting my job, still seeing red, I hit Mr. Smith a good, solid blow on the side of the head. I am not a trained athlete and never boxed, but I eat meat and can hit Utterly losing control of my actions in the next few instants—a condition rare with me—I determined to see how hard I could strike Mr. Smith on the jaw. There is a thrill in punching a head as hard as you can. The accumulated woes and trouble of weeks seemed to repose on the end of my fist, yet the row was not long-drawn out. I recall but three hard smacks, all landing and giving me joy. He likewise hit me on the nose, which was having its toughest trip around the world.

When I presently looked, there he was on the deck, trying to rise, and my elation was complete. The crew stepped in. Stewards ran out of doorways. The chief engineer came down a ladder and strong hands held me, without need. My duty was done. I retired in good order to my cabin and peeled bits of skin from the suffering beezer.

Captain Stout knocked on the door half an hour later and found me adjusting the usual court-plaster. He stood there, expressionless, and I half expected him to advance and hurl me into the sea through the open port. Instead, he held out his hand without a word and shook mine heartily. His face twisted into a grin, and he sat down on my bunk, complimented me and burst into a blue streak of sea language.

"And that winds me up with the P. & E.," I said.

"Well, what of it? You'll have a better job the minute the other lines hear you're footloose. You are a first-class tour conductor, as I can tell the world, and shall."

He went out after saying he never thought I packed a wallop, as I did not look like a person that would pack a wallop.

Mr. Smith absented himself from the evening meal, but I appeared, looking slightly used, and walked to my usual place, maintaining a cool exterior. The tables buzzed as I passed by, and Monica glanced at me quickly, but looked away at once. When dinner was over, I strolled out on deck by myself to think about the future. Monica appeared by magic, dressed in a beautiful white gown with shining ornaments, and more like an angel than ever. She came to where I was standing in the faint light.

"I heard about it," she said.

"Everybody has"

"Why did you—why were you ——"

"Because," I stated firmly, burning another bridge, as it seemed to be bridge day in my life, "I have been crazy about you since the first time I saw you."

She appeared to be a little paler than usual. "You have managed to conceal it rather well," she said in a low voice.

"Have I! Seeing I was not among the lucky four persons on this ship that you liked, why wouldn't I conceal it?"

At this remark, Monica looked puzzled and asked me what I meant. I repeated Mr. Smith's conversation, naming the four lucky ones.

"That is not so," she said. "There never was such a conversation."

Without any warning, the shaking began.

"You mean to stand there and say you like me?" I asked huskily.

"If you want me to say it"—she smiled—"there is no reason why I shouldn't."

"Let us walk toward the stern," I suggested. "I feel funny and would hate to wabble before all the passengers. . . . You mean to tell me ——"

Monica took my arm for the first time in history, and we sauntered away from the lights, away from the music and the crowds, down the deck to the radio house, where it was very dark, very quiet and very lovely.

"I lost my job," I said, not wishing to have any false pretenses.

"Pooh," said the dear girl. "You're too smart a boy, Ronald"—yes, Ronald—"to be a tour conductor. You are meant for much finer things."

"You believe that!"

"I surely do. You are a wonderful fellow. Mother says so too."

It was then in the darkness that I took both her hands and held them tightly, to see if I was dreaming. To be sure, I was at the moment breaking P. & E. Rule Number 6, but when you are standing in the dark, holding the hands of a beautiful girl, rules mean very little—I might say, practically nothing.

To the Outposts of Civilization!

IN every civilized country on the globe where business is conducted on anything like a modern basis Addressograph products form an important part of profit building methods.

A world-wide organization has been developed to study business problems, particularly the vast problem of name and data writing on business forms. The result is a line of Addressograph products that are cutting costs, eliminating mistakes, speeding operations and increasing sales in practically every known line of business.

A customer control system for preventing and reviving inactive accounts has been worked out for every size business.

The small retailer's problem of reaching prospects quickly and economically has been solved. Corporations are provided with ways and means of saving thousands upon thousands of dollars in every department where names and data must be written on standard forms. The work is being done on Addressographs faster, better and more economically than by other methods and at a fraction of the cost.

The Addressograph representative will gladly analyze *your* business, without obligation to you, and point out *where* and *how* Addressographs will cut costs, save time and build profits. Or mail the coupon with your letterhead and detailed information will be sent to you.

Sales and service agencies in the principal cities of the world

ADDRESSOGRAPH COMPANY, *900 W. Van Buren St., Chicago*

Canadian Head Office and Factory: Addressograph Co., Ltd., 30 Front St. W., Toronto

European Head Office and Factory: London, England

Manufacturers of Addressographs, Addressing Machines, Graphotypes, Check Writers and Check Signers

Model H-1 ... $75. Imprints names ... at 1800 impressions ... F. O. B. Chicago.

Cardograph — $57.50 F. O. B. Chicago. Prints ... Also imprints forms, etc.

Model F-2 Electric $375. Handles name and data writing on all forms thru ... hour, 2,000 to 3,000 an hour. Other ... up. All prices F. O. B. Chicago.

Duplograph Model D-1 $2,025, or leased at monthly rate. Prints 2,000 letters per hour, complete ... date, entire letter and signature.

Model A-4 Automatic Feed $2,025. Imprints an almost unlimited ... to $12,750. All prices F. O. B. Chicago.

Addressograph
TRADE MARK
PRINTS FROM TYPE

Mail with your letterhead to

ADDRESSOGRAPH CO., 900 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Please advise how Addressographs will increase my sales and reduce my operating expense

...

Copyright 1929 Addressograph Co.

KUPPENHEIMER OVERCOATS

Long noted for outstanding quality,

style and luxury—now noted, too,

for outstanding value

Now Kuppenheimer enterprise brings within the reach of every man, extraordinary and entirely new overcoat values. Youthful models in Kuppenheimer famous fabrics are presented at the most attractive prices for which these truly fine overcoats have ever been sold. Exclusive and controlled feature fabrics, in a variety of models, all handcrafted with characteristic Kuppenheimer refinement of detail, priced fifty to one hundred dollars.

Foremost are the new fleecy *Duronap Duffels*—priced within the means of every man. They are the revival of the Belgian peasant woven napped-Duffels of two centuries ago—bulkless, lustrous, warm fabrics—stoutly wearing as the oak. You may have the *Duronap Duffels* in single and double breasted overcoat models in the new and interesting shades of blue, oxford and brown.

Kuppenheimer merchants also show the luxurious and exclusive *Don Juan*, the silky, pelt-like overcoat fabric, privately loomed in England. This fleecy-textured fabric, firmly retains its natural fur sheen, rare beauty, and resistance to moisture. See the *Don Juan* in sepia, golden brown, new grays, in overplaids and herringbones.

QUALITY BY KUPPENHEIMER

Doubled sales! AIR-COOLED *power wins a distinguished group of new enthusiasts*

"I COULD drive all day in a Franklin without getting tired!" And you *can*—at top speed with throttle wide open. At the end of the trip you'll be fresh—physically and mentally. No matter how fast you go, or how long, you need never fear loss of power, or over-heating, or injury to the motor . . . the engine is *air-cooled*.

The fleetness of Franklin, its airplane feel, seem to invite you—dare you to do things you thought impossible before. Shifting is no longer a task—as quietly as in high you flash to 50 in second—then a short, quiet change to high. *Power*, 40% *greater*, you feel it carry you forward. Around cars at 50, easily, swiftly, confidently. Your first ride reveals why new thousands have been attracted to Franklin—why sales have doubled.

Why do all endurance planes have air-cooled engines? Why are 80% of *all* airplanes equipped with air-cooled motors? Why has Franklin been able to capture every major road record—to make a 150-mile endurance record on Pike's Peak? Where unusual, rugged, powerful performance is required, on land or in the air, the air-cooled engine wins!

Will you drive the Franklin? Let it show you why it wins in any comparison.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The One-Thirty, $2230 • The One-Thirty-Five, $2485 • The One-Thirty-Seven, $2775 • Sedan prices f. o. b. factory

FRANKLIN

CONFESSIONS OF A DEAN

(Continued from Page 4)

to live in the university town and spy upon his son. I do not know what the detective learned about the boy, but I do know that the boy and his friends discovered a great deal about the detective and in a short time unmasked him. If anything could have helped so perverted a father, it would have been to have heard what his son's friends thought of him. In view of the variegated forms of wickedness of which the father suspected his son, I was convinced that the father must have been guilty of an unconscionable amount of devilment himself, both as a young man and later. Such cases are, however, hopelessly abnormal, and I knew of only this one over a span of twenty years.

Though such cases of what might be called acute distrust were, fortunately, rare, I would occasionally stumble upon examples of lack of confidence which were more or less serious. One of the really distressing things about a dean's life is that he often sees what is wrong between father and son, and yet must sit by, powerless to help. The relation of father to son is, or should be, intimate and personal. Where the trouble is on the boy's side and he is unfair to his parents, you can call him in and, depending on the nature of the case, talk with him frankly, either in friendly fashion or like a Dutch uncle. This may be effective, and I know it often is where the boy's delinquency is merely the result of general heedlessness. But where the difficulty is on the father's side, you can merely hint that something is wrong and suggest a different method of approach. This sometimes sets you at cross purposes with parents.

I remember one instance in which I failed miserably. So much was wrong that I had to see this father frequently. Instead of taking my hints, he came to enjoy the discussions about fathers and sons, and in that blissful self-satisfaction which lay at the root of his own failures, he came to tell me of the mistakes other parents made. He himself -so he told me—had been unusually successful in his relations with his son. "I get 80 per cent of what I ask of him; and the reason I am successful in my dealings with him is that I am satisfied with this and do not grumble. I know other fathers who keep haggling with their sons for more. I let it go at that." It looked promising and his system in practice was quite simple. Ordinarily, when he discovered another of the many cases in which his son was not living up to promises or respecting parental prohibitions, the father accounted it merely a part of this 20 per cent of nonfulfillment. This percentage constituted for him the predictable leakage or loss resulting from the normal hazards of the parental business, and had to be written off. You couldn't expect a son to live up to promises anyway.

How to Lose a Boy's Confidence

In one case, the father, curiously enough, did become exercised and show unusual concern. The son had been involved in an escapade, in the threshing out of which it became apparent, incidentally, that he and his friends had been drinking; though, in this case, not to excess. The father could not understand how his son had sunk so low. "Of course," he admitted to me, as man of the world, "I occasionally take a drink myself, but I have been particularly careful not to let Bill know about this. When he is home on vacations, I shake up my cocktails in the butler's pantry." He might as well have spared himself the trouble. Sons have a sixth sense in such matters, and it is a hundred to one that the boy knew all about it. It was merely tit for tat. The father hid his drinking from the son. The son, in return, hid his from his father.

Simple as this father's plan seemed, it suffered from a serious weakness. Haggling is, of course, to be avoided, but he would have been far more successful had he reduced his demands and placed himself upon such a footing with his son that he could have expected a 100 per cent return of confidence and trust.

In this human comedy of ours, such misadventures are, of course, regrettable. If a father starts to play hide and seek with his son, the chances are overwhelmingly that the father will lose the game. In the later years of my active life, scientists were beginning to question whether the old law of conservation of energy really was true. It held that action and reaction in the physical world were equal. If you apply force to a body, it will react in proportion to the strength of that force. I am not a scientist and am willing to allow them to settle it, but the more I saw of family relations the more I became convinced that something approaching this law of the conservation of energy exists in the moral world. Action and reaction there certainly tend to balance each other. Deception on the father's part begets deception on the son's, anger begets anger, and confidence, confidence.

The Domineering Father

The third type of parental error—what I have called the masterful-man attitude—was almost never amusing and in a few cases nearly approached tragedy in its consequences. Where persisted in by the parent, as, unfortunately, it usually is, I have seen it lead on inevitably to what I can only describe as head-on collisions of personality. Where, as in four or five instances, these situations have reached their climax under my eyes, they have been all the more tragic, since both father and son were men of admirable quality and fiber. In such cases, the root cause of the catastrophe, the tragic fault, does not lie in some petty vice like suspiciousness or selfish indifference. In every case the father was deeply devoted to his son. Because he profoundly misunderstood the problem of youth, he brought on disaster, when, from the excess of his own strength, he was bound and determined to force his son to become what the son was equally bound and determined he would not or could not ever be. Viewed from another angle, I might say that in such cases the father was guilty of invading his son's personality in what he mistakenly believed was the interest of his son. This is something which, in human relationships, can never be done.

Since in all these cases the fathers were successful men, I shall mention here a conclusion which I reached many years ago and which I saw illustrated so many times that I can no longer question its truth. A man who in his business or profession is a failure, as the world sees it, is not necessarily a failure as a father. Quite the contrary; where his experience has not embittered but only chastened him, his chances are among the best. He compensates himself by falling back upon his human relationships, which seem to become more precious to him, and develops a richness of sympathy and an understanding of struggling young manhood which stands him in good stead as a father. Perhaps the most successful father I have ever met was a poor carpenter who had made every sacrifice for his son and whose every sacrifice had been repaid not only in goods but in that ever-widening sympathy and companionship which always develops where the father-and-son relation is normal and healthy.

I do not mean by this that a father may not be a success in his business or profession and also a success as a parent. I have seen many such cases, but on the basis of my experiences I have been forced to the conclusion that in parenthood nothing fails like self-conscious success. As I go back over the years, I can recall a number of fathers who belonged in this masterful-man class, men of outstanding ability, really dominant personalities, who had, by their own efforts, hewn their way to the front. The majority of them were not successful parents. In trying to explain this to myself, I decided that it was probably because such men are often too conscious of their success and have taken on too pronounced a mental set. They have acquired the habit of carrying things before them with an almost defiant aggressiveness. They insist upon having their own way, upon making their will prevail; and though this may be effective in dealing with circumstances and possibly with strangers, it is almost always fatal when applied to sons in college. In a father-son relation, as in the best friendships, there must be some play room, a certain amount of give and take. Sometimes, in bitterness of spirit, the boy accepted this domination; in other cases, he openly resented and revolted against it. In nearly all cases, even where there was no final break, the relationship between the two was a source of unhappiness to both; and this is, of course, the one sure test of failure in family relations.

Such failures really go back to a serious misconception. Psychologists tell us that the mature man does not use more than one-twentieth of his potentialities. An intelligent man of sixty who, after years of training, has become a great industrialist or physician might conceivably have become a great actor, scientist, poet, soldier, musician or engineer. He probably possessed these potentialities as well. In this sense, every specialist—and we are all specialists—is the wreck of many ruined possible careers. After thirty-five years of effort and deliberate use of will, the father who has become a business man or physician has shaped for himself the mental set of his profession. As in the old Lamarckian theory of evolution, these other potentialities that might have made of him poet, soldier or actor, have, through disuse, become atrophied and have withered away. As a lad, Charles Darwin, for instance, was fond of poetry and showed some skill as a musician. But after his years of unremitting efforts as naturalist these talents disappeared so completely that his friends used to amuse themselves at his expense. He reached the point where he could not abide a line of blank verse and where, if his friends whistled even as familiar an air as God Save the Queen in a slightly quicker tempo, he could not recognize the tune.

Off on a Single Track

Youth is malleable to a degree that case-hardened age cannot understand, and precisely in proportion as a father has achieved success, he is in danger of developing a single-track mind and a single-track attitude which may make it difficult and even impossible for him to understand a son who is really not fundamentally unlike him. I have seen cases in which a son seemed to possess precisely the same moral qualities which brought his father success in business or industry, yet something deep in the son's nature would be driving him to forms of quite legitimate activity which the father mistakenly felt it his duty to block and thwart.

I am free to give only one such case. It occurred years ago and the young lad who was then the victim has since become a distinguished sculptor whose name would be known to most readers. His father had achieved considerable success as a man of affairs and had insisted, against his son's will, on sending him to college. He was clearly miscast for this part and was thoroughly unhappy. His bent for the arts was so marked and he possessed such a deftness of hand and versatility of craftsmanship that his work in sculpture and music was a matter of remark among his professors and classmates. The father, in spite of a deep-rooted prejudice against the arts as a profession, under considerable pressure finally agreed to allow his son to develop his talent

(Continued on Page 189)

Well-dressed business men prefer

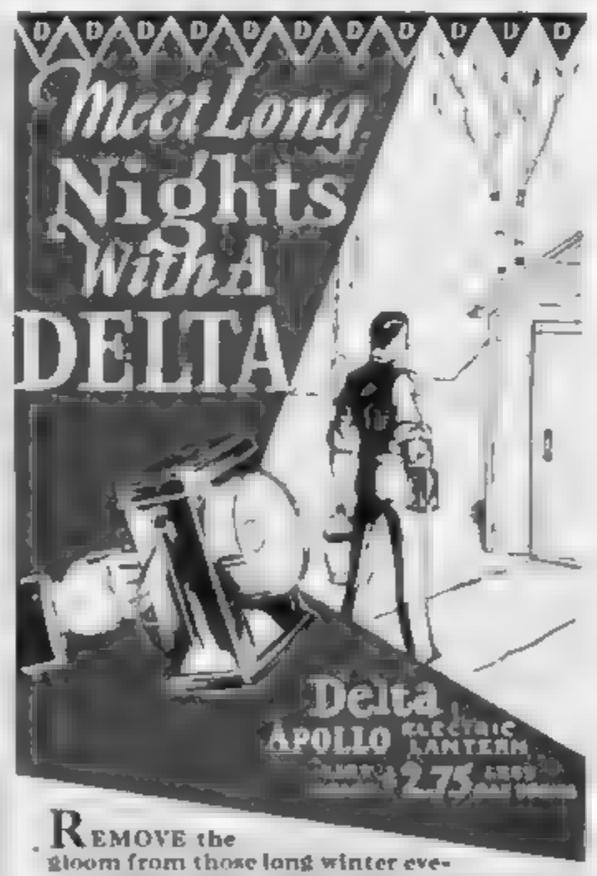
ENGLISH BRACES

Suspenders have come back with a vengeance. Much in vogue with the younger business men are President English braces, available in college stripes, novelty designs and fancy patterns; elastic and non-elastic webs.

Creating smart new styles, President still offers the famous Sliding Cord, considered by thousands the most comfortable suspender ever made.

Whatever your preference — English, Sliding Cord, Crossback, or Police — the President label and guarantee are your assurance of quality.

President Suspenders



REMOVE the gloom from those long winter evenings with a Delta Apollo Electric Lantern. With an Apollo on your arm, the many little jobs that must be done after dusk are not nearly so disagreeable. Not an emergency light, but a big, sturdy, general purpose lantern for everyday use. Gives five times more light than a good flashlight. No household equipment is complete without an Apollo. Clip out the coupon and send it in.

"Be sure it is a genuine Apollo"

DELTA ELECTRIC CO.

MARION DEPT — INDIANA 1101

COUPON

GENTLEMEN: Please send complete information on your Apollo Electric Lantern along with the name of my local dealer

Name

Address

Town

State

In New York, Alma Gluck, renowned dramatic opera and concert soprano, contributes to the new tone beauty in Crosley Radio. Mr Henry P. Joslyn, the composer (center), discusses the tone quality with Mme. Gluck. Powel Crosley, Jr., president of The Crosley Radio Corporation, receives the artist's comments, suggestions and advice

ALMA GLUCK
helps to make possible this new tone beauty in CROSLEY RADIO

FROM a distant broadcasting station music sweeps in . . . a Crosley Radio receives the program. . .

A little group of radio experts "stand by" as Alma Gluck, the great dramatic soprano, "listens in" . . .

The music stops. Then—Mme. Gluck's counsel on the tone quality of the receiving set . . . the suggestions, comments, advice of a great artist, given directly to Crosley engineers.

Thus, in all parts of the country, Crosley Radio is subjected to the expert tone scrutiny of America's foremost composers, directors, musicians, opera and concert artists.

For this purpose, Crosley receiving sets are placed in the homes of these artists.

By a series of unique "tone tests," the greatest authorities on music and voice regularly aid Crosley in developing and improving a new tone beauty never before achieved in radio!

Alma Gluck, Edith Mason, Efrem Zimbalist, José Mojica, George Gershwin and others equally famous regularly contribute to Crosley tone quality . . . a new purity and richness that mechanical tests alone could never attain!

This beautiful tone, developed to the highest technical degree, then "ear tested" by America's famous musicians, is *exclusive* with Crosley.

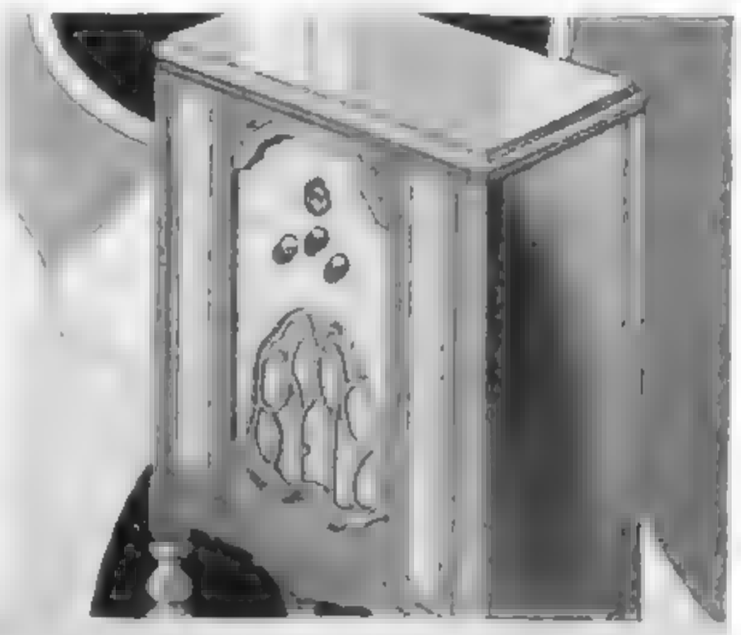
Hear it yourself at any Crosley dealer's. You'll be amazed and delighted!

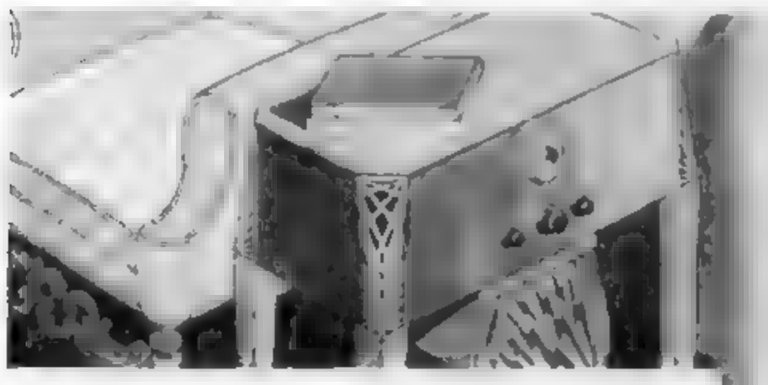
You may choose from a wide variety of Crosley table and console models. They embody every modern feature: Screen Grid, Neutrodyne circuits, Power Detection, phonograph pick-up, Dynacoil and Dynacone Speakers, etc. . . . *at the lowest prices!*

Arrange with your nearest authorized dealer to place any Crosley model in your home for a free trial. If you keep it, payments may be arranged on easy terms. Ask the dealer for details

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Home of WLW, "the Nation's Station"

One of a wide range of Crosley A. C. Screen Grid cabinet models, priced at $115 (without tubes). Crosley builds sets for direct current, alternating current, and battery operation, at prices ranging from $49 to $160. Western prices slightly higher





Crosley end-table models, similar to above, with 7 or 8 tube A. C. Screen Grid sets, priced from $67 to $85 (without accessories). Western prices slightly higher. No matter where you live Crosley builds a radio set to suit your pocketbook

You're there with a

CROSLEY

(Continued from Page 187)

for sculpture, on the understanding that he would give up wasting his time over the violin. The boy entered a well-known academy of art, but the father remained doubtful and unconvinced. Unannounced, he came to consult the boy's teachers and arrived during the noon recess. The students had finished their lunch, and his son, who had been drawing and modeling since early morning, had sought a moment's relaxation in music.

Totally oblivious to his surroundings, he had started to play his forbidden violin, while his comrades tiptoed back into the empty studio to listen. The father, in a rage, walked up to his son, tore the instrument from his hands, and, before the boy realized what was happening, had smashed it to bits against the corner of a block of marble. He left without a word. The boy remained standing for a moment in a daze, then stooped to pick up every sliver of his broken violin and put it away in its case. He worked over it for weeks and finally succeeded in gluing it together perfectly again. He could not accept this humiliation and defeat, and, distinguished sculptor that he has become, he still plays this violin, a memento of the broken relations with a father whom he could not understand and who could not understand him.

Choices a Boy Must Make Himself

A somewhat different case of the domineering father ended less seriously for all concerned. This father utterly disapproved of his son's going to college, and when the boy persisted, refused to pay his way or to have any communication with him whatsoever. The boy was not only a good student but a good athlete. During his first two years in college, aware of his father's intense disapproval of athletics and unwilling to distress him further, the son refrained from all extracurricular activities. He was, to my certain knowledge, very unhappy. This sense of parental disapproval weighed heavily upon him. But in his second year he evidently decided to take the bull by the horns. With the resolve born of desperation, he went out for extracurricular activities and was so proficient that he became not only a well-known athlete but a leader in campus affairs. The father's friends were impressed by the boy's prowess in college and gradually the father came to enjoy basking in this reflected glory. With serene forgetfulness of his previous obstinate objections, he later came down to all games and sometimes even to campus festivities in which his son played a part. On one such occasion, through sheer boredom he came in to see me. He was voluble about the son's triumphs, and as he left had, in undergraduate parlance, the "brass" to tell me, with man-of-the-world nonchalance, "I always said that boy was worth bringing up." I still regret that I could not tell him then and there, as I wish I might have told a few hundred other fathers whom I have never met, "Yes, of course he was, but you had no part in it whatever."

To shilly-shally with a son, to forbid him to do certain things, like spending more than a certain amount, and then weakly to acquiesce when he has done so, is a very common failing, and its effect is bad for the boy and makes for unhealthy relations. Provided, always, the decision has been reasonably arrived at, it is better that the boy should suffer the normal consequences of his mistake or improvidence than that he be relieved of his embarrassment under a shower of weak-kneed recriminations.

It should be remembered, however, that there are certain choices which even a father cannot make for a son. One of these is the choice of a profession or career, and it is, of course, in connection with such major decisions that the most serious clashes and crashes occur. That a boy in college draws for the comic or writes verse is not necessarily a sign that he is condemned to an artistic career. Many men, like Darwin, are poets and artists only in their youth, and provided the activity itself is not discreditable, it should be accepted. It is probably only a phase through which the boy is passing and through which the father, though he has forgotten it, may once himself have passed.

Though I am old-fashioned and in some doubt as to whether performing upon a saxophone really belongs in the class of creditable artistic indulgences, I knew of one case where a son's wayward but momentarily deep devotion to this instrument and his playing of it in a college orchestra led to a break whose consequences were far from comic. Most of these really unhappy situations declare themselves where a father who has been successful in his business or profession insists that a son approaching or past his majority follow his own footsteps.

Though such cases were rare as compared to the legion of indifferent fathers, several resulted in such lifelong bitterness that, as I look back, I wish it might have been given me to prevent a few of them. It is only the sentimentalist who assumes that all human misery is preventable, but I still cannot help feeling that some of these cases fell into that class, for they go back to a law of our human nature which I once saw illustrated quite clearly under circumstances that had no unhappy issue.

A younger colleague and I were spending a vacation in a well-wooded but rather poor farming settlement in Maine. Our nearest neighbor was a Mr. Squires, a descendant of sturdy Yankee stock who in his hard life was always willing to turn an honest penny.

My friend, not knowing the customs of the country and forgetting how prevalent are foolish human susceptibilities, rushed up one evening:

"Mr. Squires, can I leave an order for wood?"

He imagined that this and paying the bill would be all there was to it. There was more. Mr. Squires was not receptive.

"Young man," he replied with dignity, "I do not take orders, but I do have wood and I occasionally accommodate my friends."

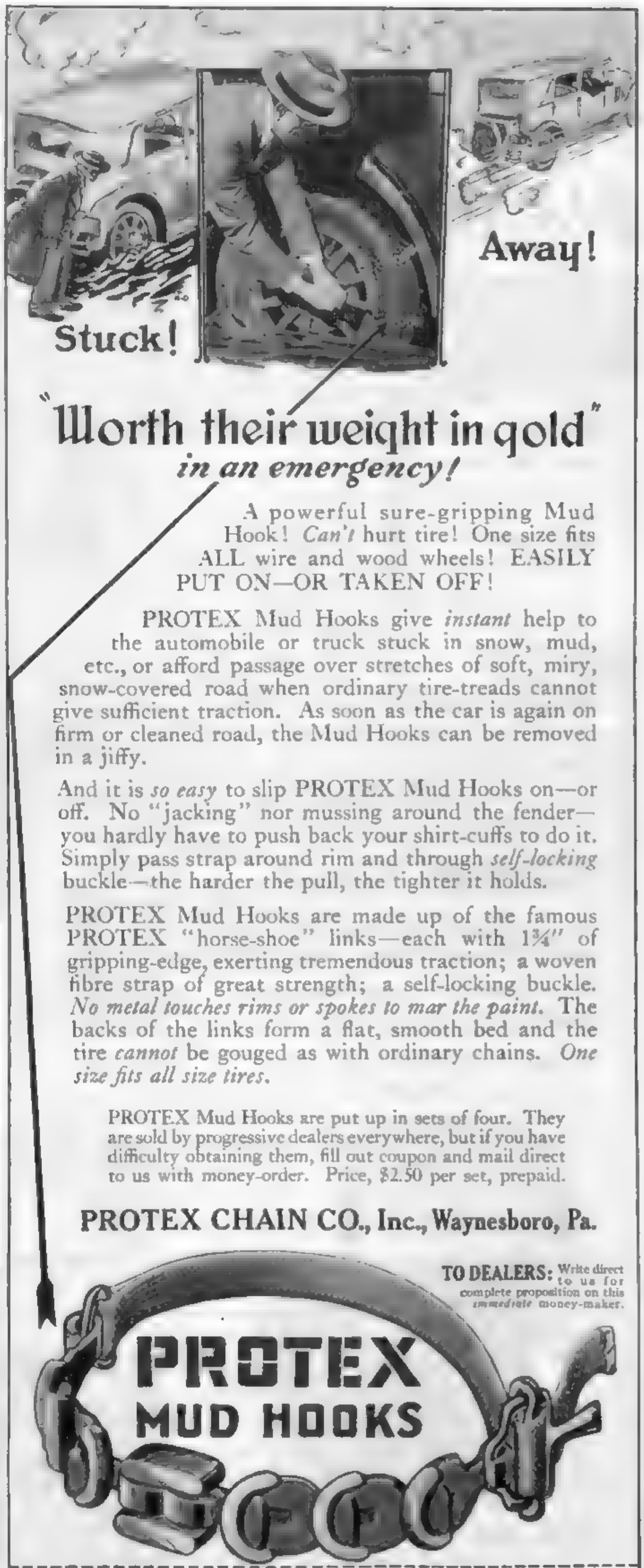
Clashes Between Fathers and Sons

After this impatient young professor had convinced our neighbor that he belonged in the category of his friends, he had no difficulty in obtaining the wood.

Young men on the verge of their majority are proud of their choices. Like Mr. Squires, it is hard for them to take orders. But where their tendencies are not too firmly rooted in the deepest needs of their natures, they, too, are willing to accommodate their friends. I know that in some instances where sons have resented paternal command, the father would have obtained really all that he wished could he have been patient enough to approach the problem under the less rasping forms of friendly discussion.

Looking back, it is easy to see how the past might have been made perfect. The hard facts, however, remain; and as I pause here before closing this chapter in the book of my memories, I find that some of these hopeless clashes between really earnest but too determined fathers and finely tempered sons who could not yield are among my bitterest recollections.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles. The second will appear in an early issue.



"Worth their weight in gold"
in an emergency!

A powerful sure-gripping Mud Hook! *Can't* hurt tire! One size fits ALL wire and wood wheels! EASILY PUT ON—OR TAKEN OFF!

PROTEX Mud Hooks give *instant* help to the automobile or truck stuck in snow, mud, etc., or afford passage over stretches of soft, miry, snow-covered road when ordinary tire-treads cannot give sufficient traction. As soon as the car is again on firm or cleaned road, the Mud Hooks can be removed in a jiffy.

And it is *so easy* to slip PROTEX Mud Hooks on—or off. No "jacking" nor mussing around the fender—you hardly have to push back your shirt-cuffs to do it. Simply pass strap around rim and through *self-locking* buckle—the harder the pull, the tighter it holds.

PROTEX Mud Hooks are made up of the famous PROTEX "horse-shoe" links—each with 1¾" of gripping-edge, exerting tremendous traction; a woven fibre strap of great strength; a self-locking buckle. *No metal touches rims or spokes to mar the paint.* The backs of the links form a flat, smooth bed and the tire *cannot* be gouged as with ordinary chains. *One size fits all size tires.*

PROTEX Mud Hooks are put up in sets of four. They are sold by progressive dealers everywhere, but if you have difficulty obtaining them, fill out coupon and mail direct to us with money-order. Price, $2.50 per set, prepaid.

PROTEX CHAIN CO., Inc., Waynesboro, Pa.

TO DEALERS: Write direct to us for complete proposition on this *immediate* money-maker.

P 1
PROTEX CHAIN CO., Inc., Waynesboro, Pa.
Please send me ... Sets
PROTEX Mud Hooks. P. O.
Money-Order for $
enclosed.

Name
St. & No.
R. F. D.
City or P. O. ... State

ABSOLUTELY!! Spark Plug Wires *Do* Wear Out

THE motor power thieves—Corona, Abrasion, Moisture, Oil, Age and Heat (the CAMOAH Gang shown at right)—are everlastingly attacking your ignition cable (spark plug wires). That's why we say, "if your motor lags, drags on the hills, lacks pep . . . Look first to your spark plug wires."

Actual tests show that practically 8 out of 10 cars on the road today, that have traveled over 10,000 miles, are losing power from one or all of these causes. Perhaps your own car is one of them.

Packard Lac-kard Cable is the last word in protection against the CAMOAH Gang of power thieves. 36 makes of cars, trucks and buses (and the best known airplane engines) have Packard Lac-kard Cable as standard equipment.

Packard Ignition Cable Sets, ready for easy installation, on sale by leading dealers. Insist on getting the genuine Packard in the purple and yellow carton.

THE PACKARD ELECTRIC COMPANY
Warren, Ohio

Corona—a release of free oxygen from the air caused by high voltage. This cracks the insulation on your spark plug wires.

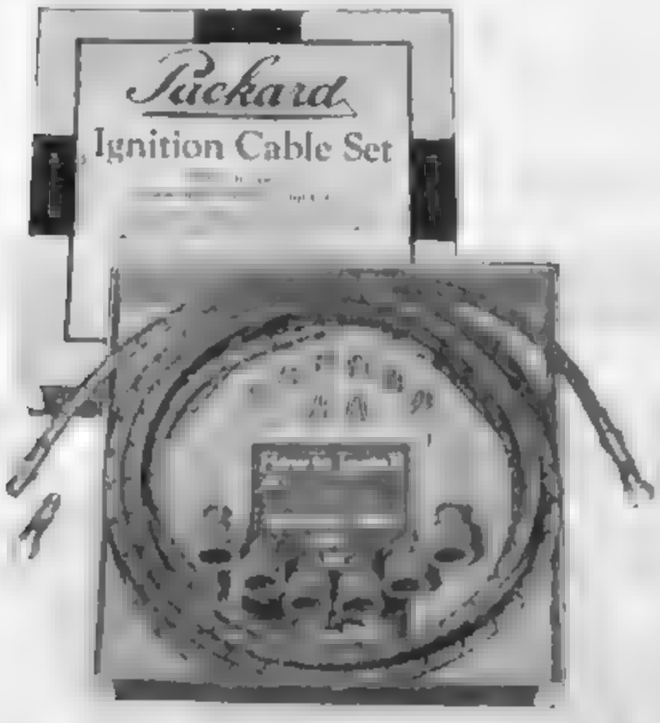
Abrasion—rubbing and chafing ruins much cable.

Moisture—constant wetting and drying takes the life out of cable insulation.

Oil—causes unprotected rubber insulation to swell up and become porous.

Age—champion destroyer of all time. Nothing can resist the old boy.

Heat—Who would expect rubber insulation to last indefinitely in that little inferno under the hood?



FOR ALL CARS $2.00 to $4.75

"If it isn't Packard —it isn't Lac-kard"

© 1929 The P. E. Co.

Packard Lac-kard Cable

FLYING BLIND

(Continued from Page 13)

plane, and the action of the inner ear. Both sight and feel become useless in fog, or whenever ground and sky are hidden. The inner ear creates erroneous sensations of falling, turning and slipping at times.

This was proved by testing several skilled pilots in a rotating chair. Each pilot was blindfolded, placed in the chair, and told to report his sensations. The chair was turned slowly to the right and stopped. The pilot stated that he was turning to the left. Whenever the rotation was stopped, or the speed retarded, the pilot announced he was turning in the opposite direction. However, if the pilot were turned continuously and steadily in one direction the balance canals of his inner ears would eventually create a sensation of sitting still. Finally, if the turn were made very rapid before stopping there was an added feeling of falling and a state of vertigo.

A hooded chair was later constructed in which instruments were placed to show the actual movement. Even then, the pilots reported what their sensations told them, and refused to believe the instruments. When the hood was lifted and the true movement disclosed, these veterans were amazed. But each one was converted to the use of instruments from that time on.

The Cause of Scores of Accidents

This most natural tendency to rely on sensations instead of instruments has been the cause of scores of accidents. Experts believe it to have been responsible for at least half of the transoceanic flight failures. One of these was the fatal attempt by Captain William Erwin to rescue other ocean flyers in trouble. With his navigator, Alvin Eichwaldt, he started out over the Pacific toward Honolulu, sending reports back by radio. At night, six hundred miles out, he reported running into a heavy fog, with bumpy air. The next message was startling: "We are in a spin."

Then came a reassuring report, only to be followed by the last one heard: "We are in another spin. S O S. . . ."

Skilled blind flyers ashore easily reconstructed the scene. Tossed in the bumpy air, the plane started a turn to one side. The pilot checked it suddenly, and at once his treacherous senses told him he was turning in the opposite direction, so that he pushed harder than ever on the rudder, and in the wrong direction. The heavily loaded ship skidded, stalled and spun. On getting out of the spin he could not but have had the same feeling as those who had been tested in the chair—that of turning in the other direction and falling. Believing he had gone off into another spin on the other side, he nosed down to regain control—and dived straight into the sea.

Later, a pilot inclosed in a hooded plane was tested under identical conditions. He went through precisely the maneuver described, not once but three times, and it was necessary for the safety pilot in the other cockpit to stop him from diving as Erwin is believed to have done.

Out of these experiments one important fact has come to light. Once a pilot has been shown that instruments are correct and that he cannot trust his own senses, he can learn to fly blind—indefinitely! This is the basis for blind-flying courses being established in this country and already successfully conducted in the Farman Blind Flying School in France.

Taught to Fly Blind

Instruction is begun in a dummy cockpit, or training bench, where the student, already a pilot, can see nothing but instruments and controls. The instructor is seated behind, where he can alter the reading of the student's instruments at will. The student is then supposed to bring them back to the zero of normal flight. No lessons are given in the air until he can fly blind on the training bench.

After this, he takes off with the instructor in a two-seater plane of a type known to be unstable. This is chosen so that he will have to move the controls constantly, even in smooth air. His cockpit is covered, and only a dim light is used to illuminate the instrument board. Soon after taking off he gives way to his instincts rather than believe the dials before him, and at once loses control. The instructor places the plane in normal flight and another attempt is made. Gradually the periods between losing control become longer, until at last the student can fly a straight course without conscious effort. This comes after five to seven half-hour lessons.

More difficult maneuvers are then attempted, including turning, spiral glides with and without power, spiral climbs and recovery from stalls. During all of these the student sees absolutely nothing outside his hooded cockpit. Nor is this course confined to fair weather, for, in order to try out their advanced students under actual bad-weather conditions, the Farman instructors purposely fly into fog, rain, snow

(Continued on Page 103)

PHOTO BY [illegible] UNDERWOOD & U. C.

Jimmy Doolittle and the Blinded Cockpit in Which He Flew a Fifteen-Mile Course by Instruments

Goods start to market DAYS EARLIER

A Mid-Western manufacturer entering national distribution found the time his goods waited for mailed sales orders was eating up his profits. He solved this problem by Postal telegrams. Started each day's goods to market days earlier. Reduced inventories. Increased turnovers.

HOW POSTAL TELEGRAPH REDUCES COSTS IN NATIONAL DISTRIBUTION

A NEW RULE—tested and proved—has become part of the modern science of National Distribution—a solution of an economic problem. It is: Delays on incoming sales orders must be avoided.

For it is now discovered that slow arrival of sales orders, as much as slow shipping practice, may result in high inventories, tied-up capital. National manufacturers are therefore instructing salesmen to telegraph in each day's orders.

Already over 90% of the millions of Postal telegrams relate to business affairs. The business world is becoming telegraph-minded in negotiations and transactions as well as air-minded in travel.

Speed, accuracy, reliability, privacy and a written record of all communications—offered by Postal Telegraph—are daily increasing the use of this vast telegraph system. The Postal Call-Box has become standard equipment in business offices everywhere.

The enlarged Postal Telegraph of today brings not only the markets of America, but also those of the whole world to your very door. Over Commercial Cables and All America Cables—parts of the International System—your messages are extended to Europe, Asia, the Orient and the countries of Central and South America.

Mackay Radio puts you in touch with ships on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Thus, American business striking into world-wide speed-marketing finds its ally in this International System represented by Postal Telegraph.

Postal Telegraph — Commercial Cables — All America Cables — Mackay Radio

High Bridge, recent view. In 1925, four piers were replaced by a single arch, to widen the channel for navigation.

Installing big Wrought Iron Pipe on High Bridge, 1860-61. Half-inch plates were used, with butt strap joints outside and countersunk rivets within. The diameter is 7½ feet.

Carrying Water to New York for 70 Years

Old Wrought Iron Pipe shows Surface Rust but No Weak Spots

CROTON water has been used in New York as long as living man can remember; and for almost seventy years a great wrought iron pipe has brought this water over the Harlem River at High Bridge.

Two hundred and fifty billion gallons is the unimaginable quantity stored up in the Croton and Catskill Reservoirs. If no rain should fall for a whole summer and till the following spring, still there would be water for all the needs of all the teeming population of New York.

Likewise, every provision has been made and every precaution taken to assure the unfailing flow of this abundant water. Any possibility of a break in the giant Croton main, once the only dependence of the city and still serving millions of its people, could not be lightly thought of. Yet in 1925, when alterations to High Bridge gave opportunity for thorough inspection, the old 90-inch tube was found worthy of continued use. It showed some rust, indeed, but no weak spots. The engineers declared it good for twenty years more, without fear of failure or need of replacement.

Such, in an interesting but not an extraordinary instance, is the record of wrought iron. Its high immunity to corrosion is not even approached by cheaper materials with which it may be compared. Its combination of strength and toughness, welding quality, and endurance of outdoor exposure, is not equaled by any other material whatever.

For plumbing and heating pipes, gas pipes, process piping; for engine bolts, staybolts, and other vital parts of locomotives and railway cars; for rods and rivets, chains and anchors; for tanks and towers; for fire escapes, fences and gates—wherever ease of working and welding, rust resistance, or immunity to "fatigue" is important—the use of wrought iron is on the increase. Sheets, nails and wire, as well as pipe, bars and plates, are available. Forms and dimensions for ornamental work are also easily obtained.

For information please address
THE WROUGHT IRON RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
1111 Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Milton Sills and Mrs. Sills (Doris Kenyon) at Wrought Iron Gate of their home, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Wrought Iron
RUST-RESISTING • SAFE • ENDURING

(Continued from Page 190)

Normal Transport-Plane Instrument-Board Panel

and sleet storms. The worst condition is encountered in bumpy air, when the instruments move less smoothly, but after some practice these student pilots can fly through moderately rough air without difficulty.

An American pilot, Mr. Henry J. White, who flew with Joanny Burtin, of the Farman School, was astounded to find that Burtin did not consider a blinding sleet storm any excuse for being even two degrees off his course, though the sleet froze up the air-speed meter, forcing him to rely on other instruments to keep the nose level.

The Farman school pilots literally grow a new set of senses before completing the course, in that they abandon the ordinary ones and acquire a confidence in their instruments that nullifies the old and tricky sensations.

In the United States the larger transport companies are proceeding along similar lines of training. Flying by instruments will cease to be a mystery, something thought impossible except by a super-pilot. It will become an exact science, readily grasped by the average flyer and eventually made a part of regular training.

Flying in a Covered Cockpit

The question of mental exhaustion is about to be solved, with the perfection of an artificial-horizon mechanism. One such device, called the gyrorector, maintains a line parallel with the horizon regardless of the position of the plane. Another line shows the angle at which the plane is banked, so that it is simple to maintain level flight by making the two lines coincide. In a test at Crissy Field, California, an Army pilot using the gyrorector in a completely hooded cockpit was able to climb, glide, turn, and even barrel-roll his plane and resume normal flight at will. He reported that he did not have to concentrate as much as would have been the case with the old bank-and-turn indicator.

An even more advanced idea is being tried out by Lieut. James Doolittle, U. S. Army. Lieutenant Doolittle, who has been assigned to the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, in connection with fog-flying experiments, has made tests with a miniature airplane mounted near the instrument board in a real plane, constructed to remain parallel with the earth, both laterally and horizontally.

To control his own plane, the pilot simply follows the movements of the miniature one, which seems to turn, climb or descend, whenever the plane moves in the opposite direction, though in reality it is always level. This device is being developed for practical use.

These experiments were brought to a climax on September twenty-fourth at Mitchel Field, when Lieutenant Doolittle, in a small biplane with its rear cockpit purposely hooded, took off, flew a fifteen-mile course and landed again without once glimpsing the ground, the horizon or any part of his ship except the lighted instrument board inside the darkened cockpit. Guided only by these instruments, he took off into the wind, flew directly west for five miles, then turned back over the same course.

When the short-range radio beam indicated that he was directly over the field again, he flew two miles east, made a 180-degree turn and headed back for a landing. Clearing the edge of the field by not more than fifty feet, he came in for a perfect three-point landing. Lieutenant Doolittle had wished to fly alone, but at the insistence of Harry F. Guggenheim, Lieut. Benjamin Kelsey rode in the open forward cockpit, prepared to take the controls, if necessary.

The final step will probably be taken within five years in the adoption of an automatic pilot. Such devices have been successfully tested both here and abroad. The automatic pilot keeps the plane level without attention from the human pilot, bringing up a wing when it is dropped by rough air, or raising the nose if it goes lower than the normal cruising angle. This completely frees the pilot from the strain of constantly reading two or three shifting instruments and taking the proper action in time to be ready for the next shift.

But even this great advance is by no means the answer to the main problem. Maintaining equilibrium is only one part of the operation of flying blind. For several years, a few skilled air-mail pilots with thousands of hours in the air have flown through fog and thick weather without falling out of control. They have taught themselves instrument flying. But they have not always arrived at their destination. One pilot on the eastern division took off on a very bad night, starting from New York for Cleveland. After flying blind for some time he came down cautiously, expecting to find himself well on his way to the Middle West. To his alarm he was over unfamiliar country. He flew around, searching for a safe spot to land, and finally took to his parachute when his fuel was about to give out. On reaching ground he found he was in Connecticut. Compass trouble was given as the cause, but whatever the reason, the plane was many miles off its course.

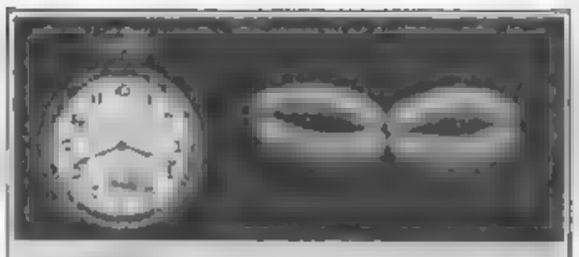
Guided Through by Radio Beacon

Another pilot who started from Boston on a flight to Pittsburgh found himself circling over Delaware, uncomfortably near the sea, when the fog cleared. There are innumerable instances where good instrument flyers have lost their way. One remedy is better compasses, and work is being done to improve the standard type, which tends to spin in rough air. But a more definite and reliable aid is already available in the radio beacon, which is certain to become standard equipment on every main airway of the future.

The radio beacon is a simple directional transmitter, which sends out two distinct signals along a fairly narrow path. If a pilot flies to one side of this beam his receiving set picks up a signal, dot-dash, or dash-dot on the other side, informing him he is off the course. When he brings the plane back into the center of beam he hears a steady series of dashes, and it is a simple matter to follow through to his destination. This was proved several times during the year by pilots on the Cleveland-New York mail route. Thomas P. Nelson, flying a radio-equipped cargo plane filled with mail and express, took off from Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, in spite of reports of very bad weather between there and New York. There was no guide but the radio beacon, for the fog hid the ground and the rotating beacon lights on the mountain tops. All the way from Bellefonte to Hadley Field he flew blind through one of the foggiest nights on record, and over the worst airway in the world. But the beacon brought him straight over the field, where he carefully searched for an open spot and made a successful landing.

The installation of radio-beacon service on the civil airways will make it possible for passenger transports and private planes to fly in weather now thought unfit for all but the air mail. The receiving set used is light and compact, and there is no complicated operation connected with it. Radio guidance, however, is just the beginning of the service that will be available on all the airways. Communication from ground to plane, with frequent

Upper Center, Bank and Turn Indicator; Lower Center, Earth-Induction Compass



What Is Inside?

YOU can't judge a watch or sausage by outside appearance. It is the "inside story" that reveals the worth of each.

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

The delightfully piquant seasoning—according to the old New England recipe of "Aunt Sally" Jones—adds a palate pleasing zest to the *corn-and-milk-fed* young pork, from which Jones Dairy Farm Sausage has always been made since 1834.

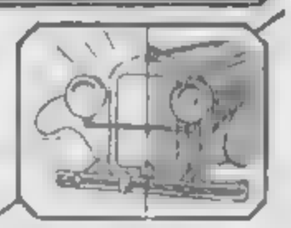
Sold by 2000 Jones Dealers

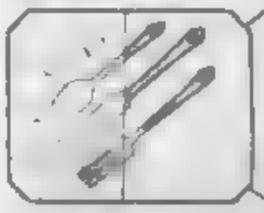
JONES DAIRY FARM
Fort Atkinson, Wis.

In the heart of Wisconsin's great dairy country—owned and operated by the Jones Family since 1834.

This MAGIC POWDER REPLATES with STERLING SILVER

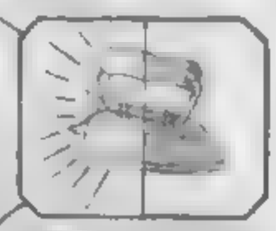
Sprinkle a little SILVERFILL on a wet cloth, and apply to the nickel trimmings on your car. SILVERFILL polishes as it polishes. Adds a new coat of pure silver with each application.

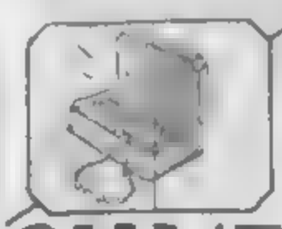




Your table silver will shine like new with SILVERFILL. Builds up worn and scratched surfaces with a gleaming coat of silver. Removes tarnish.

For restoring the finish on electric irons, toasters, percolators, etc., use SILVERFILL. It will keep them like new—shining with the lustre of pure silver.





Replate the worn finish of your jewel-box, toilet articles, cand e-sticks, etc., with SILVERFILL. SILVERFILL leaves a deposit of pure silver as you polish.

SILVERFILL

IT PLATES AS IT POLISHES

Sold at all Liggett Drug Stores, Owl Drug Stores, Department and Hardware Stores and Grocery Chain Stores

50c

If you cannot obtain SILVERFILL use coupon below

SILVERFILL Mfg. Co. Dept. P | Cable Address
80 Federal St. Boston, Mass. | SILFIL, BOSTON

Enclosed find 50c. Please send me one ounce can of SILVERFILL.

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

My dealer's name is _____

My dealer's address is _____

Out of the mouths of Children . . . .

"MAMMA," said little Betty, "We want the HAPPY ones."

How could anyone better describe the crisp richness, the fine full-bodied flavor, the deep down savoriness of Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes?

Happy?...of course they're happy! The happy taste of circus popcorn, of picnic peanut candy, of seashore holiday taffy...a hint of each hovers over the dappled sun-tan flakes of Comet *Brown* Rice.

Why, it's the happiest, snappiest breakfast food that ever sent a beloved kiddie (or a grown-up kiddie, too, for that matter) scampering to play or work after a monster bowl of rich brown flakes, in good cream and milk ...Try Comet Brown Rice Flakes yourself...this tastiest of all breakfast cereals.

And we mustn't for a moment forget those wondrous health qualities

In Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes is the BRAN that you know is so good for you 4 vitamins, 9 minerals, iodin and lysine—the big line-up of health elements that all the scientists and doctors recommend. They do their work well, these "nutrition working elements", but they snuggle deep in the flakes so they can't disturb the flavor.

What Makes Brown Rice Brown?

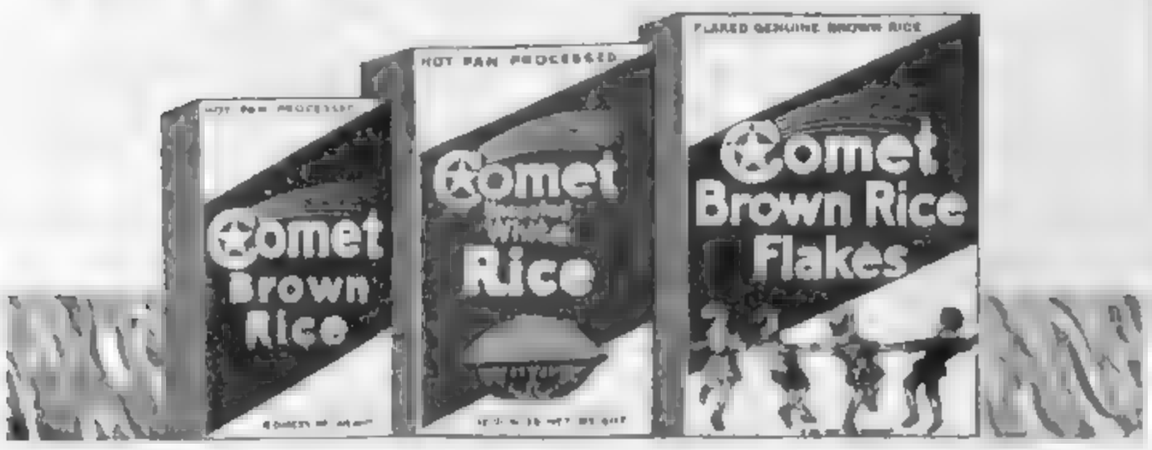
Brown Rice is natural rice, with its coat of brown bran. And like whole wheat, contains all its original minerals, vitamins, iodin and lysine. Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes are the *only* flakes made from the genuine Comet *Brown* Rice with all the bran.

The food that "Tastes happy"—makes healthy, happy bodies.

COMET RICE CO., 189 Franklin St., New York

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Comet Rice



weather reports and warnings, is now being developed on an elaborate scale. There have been too many accidents in the past from going ahead on the basis of good-weather reports, getting into thick weather and turning back, only to find that the fog had closed in behind. Such a situation was responsible for the death of Lieut. Cyrus K. Bettis, star Army pilot, who crashed in the Alleghanies when fog trapped him in a mountain pass.

There is some weather so bad that it is dangerous to try to fly through it. This includes severe electrical storms and line squalls. It has been proved that lightning does not actually have to strike a plane to cause trouble. Harold L. Knoop, an air-mail pilot, was flying from Cleveland to Chicago when he encountered rain and a low ceiling. Continuous lightning showed there was more visibility ahead than elsewhere, so he proceeded. The lightning struck near his plane a few times, but with no more effect than momentary blindness. When he had passed almost through the most violent part of the storm a bolt of lightning stunned him.

He was unconscious for a while. When he recovered he looked out, but could see nothing but waves of blue light, of varying intensity. Though he could see where the instruments were located, he could not see the readings, so he decided to jump. While he was getting ready to jump his eyesight began to return, so that he could see to control the plane. He put it in level flight and went on to Chicago. Inspection later revealed that no part of the ship had been struck by lightning.

Line squalls are violent storms, accompanied frequently by sleet or snow, lightning, heavy rainfall, very bumpy air, or a combination of these. They move forward in a line of march which can be timed and from which forecasts may be made. In one such storm Pilot Leo McGinn's plane was dashed to the ground by a vertical air current, though his engine was running wide open. Often these disturbances are so severe that the plane is tossed several hundred feet, up or down, while the pilot helplessly moves the controls.

Weather Reports for Flyers

The Southern Cross between Australia and New Zealand encountered line squalls over the Tasman Sea. During the next two or three hours the plane went through heavy rain, lightning that blinded the crew for a time, sleet, hail and vertical velocities as high as 3000 feet a minute. One bump dropped the plane 300 feet. At another time the plane was forced down from 7000 feet to 2000 feet by the accumulation of ice on the wings. Yet this is no worse, according to American meteorologists, than can be expected in line squalls near the Great Lakes.

Steps have been taken to establish a flawless weather reporting and forecasting service for air commerce. Had this service been complete before the Transcontinental Air Transport plane left for Albuquerque, there would probably have been warning of the storm into which it flew. But such huge weather-reporting systems cannot be operated without hundreds of observers throughout the country, and expensive apparatus. Experts predict a vast nation-wide net within the next few years, when the growth of air commerce will make it mandatory. At present, reports from secondary stations are sent to primary offices, where they are analyzed, combined with information pertaining to special airways, and broadcast by radio as well as sent out on teletype to all airport and intermediate fields on the line.

Five years from now it will be almost impossible for a line squall or electrical storm to cross the path of a plane on a regular airway without the pilot's having had adequate warning, perhaps before taking off, but certainly by radio from the nearest control station.

The efficiency of the voice radio in combination with the radio-beacon service was demonstrated recently by Pilot Jack Webster, a veteran of the air mail. He left Cleveland at 3:15 A.M., with a report that there was unlimited ceiling at Hadley Field, New York, his destination, though ground fog was likely to form. Before leaving, he requested that weather reports from Philadelphia and Hartford be given him by radio, in case New York should be closed to him. At 6:45 he heard a radio report that the ceiling at Hadley Field was 350 feet, but the same report told him that both Philadelphia and Hartford were already closed in by fog.

To add to his troubles, the weather along his course became thick, so that he had to resort to instrument flying, following the radio beacon. By this time he was receiving reports steadily; as he neared Hadley Field the operator told him he would try to guide him down through the fog. This was by no means a simple matter, for the Wachung Mountains rise for 800 feet not far from the field, and the radio towers of WJZ and the RCA transatlantic station are also near by. With only a 350-foot ceiling, or less, it would be easy to hit one of these obstacles if he made a mistake in the course.

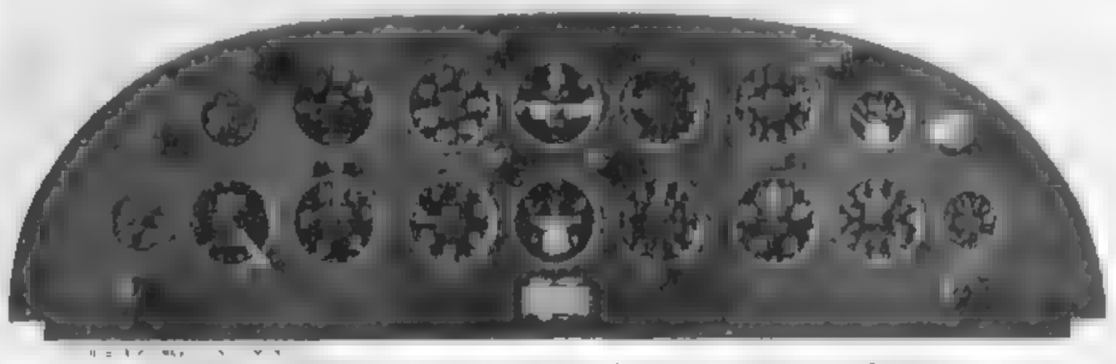
Finding a Way to Land Blind

At last came the welcome message in his earphones. He had reached the field, and was passing over it, headed east. He turned and came back, while the ground man listened to the sound of the engine and told him about where he was. Back and forth he flew through the fog, following the directions of his unseen guide, until at last he broke through into clear air and made a landing. Radio had brought him through when nothing else could have done so without grave danger.

Voice radio and the radio beacon will make it possible for a pilot to know at all times the condition of weather anywhere on his route, so that he can deviate if necessary to avoid severe local storms, or land temporarily at an intermediate field. But it is not expected that routine landings will be made by the method followed by Pilot Webster. Some easier system must be devised, and one that will permit of a plane's being brought to earth safely even though the surface of the airport is completely invisible from the air. This seems impossible, but it must be accomplished if air commerce is not to suffer because of frequent ground fogs at certain huge airports and terminals.

The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics has centered its attention on this problem, using Lieut. James Doolittle to attempt actual blind landings. It has been common knowledge in this country that taking off blind is not difficult, for this is done constantly on the Pacific Coast, where night mail planes are often in fog as soon as their wheels leave

(Continued on Page 197)

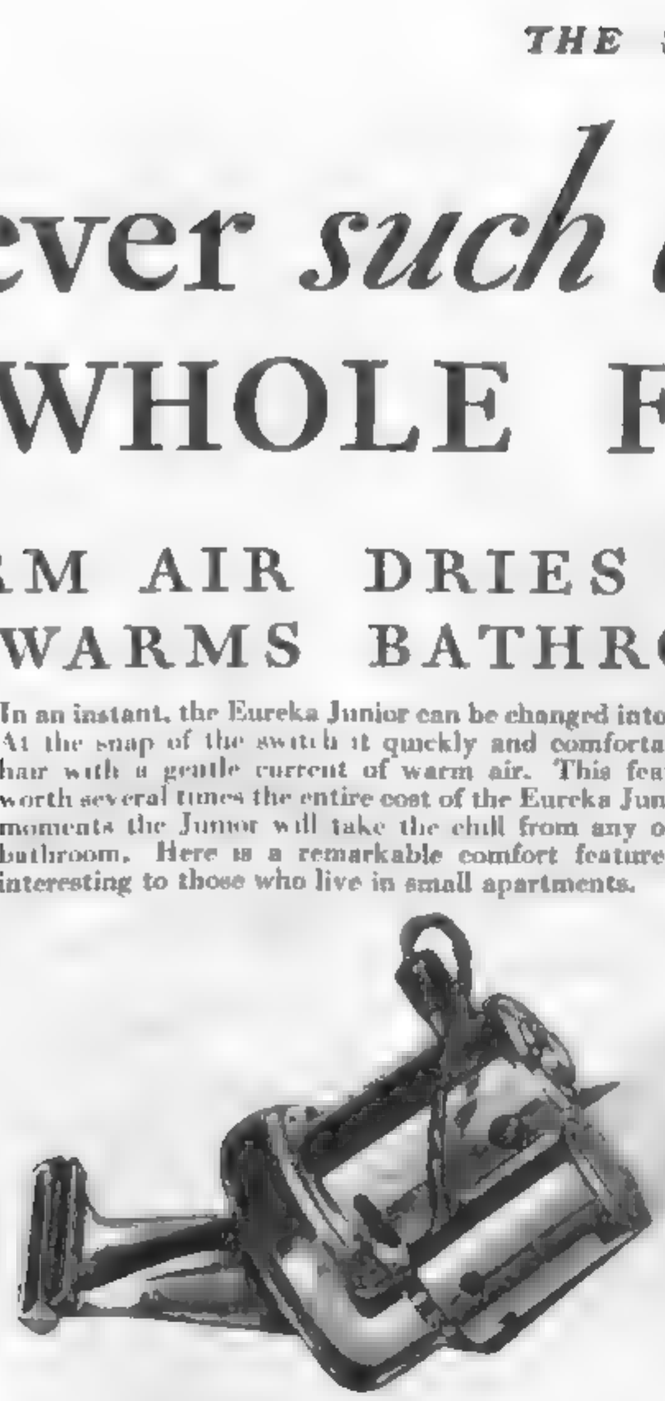


Sixteen Dials to Watch in This Latest Instrument Panel

Never *such a* Gift *for the* WHOLE FAMILY

WARM AIR DRIES HAIR, WARMS BATHROOM

In an instant, the Eureka Junior can be changed into a hair dryer. At the snap of the switch it quickly and comfortably dries the hair with a gentle current of warm air. This feature alone is worth several times the entire cost of the Eureka Junior. In a few moments the Junior will take the chill from any ordinary-sized bathroom. Here is a remarkable comfort feature particularly interesting to those who live in small apartments.



POWERFUL SUCTION CLEANS AUTOMOBILES

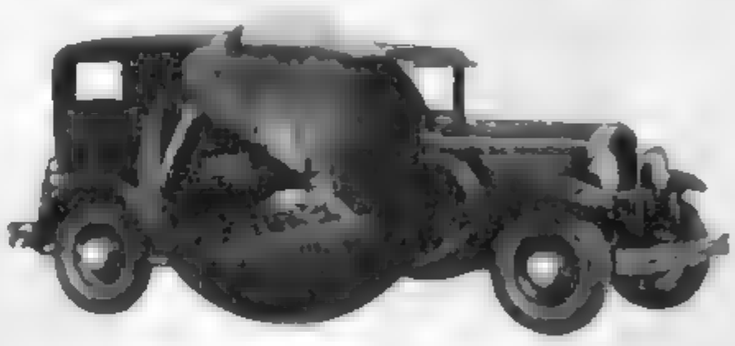
THE sensational new Eureka Junior with its electric heater attachment is a device of amazing general utility . . . as a warm air hair dryer, it is more efficient than many built exclusively for that purpose . . . as a heater, it will take the chill from an ordinary bathroom in a few moments . . . and with its powerful suction you can quickly and easily clean your automobile, upholstered furniture, mattresses, drapes, stairway and all other hard-to-clean things in your home.

Can you imagine a more practical, inexpensive, all-year-useful Christmas gift for the whole family?

See the Eureka Junior. Try it, without delay. At the same time you should learn about the advantages of the other famous Eureka models, the "Special" and the Standard.

You may now own a powerful, rugged Eureka Special at the sensational low price of $39.50—attachments $6.00. The "Special", recently announced, is full-sized, sturdy . . . with gray enameled steel handle and handsome gray bag. It embodies the same fine materials and workmanship as other great Eurekas . . . truly exceptional quality at a popular price.

The Grand Prize Eureka Standard, combination home and automobile cleaner, is priced at $56.50—attachments $8.00. It is even more powerful—with many special features such as detachable handle and nozzle, and special attachments for moth control. The cleaner for those who desire maximum suction, cleaning power and convenience!



Because of its light weight, flexibility and powerful suction, the Junior is exceptionally well suited to cleaning car interiors. No longer is it necessary to risk ruining dainty dresses and delicate fabrics through contact with soiled cushions and upholstery. The Junior digs deep and gets all the embedded dust and grit that spoil the appearance and quicken the depreciation of your car.

Also STAIRWAYS, MATTRESSES, DRAPES AND UPHOLSTERY

For disposing swiftly and easily of the many bothersome little cleaning tasks that do not require a large machine, the Eureka Junior is ideal. It whisks away ashes and litter from inaccessible places; cleans clothes, upholstery, stairways—does all the work ordinarily done with attachments. As a general utility cleaner—specially designed for the quick and thorough cleaning of fabrics above the floor—it is far more effective and convenient than the regular attachments, priced from $6.00 to $15.00 per set, furnished with many large cleaners.

EUREKA JUNIOR VACUUM CLEANER

$16.50

Electric Hair Drying Attachment $3.00

Trade-in allowance for attachments of any cleaner

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
101 Dewey St. Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.
Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario. Branches: 8 Fisher Street, London, W. C. 1, England, and 301 Castlereagh St., Sydney, Australia

Use the coupon to get details of Special Christmas Time Payment Plan

(538)

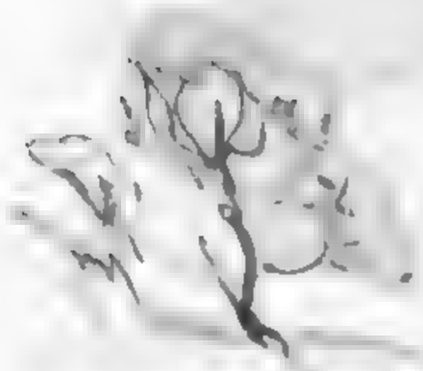
C O U P O N

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
101 Dewey Street, Detroit, Michigan

I am interested in the Special Christmas Time Payment Plan on the ☐ Eureka Junior ☐ Eureka Special ☐ Eureka Standard. Please send complete information without obligation.

Name

Address



Prepare now for Winter Driving

1 Change to winter oil

2 Put anti-freeze in radiator

3 Check electrical system and battery

4 Get WEED CHAINS to fit your tires

Any night now you may go to bed in Indian Summer and wake up next morning in a bad spell of winter—with snow, sleet or icy thoroughfares and freezing weather. That morning you'll really need your car. Don't wait till then to prepare for safe winter driving. Do it now.

If the roads and streets you drive in winter are subject to ice, carry two pairs of Weeds. Use one pair on the rear wheels for traction and the other on the front wheels for steering control. It pays.

Accept none but genuine steel Weed Chains, with galvanized side chains, brass plated cross chains, red connecting hooks and the name Weed stamped on every hook. Good accessory stores and garages everywhere can fit your tires today with Weeds; also many filling stations. Weeds are made only by the American Chain Company, *Inc.*, *World's Largest Makers of Tire Chains.*

Ask by name for Genuine

WEED CHAINS

for greater Safety and Mileage

(Continued from Page 194)

the ground. But landing without a sight of the earth is quite a different problem. If the pilot makes a mistake, either leveling off too high or not soon enough, there is likely to be a serious crash.

Lieutenant Doolittle has found that it is possible to land on a prepared airport, from which obstacles have been removed, even though the pilot does not see the ground until the wheels touch it. This depends on knowing the exact altitude when the plane arrives over the airport.

The present altimeter causes serious trouble in flying blind. It gives only the altitude above sea level, and not the true height above the ground. Many accidents may be traced to this cause. One occurred on the mountain division of the Air Mail Service, when a pilot was trying to find his way across the Rockies during very thick weather. He climbed to an altitude of 12,000 feet, which should have taken him over his course safely, but a strong wind drifted him far to one side, over a rising ridge. When the peak appeared suddenly, the pilot had no time to swing around, and he crashed. If he had had an altimeter giving the true height above the ground, he would have been given at least a slight warning.

Two altimeters are now being developed for this very purpose. One measures the time taken by a radio signal to be sent from plane to ground and return; the other measures the electric capacity between plane and ground, as in a condenser. The first altimeter has been used to operate colored lights which warn the pilot when his plane is at 500, 100 and 50 feet above the ground. Undoubtedly, an accurate and supersensitive altimeter will be part of standard airplane equipment within a short period.

With such an altimeter, landing blind will be much less dangerous than it is now. By following a localizer radio beam, and starting to glide at a predetermined point indicated by radio signal, the pilot can come down with almost throttled engine and in a flat glide. With proper shock absorbers, the plane will not bounce back into the air on making contact. This is a maneuver that few pilots care to perform at this time, and it is not likely to become commonplace for a number of years. But there are few fogs so low that the ground cannot be seen a few seconds before the necessity for leveling off. With more confidence in radio guidance the average mail and transport plane pilot will have less hesitation in landing under those conditions.

The Danger of Ice on Wings

Another device which will aid in landing absolutely blind is the fog-piercing light. A new type of lens has been developed to make light visible for more than three hundred feet in the most dense fog. Lights of this type, if successful, will be used to outline runways or borders of fields which are fogged in. Landing without seeing the ground would be comparatively easy with such lights.

There remains but one more difficulty to be overcome in blind flying, after which rapid improvement of apparatus and methods will make such operations uniformly safe. This is formation of ice on planes. This occurs when the temperature of the fog or cloud is just under 32 degrees, so that vapor particles beginning to freeze will adhere to wings, struts and control surfaces, and turn to ice. The weight of the ice itself may not be dangerous, but the formation of such a layer on the top of a wing makes the surface rough and destroys the vacuum which helps to hold the plane in the air. The plane immediately begins to settle, and unless the warmer air below soon melts the ice a forced landing will be necessary.

A startling proof of this was afforded two Army officers who were ordered south from Langley Field, Virginia, on an important mission. There was hardly any ceiling, and under ordinary circumstances the pilots would have been directed to stay on the ground. But the field commander gave them permission to go if they thought they could get through to a clearer area.

The temperature was just above 33 degrees when the first pilot took off. He climbed to 400 feet and at once found himself in low clouds. This was not alarming, but in a few seconds his ship began to settle. He pushed the throttle open wider, so that the engine revolutions went from 1800 to 2100, and still he could not gain a foot. He shot a glance at the wing and saw that a thin film of ice had formed and was getting thicker. Either the ground thermometer had been wrong or the temperature had dropped to the freezing point.

He hurriedly swung back toward Langley Field, losing altitude swiftly. The wings, not designed to perform with such irregular top surfaces, began to vibrate, and the struts to shake. The controls moved jerkily, catching now and then, to release themselves with a savage snap that sent the stick banging against the pilot's knees. By this time the powerful engine of the pursuit plane was roaring wide open at 2300 revolutions per minute. Still the plane dropped, until the pilot began to fear that he would not reach the field, but would settle into the marshy ground along its borders.

Then the edge appeared out of the mists. The plane, still desperately held at flying position by the pilot, settled with engine full on and hit with a resounding thud. Ten seconds later it would have been completely out of control.

Traffic Lanes for Safety

Just as the first plane came in, the second one took off, before its pilot could catch the frantic signal of his brother officer. Three minutes later it, too, came roaring down into the field and landed in exactly the same manner. It is only at the danger point just under 32 degrees that ice forms so rapidly that a plane will often be out of control before the pilot realizes what is wrong.

This peril will probably be overcome in a short time, as both Government and private agencies are working on the problem. A very sensitive thermometer is being perfected, to warn pilots when the danger point is near, so that they can escape by going higher or lower, into colder or warmer air. In addition to this, experiments are being conducted with devices for warming the tops of wings, and with preparations for coating wings to make ice accumulation difficult.

On the basis of what has been done, airway experts and other officials of the Department of Commerce have been able to draw an interesting picture of future blind flying. With the increase of air traffic, airways will naturally have to be zoned vertically, to avoid collisions and to separate fast and slow classes of traffic. This is especially necessary in thick weather, when planes hidden from each other may be flying dangerously close.

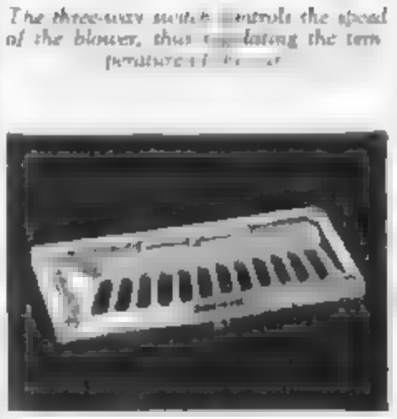
Such an incident happened on the Lindbergh tour in 1927, when Colonel Lindbergh and Philip Love were taking off in their planes from San Diego. Hardly had the two ships left the earth when they encountered ground fog and low clouds. Philip Love found one small clear spot in the center of which was a tree. Banking up steeply, he circled this tree for more than a minute, hoping that the fog would not close in on this oasis.

When the fog lifted he was surprised and startled to perceive the Spirit of St. Louis uncomfortably near, likewise circling. With both planes cruising at about 90 miles an hour, only a few seconds would have been required to bring them together in the mist.

RECOMMENDED BY LEADING MOTOR CAR ENGINEERS

At electric heater at the "heart" of the ... instant ...

The three-way switch controls the speed of the blower, thus regulating the temperature ...



The artistic, polished aluminum registers (for front and rear compartments) have independent shutter controls

. . . designed especially for your car

You appreciate the necessity of a heater in your automobile, and you will want a heater that gives *instant* heat, regardless of how cold the car or the weather . . . that has an electric blower to *force* the circulation and re-circulation of warm, clean air throughout the car interior . . . that has a 3-way switch on the instrument board which regulates the speed of the blower and thus controls the volume of heat . . . that has both *front and rear* registers, of artistic design and finish.

There is only one heater which has *all* these outstanding superiorities. It is the Metalcraft the world's finest motor car heater—the heater which is approved and recommended by the very engineers who designed your car. See your dealer; insist that he install a Metalcraft!

Metalcraft Heaters are now available through the following motor car manufacturers and their authorized distributors:

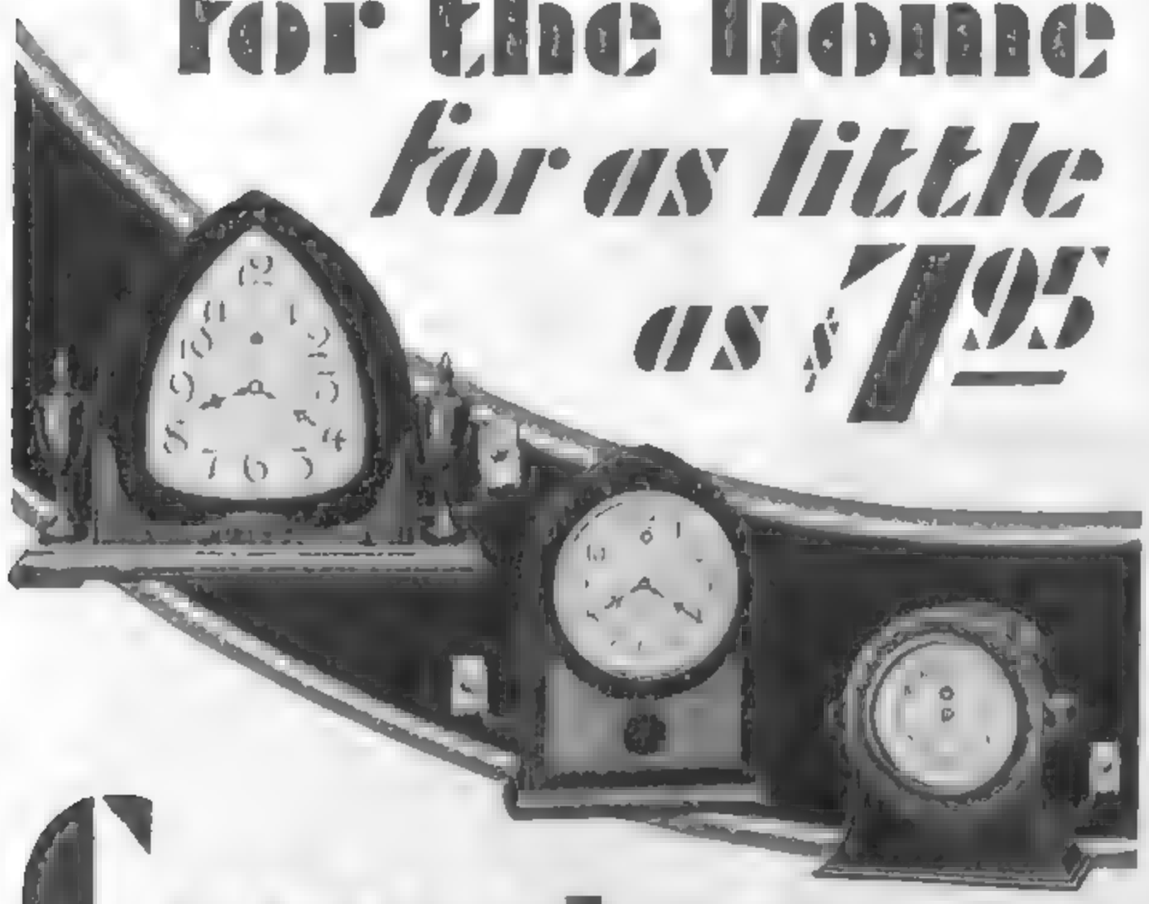
AUBURN • BUICK
CADILLAC • CHRYSLER
DE SOTO • DODGE
FRANKLIN
GRAHAM-PAIGE
LA SALLE • MARMON
OLDSMOBILE
PACKARD
PLYMOUTH • REO

METALCRAFT HEATER CORP., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
CANADIAN METALCRAFT CORP., LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.
Subsidiaries of Grand Rapids Metalcraft Corp

METALCRAFT HEATERS

THE WORLD'S FINEST MOTOR CAR

Electric Time for the home for as little as $7.95



Correct Time from your light socket

NOW electric time is available at a price within reach of every home. Kenmore Electric Clocks, priced as low as $7.95, bring you all the advantages and conveniences of this new electric time service supplied by your electric company.

Electric time is official time, always absolutely correct. Kenmore Electric Clocks never have to be wound or regulated--they are kept accurate by the synchronous time service your electric company is sending day and night over the electric light wiring in your home. Kenmore Electric Clocks contain no springs, pendulums, or other mechanisms of the ordinary clock. They do not even "tick". They operate silently, constantly, accurately.

Whether you use it or not, electric time service is coming into your home now. All you need to utilize this valuable new service, is one of the many Kenmore models. No installation is necessary--simply plug the Kenmore into any light socket. Dealers the country over are offering a complete line of handsome models for every room in the home. See them. Or, if you desire, we will send you free a beautifully illustrated booklet, showing all models in full colors. THE KODEL ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 517 E. Pearl Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Kenmore
SPRINGLESS
ELECTRIC CLOCKS
No winding No adjusting Always accurate

THE EYES OF THE SHIP

(Continued from Page 47)

them. Faced eternally by the tragic possibility of error, the blasting finality of a single slip, they weigh all considerations, they match, cancel, eliminate and act. The whole drama of life is often dependent upon the next five words. Recently a captain who lost his ship was put through an investigation requiring many weeks. It was finally decided that in the crisis he had chosen the less advantageous of two courses. They asked him if he had anything to say.

"Only this," he said: "It has taken you two months to decide that I chose wrongly. I had to decide in less than two minutes."

Returning with Captain Snoddy to Vancouver the day after he had taken out the Frenchman, a student of the mysteries was discovered in this pilot, not merely of the more obvious symbolisms responsible for Omar Khayyam and the Arabian Nights but also of the esoteric meanings of the great Sufi poems and Davidic psalms. Later the passenger was directed to West Vancouver to meet a highly regarded master R. A. Batchelor, retained pilot of the Royal Mail packets. Coming up from the road through a rock garden to a porch that overlooked the harbor, a gray, short-cropped head of a Scotsman appeared over the rail.

"Will ye have some tea now, or would you like a nip of Scotch—or would you have both? Go, dear," to Mrs. Batchelor, who sailed with him the first year of their marriage. . . . "I had no place else to put her down, sir," he explained all in a breath. . . . "Go, dear, and bring both and some toast and little cakes. . . . Oh, yes, 'tis peaceful here, and plenty to occupy the hands among the rocks and bracken—a place to rest between calls to the harbor or the strait; for a man should rest to do his best by the ships coming in and going out. Not so with a younger man. Ah, night after night was not too much then. Those were the days for a man to fling himself over the long wet tracks, helpin' the world go round with his own restless feet and his own main strength; running out to meet the world, and flingin' himself against it. But the time comes when man has done with that—and well done, be it said. He waits, then, for the world to come to him—aye, on his own porch, like as not—waits for his ships to come to him, with the jingle of a telephone bell; sitting at ease on his own porch, with the world rollin' round under his chair, and lookin' peaceful out over a quiet arm of the sea between times."

Guidance for the Pilots

"'Tis well that he rests, for the night may be thick, and it does not do to step up to the bridge, a tired man. Twenty-eight captains of the Royal Mail coming into these passages in their own due time—from the Panama, from the islands, from Europe or China or beyond—twenty eight masters that one comes to know like brothers, which they are, and it does not do to meet them, a tired man, for like as not they are weary from the long voyage and from passin' through the wall of fog that all too often lies at the portal of the strait. 'Tis good to tell them, 'Go, now, and rest your feet, captain,' and better yet to see them do it, as they couldna do to a strange man, full pilot though he be."

It was easy, presently, with Captain Batchelor to bring up the more intimate phases of the calling—what happens in a pinch when even the pilot is at sea. Hidden in the deeper silences of these men who walk the bridge are vivid memories of moments when the utmost exactions of their knowledge failed them, in which the highest reaches of their experience amounted to nothing, when much-talked-of infallibility slipped off like a funny mask, and even the fine pride of well-carried responsibility showed as a bauble.

Every man who has driven a car knows the moment, at least in a small way—a sudden turn into a jam, too late for brakes the sudden facing of Fate, with no power to change it. If one does the right thing he knows for keeps afterward that thinking did not help him; that a flash came in which he accelerated or sidewalked or inspiringly steered, and a curious exhilaration lingered with him afterward.

"And well it is I know what you mean," said Captain Batchelor. "Though not a releegious man, I know well. There are those among us who think they walk alone, but I don't mind tellin' ye, I put no faith in myself walkin' alone. You may call it inspiration, you may call it faith—a good name for it, to my fancy."

He repeated some lines on faith that sounded like Burns or Scott, though they were his own. "'Tis not for me to understand how there are those among us who think they walk alone, who think they do it theirsel's for weal or woe. As for me, walking a watch out in the dark o' the sea with hundreds sleepin', 'tis deep and high that I feel how little and useless is man at his best. Clingin' to a log alone in the great waters, one might not think to pray, but with hundreds sleepin' below and in his charge, as we say, 'tis only a fool who thinks that single-handed he is powerful to save. There is a Power ——" He stopped and bent forward with a quaint smile. "Listen now. Ye hear my voice?"

"Yes, captain."

"There's plenty of it; ye know it well by now, but loud as it is, you couldna hear it down by the road."

"No."

"Yet if I talked like this into a microphone, you could hear it all over the Americas, could ye not?"

"Yes."

Not Allowed on the Bridge

"There is a voice within the voice and there is a Power within man's puny power, and there is a faith that links the two, or I wouldna be goin' out again to bring in the Royal Mail. Aye, I wouldna be sittin' here talkin' to a friend."

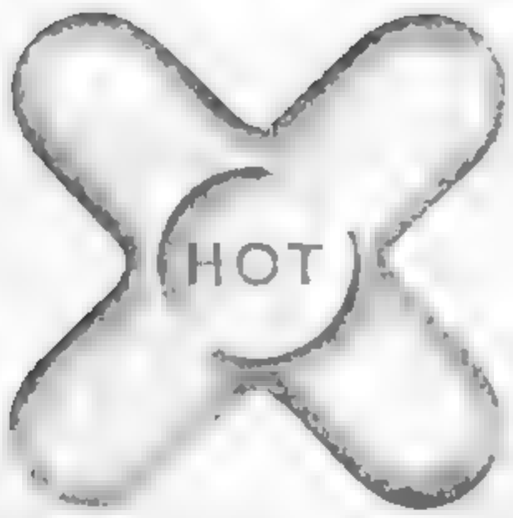
On the West Vancouver ferry going back to the city was A. H. Robson, purser of the Prince Charles of the Canadian National Steamships. "Yes, I know Captain Batchelor well," he said. "One of the fine men among all our pilots. Often I've seen him going down street in the evening with his bag to bring in a packet—you know the Royal Mail is the high-hat line of the world—and it does you good to pass him, all brushed and shaved and fresh as if going to a party, a flower in his buttonhole and a bit of scent trailing that the missus has put on at the last moment."

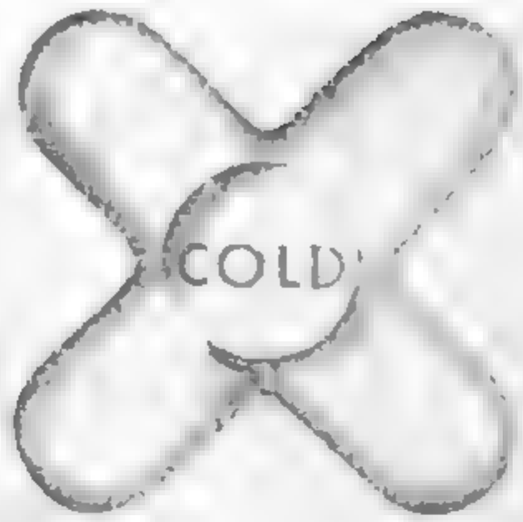
"Go, now, and rest your feet, captain," recurred to the passenger.

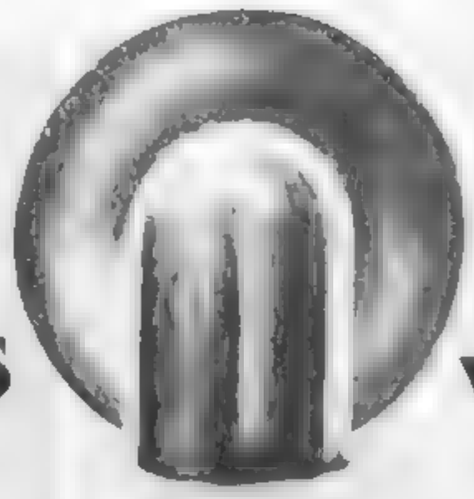
"Not allowed on the bridge, sir!" ordinarily reaches the man who pays his fare before his foot touches the top rungs of the ladder. It comes at him in a low, quick dart from the nearest officer or lookout as his head appears. There are British liners in which, it is said, the Prince of Wales wouldn't be permitted on the bridge coming in or out of harbor, but that is merely a form of emphasis to assuage passenger feelings, for royalty can assume the prerogatives of any calling or any station, and masters of other ships are always welcomed on top and are honored guests at the captain's table. A word from owners, company or even passenger agent usually accomplishes the high privilege, yet one holding it will do well to be delicate in his assumptions.

The poorest possible excuse a sea captain could make at an investigation would be, "I was talking to a passenger on the bridge when we struck." Much more to the point for him to remark at the show-down, "I was relaxing with a few friends in my cabin at the time."

(Continued on Page 201)







A full flow ALWAYS with RUST-PROOF ECONOMICAL ANACONDA BRASS PIPE

One of life's greatest conveniences is the modern plumbing system. What a boon to have brought to your bathroom, at the turn of a faucet, a full flow of sparkling pure, clean water from a source that is, perhaps, miles away! • This is the service you have a right to expect in your home — not for a year or two only, but as long as the house stands. Do you get this service — always? You do, if the water pipes are of Anaconda Brass. • Anaconda Brass Pipe costs a trifle more in the beginning. But with it goes lasting satisfaction, because most plumbing pipe failures are due to rust and Anaconda Brass Pipe CANNOT rust. Year after year you will get clear, clean water in abundance. You will never have to pay out money for the repair of rusted, leaking pipe nor for the damage to your home that such a leak might cause. The few dollars more that you pay for Anaconda IN THE BEGINNING insures you for all time against these annoyances and expenses. • If you have rustable pipe in your home, several years may go by with little trouble. Then may come a general failure of the entire system involving a serious financial burden. Investigations show that, over a period of years, Anaconda Brass Pipe saves the owner of the usual 7 or 8 room house an average of $31 annually. • Insist upon RUST-PROOF Anaconda Brass Pipe. It is trade-marked for easy identification. It contains at least 67% copper and is guaranteed structurally sound and physically perfect. For interesting information on guarding the home against rust write for the free booklet "RUST-PROOFED" Address The American Brass Company, General Offices, Waterbury, Connecticut.

ANACONDA

From mine to user, Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze products are safeguarded in quality by one organization with a background of over 100 years experience. With unequalled facilities for technical research and production, the world-wide Anaconda organization is constantly engaged in developing, testing and producing sheets, wire, rods and tubes of Copper and Copper alloys to serve the American public and American industry.

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

Petro places Oil Heat on a *new economic basis*

The Petroleum Heat & Power Company has achieved a degree of efficiency that marks a new era in automatic heating.

IMPORTANT things have happened in oil heating. They change the whole situation You will see how vital they are to you and your family

In the capacity of a public service enterprise, Petro developed a rare technique in heating with oil. It is the result of 26 years' constant development. Its remarkable economy and worthiness have been demonstrated for so many years that now nation-wide distribution can be made with fullest confidence

Petro engineers have had only one ideal all these years—*the most efficient method of producing heat from oil*. For efficiency means economy. And economy means happy owners.

Before Petro was made available to the public, oil heat was comparatively high in cost. Today Petro salesmen welcome any discussion on the cost of heating

Petro developed the principle of making air do the work of expensive gears, belts and shafts. This simplified the whole mechanism. Not only does air do it better, more quietly and efficiently, but air costs nothing and never wears out.

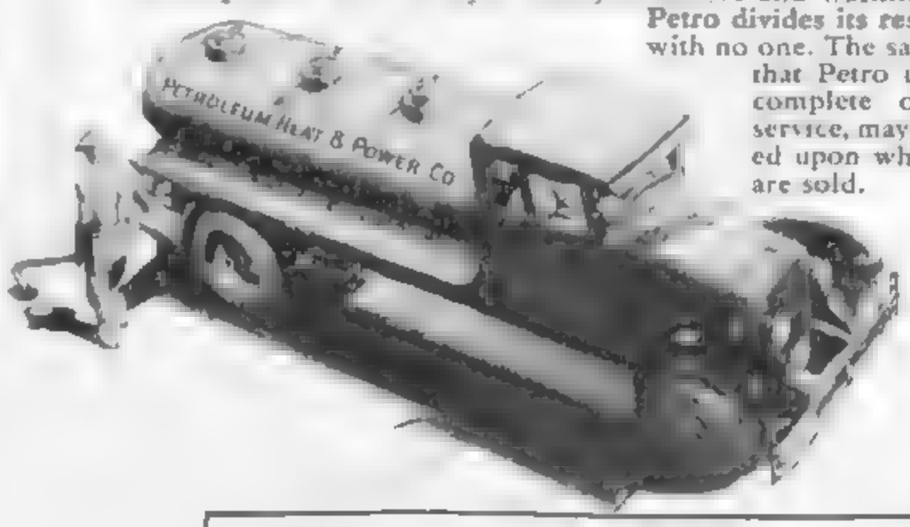
Petro was designed to use the lower-priced, heavier oil fuels, so rich in heat units that fewer gallons are needed Petro engineers perfected the soft, lazy flame that science has always held best for proper combustion In the doing of these things, they built a complete range of oil burners that consistently heat houses of one story to buildings of 52 stories at a cost that no building owner can afford to ignore.

With such a record of economy, Petro can afford to freely discuss the cost of heating any house or building! An "Oil Cost Chart" has been prepared by Petro that makes it possible to tell in advance what it will cost to heat your house with a Petro Oil Burner. You can compare this with what it has cost you in the past Then make your decision The coupon brings this scientific chart to you free and without obligation Or better still, phone your local Petro dealer to answer your questions for you. He was selected to represent the world's leader because of his character, skill and financial responsibility.

Even though it may be bitter cold today where you live, he can make the change over to oil so easily that you need never know his men have been in your basement. Phone him today or send the coupon now.

As president of a public service enterprise, W. C. McTarnahan and his chief engineer, James Macrae, have developed a rare technique in heating with oil. It places oil heat on a new economic basis.

The Petroleum Heat & Power Co. is one of the largest distributors of fuel oil for heating Thus it builds good oil burners to operate on low priced fuel oil and sells low priced fuel oil for use in good oil burners in Boston, Providence, New Haven, Bridgeport, Stamford, Metropolitan New York, Newark, Baltimore and Washington. Here Petro divides its responsibility with no one. The same burners that Petro uses in this complete oil heating service, may be depended upon wherever they are sold.



PETRO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL OIL BURNERS

Petroleum Heat & Power Company

"Makers of Oil Burners since 1903" *General Sales Offices:* STAMFORD, CONN.

FACTORIES Stamford, Conn. Chicago, Ill. San Francisco, Cal

BRANCHES New York Boston Baltimore Providence Washington Stamford Newark Portland, Me.

SUBSIDIARIES Boston Harbor Oil Co. East Coast Fuel Oil Co. Peas System Co. of Cal.

Petroleum Heat & Power Co. S.E.P. 11-9
Stamford, Conn.

Please send me without obligation a copy of your "Oil Cost Chart" by return mail.

Name.....

Street address.....

City.....State.....

OPPORTUNITY A definite policy of expansion presents a magnificent opportunity to outstanding men or organizations to share with Petro its success in oil heating.

(Continued from Page 198)

Capt. Fred Nystrom, commodore of the Pacific Steamship fleet of Alexanders, was taking the H. F. out of the Strait of Juan de Fuca in an August night of fog this year. Captain Nystrom does his own piloting in the West Coast harbors. His certificate not only reads "Master of vessels of any gross tonnage on any ocean" but stipulates special pilot's equipment from Nome to San Diego.

His first and third officers were with him on the bridge, a lookout at each end, another forward on the main deck, a quartermaster at the wheel. The passenger had to stand well back of the way. Not a light showed anywhere, except the glow of the binnacle in the pilot house and the red-and-green glow of the rudder indicator. The giant ventilators were roaring, the deep-sea whistle sounding at intervals. Five hundred passengers below were having a good time—music, dancing, bridge, asking no questions. Rounding Cape Flattery in a fog, foul ground stretching out; Tatoosh Light not visible, nor Swiftsure. One might as well be in the air, cut off below by cloud strata, as far as anything visible to go by. Low-voiced orders, strange as materializations of the séance room. Most skippers seem to cultivate speaking just loud enough for the quartermaster to hear and low enough for the landsman to miss. A moment of high tension—the tension of a big battle going on as watched in headquarters tent.

Any man lost in his work is interesting: painting a fence or a canvas, running a lathe or a locomotive, the world loves to look over the operator's shoulder. Yet this man, in his long coat, walking up and down, speaking so low that only those trained to the master's voice could catch the order, was running a kingdom afloat.

Going Down With His Ship

In the integrity of its functions, a ship at sea is a kingdom. The life of the vessel is served by force and purpose. That purpose is to carry humans and animals and things forward a stage upon their journey. Seafaring men regard a ship even more deeply—as a being, endowed with the qualities and attributes of life, and the master as the assurance doubly sure of infallibility. The captain of a ship is her master, her king. He is the purposive mind which rules her in all her parts, and is charged to bring her to her appointed haven. If she falls into wreck during her voyage little question arises in his mind or in the minds of his brother masters as to blame or excuse. It is said of the occurrence, "Old So-and-So he lost his ship."

"Is he dead?" one might well ask.

"No, I saw him on the street awhile back."

On the street.

Wrecking commissioners may sit and hear the endless story of those who were present or concerned in the disaster; they may even honorably exonerate the master from blame. But his purpose has failed; his the final tragedy. He rarely rules the bridge again. This is the lifelong dread that hangs over a ship captain, and it is little wonder that many decide to go down with the ship rather than to go to sea again in a mean capacity, under the shadow of the terrible mark.

Pilots and skippers speak of the immemorial code when their mood is right an English tradition; possibly Viking before that. In the pilots' offices, overlooking the sound in Seattle and the harbor in Vancouver, the subject was brought up. Here follows an unquoted symposium of several masters:

One phrase has risen sacred from the sea, through long usage. It is the phrase: "My passengers." The captain of a tramp or coast freighter, losing his ship, isn't called upon to go down with it. The public likes awfully to read of So-and-So, even a cargo captain, closing his door at the last, but there have been cases when other captains considered such a man off his head. The British tradition, though unwritten, reads that if all passengers and crew are safely off, it is optional to leave, from the master's standpoint.

The Part That Luck Plays

In the case of liners, how often have the conditions been such that the man on the bridge, in a sinking or stranding, comes to a moment when all are saved but himself? Passengers are notoriously unmanageable. Rarely do they all get into the right boats without accident; rarely is a crew inspired enough to get them all overside without a mess. Rarely do the seas permit the launching of all the boats without crushing one or more. How often does the captain, standing there when all is done and the smother of seas is over his decks, find himself pure of blame?

Rare and isolated cases. England has kept her mariners clean-cut to the code by the most torturing and fine-screened investigation of every disaster. The Crown supplies special barristers trained to open up the simple soul of the seafaring man in trouble, trained to take out his soul and look at it, often forgetting to put it back. Britain has made a man pay a mighty price for commanding one of her empire builders; for such has been each ship sent out from the tight little isles. You must consider that every captain has secretly thought for years about this moment coming to him. It is the central keynote in his long night watches, the ponderable theme of all his thinking. With every story of another's loss or failure coming to his ears, he asks himself: "Would I—would I be like that?" Much thinking it is that makes them ready for the action at the last.

Many a master has preferred to meet his Maker rather than the marine-board investigation. He has the public to face, too—which is worse. There is something worse even than the public—his fellow captains. We seem to be pretty hard on one of us in trouble—as if he were no longer one of us. There's one harder than all that to face—himself. He has heard the voices overside. He has seen the arm thrust from the combers. Something was done amiss, something remained undone; always the "What might have been"—always. 'Tis well said, God is easier to face than oneself.

The to and fro of the four Empresses through Juan de Fuca Strait is the perennial time-card feature of Northwest marine affairs. Liners, traditionally white, making the passage from Vancouver to Yokohama in ten days or less, officered from the British Royal Navy, with staff captains who stand between their chiefs and even the world of their own ships; whose inmost and uppermost masters, in fact, are practically invisible in the shrine of their authority. Hoskins of the Russia, Griffiths of the France, Hailey of the Asia, Robinson of the Canada, the last everlastingly famous with the Japanese for his work during the earthquake—these are men who walk the upper world.

And the pilot who meets the Empresses and takes them out past Race Rocks—Capt. George W. Robarts—is, naturally, the first and the last you will hear of in looking around these waters for pilots face to face. It is said he is the highest-priced man in the business. An American hears this much, even on an artificial eardrum. He is big and jovial, weather mellowed, with the biggest jaw on the Pacific Coast, and upstanding with forty years continued luck, "without losing a spar." Back of all such records are not only years of seamanship of a supermaster but a certain sustained smile of the gods. Pilots know. Companies talk of infallibility, but there is no infallibility in human affairs. As great seamen as ever lived have gone down. It's all in the horoscope, so to speak. Sustained luck, no more or less, is the thing called infallibility, and sustained long enough, as in the case of Captain Robarts, it can be cashed—in both pounds and prestige.

When an Empress Is Due

So an Empress—one of the regnant sorority of the Pacific—is due off Race Rocks. To be due, for an Empress, is to arrive. The pilot's launch is trailing out. Washington, in oils, crossing the Delaware has nothing on Captain Robarts, standing on his little foredeck or Napoleon on the headland of his rock in the midst of the sea. The Empress' ladder is overside. It isn't a ladder. It's a fancy staircase. He ascends in a hush.

Now, the seasonal and annual globe-trotters of British blood, standing above, have been awaiting this moment for days. A sizable pool of wagers hangs in the balance, and the issue of the betting is just this: Which foot of the pilot will touch the deck first?

Low, repressed laughter mingles with low, repressed groans as the bet is decided. Captain Robarts, with the downcast smile of an executive who cannot nod to everyone at once, climbs higher to the very throne room of the Empress, and for a moment, still above, may be seen the face of the inner and uppermost master.

In that high hush they meet on that upper, lordly walk. A moment more of silence, and Captain Robarts is seen facing forward alone: "Full speed ahead."

Editor's Note—This is the second and last of two articles by Mr. Comfort and Mr. Lucas.

Where's the can of PLASTIC WOOD?

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

It's annoying, isn't it, when the drainboard cracks, or opens up along the wall, and the greasy water settles there? But it is very easily repaired with Plastic Wood, which handles like putty and hardens into wood. Let the drainboard dry, scrape out all dirt and grease, then fill the cracks with Plastic Wood. The repair will be waterproof and greaseproof, and the drainboard as clean and sanitary as new.

When working with Plastic Wood use Plastic Wood Solvent—in 25 and 50 cent cans—to soften or thin it and to clean the hands or tools.

Handles like Putty

Hardens into Wood

1 lb. can $1.00 ½ lb. can 35 cts.

At Hardware and Paint Stores

ADDISON-LESLIE COMPANY
719 Bolivar St. Canton, Mass.

Dog Lovers Insist on GLOVER'S

THERE'S a timely need for these laboratory tested medicines. The finest that veterinary science can compound. Safe, pure, efficacious.

GLOVER'S
Laxative Pills
Gentle, yet thorough. Help free the system from poisonous waste matter.

GLOVER'S
Round Worm Vermifuge or Round Worm Capsules
Safe protection against worms and resultant diseases. Treat puppies monthly and older dogs four times a year.

GLOVER'S
Kennel & Flea Soap
Kills fleas, keeps the coat and skin in the finest condition.

FREE: *Advice by our Veterinarian. Also 104 page illustrated book about the care of dogs. Address:*

GLOVER'S
Imperial
DOG MEDICINES
Dept. P., 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A Good Old Fashioned Smoke for 25¢

Pipe Smoke, A CORN COB

4 for $1.00 Postpaid

HIRSCHI & BENDHEIM

For Every Employee Who Sits At His Work÷

A Strong Comfortable Chair That Assures *Perfect Posture*

TRUE chair comfort—in shop, factory and office—means better work, better health, better morale. Poorly designed seating equipment causes discomfort, fatigue, restlessness—and a general "let down" in production. Whether you employ three people or three thousand, who sit at their work, it will pay you to get the facts regarding

UHL Steel "Postur-Chairs"

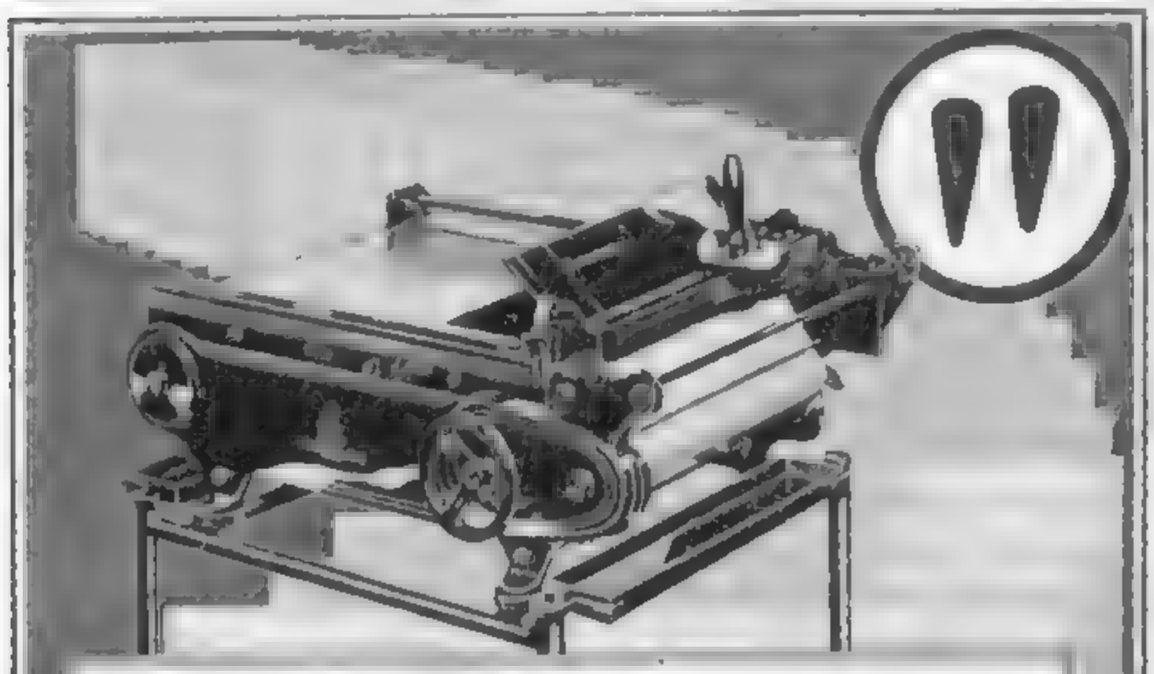
the only steel chairs approved by The American Posture League. They are adjustable to the correct height for each individual and are perfectly fitted to the seated human form. They encourage the body to assume a correct, comfortable natural position—with back and thighs properly supported to relieve tension and nerve strain. Seats are curved to distribute weight equally without pressure on muscles, nerves or arteries.

Lifetime Steel Furniture for Office, Factory and School

Write today for the UHL catalog showing a complete line of steel furniture, braced and welded the famous UHL way to withstand extraordinary service and downright abuse. In addition to fully approved "Postur-Chairs" for shop and office, the UHL line includes stands, typewriter desks, tool trays, vault trucks, restaurant and cafeteria tables and chairs.

Dealers and Shop Supply Companies—Write

THE TOLEDO METAL FURNITURE COMPANY
1903 Hastings Street Toledo, Ohio



Copies *run* your business.

Ditto makes them—multiple copies of orders, instructions, records—direct from your original writing, typing, or drawing; no stencil, type, or carbon; several colors at once. Use ordinary paper or card.

Ditto is the easy, quick, cheap way to duplicate; fits *any* office system—no confusion; the up-to-date method for straight-run duplicating, or for reducing to *one writing* any set of forms varying in size and weight.

Find out how Ditto can speed up your routine work. Our booklet "Cutting Costs with Copies" tells the facts—quickly, interestingly. Write us for it.

Ditto Incorporated

Manufacturers of Duplicating Machines and Supplies

2235 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

THE WAY OF A MAN

Continued from Page 35)

King sought safety in silence and Mather fished out a cigar. "Now and then the mosquitoes bother a little before daylight," Mather grunted as he slapped resoundingly against his ankle. "I'll light up a smoke to drive 'em off. Have one?"

After half an hour's ride through steadily graying night, Douglass forsook the wheel for a moment and returned to the stern sheets. There he busied himself with the arranging of fishing tackle.

"I'm sure I've got these rods right, sir," he said, "but mebbe you better take a look at 'em."

"That's mine," Peggy said—"that one you have in your hand."

"There's no choice between the other two," Mather announced. "Peg likes that reel, and the rod with the rubber grip. They're all equipped with eighteen-thread line, and plenty of it. . . . Did you remember to soak the lines last night, Douglass? I forgot to speak about it."

"I remembered, sir," Douglass nodded. "They're soaked."

"Good boy!"

Douglass bent over now and opened a small wooden box. He slid his hand through a square aperture in the top and King could hear hard-shell crabs inside scuttling away from the man's fingers. He shuddered a little without knowing why. Then Douglass straightened and King saw in his fingers the squirming captive about to be converted into bait.

"Why the devil don't that thing pinch you?" he asked.

"It ain't got any pinchers. That's the main reason." Douglass grinned. "They take the pinchers off 'em before they load the box, Mr. King."

Then King heard the point of a fishhook scraping across the shell of the squirming creature; heard it crackle through and saw Douglass lay the pole along the side of the cruiser, the crab sprawling on deck. In the baleful light of the inner lamp he saw it scuttle away until the slack of the line was taken up. Then it lay imprisoned and blew angry bubbles from its gaping mouth.

Next, Douglass tied heavy sinkers to each of the lines. Mather explained that operation.

"We have to have those sinkers," he said to Dick, "in order to drag the bait down against the run of the tide. But they have to be fastened to the line in such a way that just as soon as the fish starts to struggle he shakes them off. Very often his first surge will break the light string that holds the sinker to the tackle, but sometimes Mr. Tarpon shoots straight for the surface and don't shake his head until he's in the air. Then, if you watch close enough, you'll see the sinker fly thirty or perhaps even forty feet."

"It must take a lot of sinkers," King ventured uncertainly.

Marmon laughed. "Sinkers don't cost much," he cut in. "And even if they cost twenty dollars apiece, you'd be glad enough to see them go if you ever tried to bring one of those fish alongside with that sinker flopping around ready to break your line, or your arm, or anything else it happened to hit!"

A moment of silence ensued, and King, suspicious now of Marmon's motives, wondered vaguely if the man were trying deliberately to embarrass him.

Apparently Peggy got something of the same reaction.

"Why not let Dick alone?" she suggested with a laugh. "With all of us telling him things, he could not help but be confused. I remember my first trip to the fishing ground. I was so nervous I shook like a leaf."

"That sort of thing," Marmon laughed, "can be expected of girls."

"I'm not shaking," King promised with some asperity. "I'm glad to learn all I can. I've never done this sort of thing before, but I imagine it will be a great thrill."

Douglass was back at the wheel now, and in the growing light the shore line to the west appeared.

"We're actually in the pass now, Dick," Peggy explained. "See those lights out there about a mile ahead?"

King turned to the direction in which she pointed. "I see them," he answered. "Those, I suppose, are boats which are out there ahead of ours?"

Douglass, who could overhear the conversation, spoke to them over his shoulder. "That's what they are, Mr. King." Then: "And the fish are biting too."

King looked at the man unbelievingly, turned to Mather and asked, "How on earth can he tell that they're biting?"

"The location of the lights in the guide boats," Mather answered promptly. He stood up in the stern sheets so that he could look past the cabin of the cruiser. He hooked one hand over Dick's shoulders and drew him to the side of the boat. With the other hand he pointed.

"You see that little group of lights? Those boats are fishing; drifting with the tide. See those scattered lights off to the east? There are four of them. Those boats are working fish. When a man gets a strike he pulls away from the rest of the boats to get a chance to work his fish without danger of entangling lines. Farther off there to the east, where that last light shows, is shoal water. In spots it's only six feet deep. A fish is easier to handle over there because he can't sound."

"There goes another one!" Douglass called from the wheel. "The fish are striking all right."

Shortly they circled the group of boats, now quite clearly visible in the early dawn. Most of the boats had two lines over, though some showed but one. Douglass circled the outer edge of the group, cut his motor and let the cruiser slip into the trough of the sea, where it wallowed gently, but with considerable motion.

Marmon picked up Peggy's rod and slipped the butt into the socket of her chair. He bowed ostentatiously. "Over you go, Peg"—he laughed—"and may the best man win!"

The girl was seated in the chair directly in the stern sheets, where she would have the best chance to work her fish in case a strike came her way.

"We'll fish over the port side, Mr. Mather," Douglass announced. "It won't take me but a minute to shift one of those chairs into another socket so you and Mr Marmon can line up on that side."

He busied himself in making the change while Mather and Marmon urged each other to take the first available chair.

"You've got a bet with Peggy on the first fish," Mather laughed. "Go ahead, sit down, or she'll have you licked before you start."

Peggy had released the clutch of her reel and was paying out her line to the white marker which showed the proper depth. As Marmon seated himself and, in a businesslike manner, got his line over, King heard Peggy's reel click, saw her test the drag against which the fish must pull, then settle herself to the task ahead.

The starboard side of the stern sheets was more or less open by reason of the removal of the third chair. King walked down that side and stood behind the girl.

"Here's hoping I'll bring you luck." He laughed. "In any event, I'd rather get my first experience from you." A definite tenderness crept into his tone; so definite that Marmon glanced at him inquiringly. King, however, was oblivious.

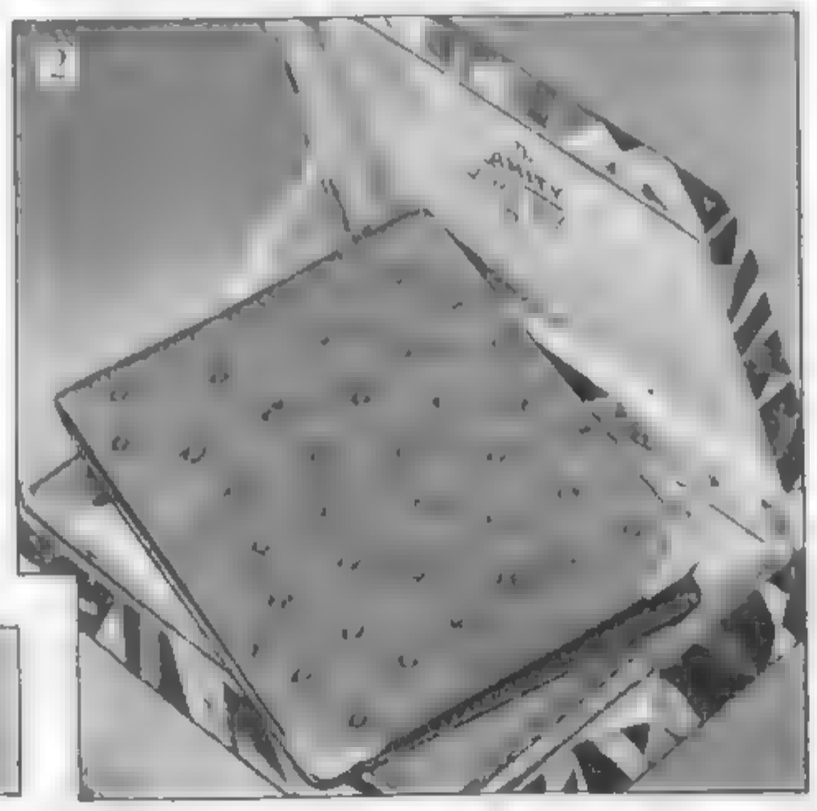
Peggy swung her swivel chair slightly toward the stern, thus turning a quarter away from Marmon and more fully facing King.

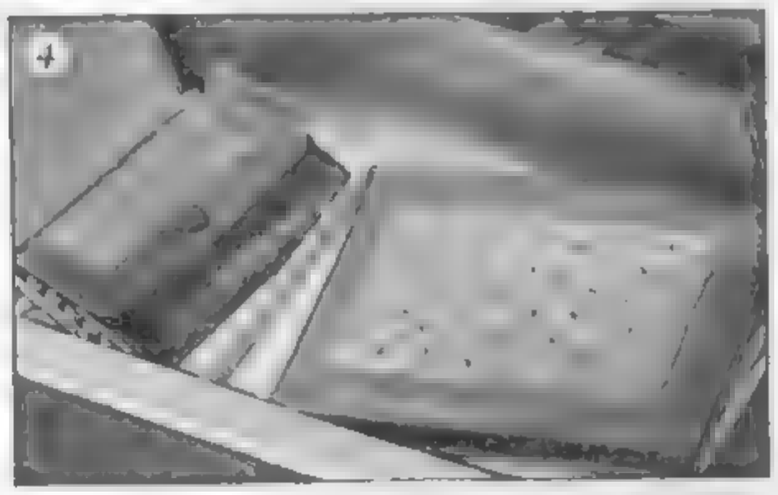
"Sit down there on the stern thwart," she suggested. "Just get out of the way quickly if one of us gets a strike."

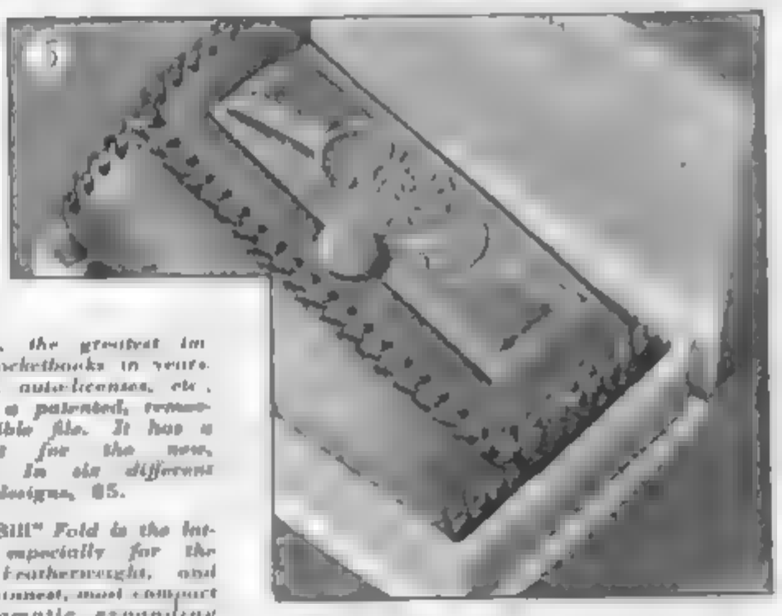
(Continued on Page 205)

HE NEEDS A NEW AMITY WALLET FOR THE NEW-SIZE MONEY

GIVE HIM "LITTLE BILL" OR FIND-EX







1. *This is* FIND-EX, *the greatest improvement in men's pocketbooks in years. FIND-EX keeps cards, auto-licenses, etc., clean and orderly in a patented, removable self-indexing, visible file. It has a separate compartment for the new, small-size currency. In six different leathers and designs,* $5.

2. *The Amity "Little Bill" Fold is the latest creation—made especially for the new-size currency. Featherweight, and trim, it is one of the thinnest, most compact wallets made. Automatic expanding bill compartment prevents bulging. In a wide variety of leathers, some plain, some hand-tooled embossed, some hand-laced,* $1 *to* $15.

3. *A matched set of* "Little Bill" *with cigarette case makes a splendid gift. Many leathers in handsome finishes, some plain, others hand-laced and some beautifully hand-tooled embossed. In gift boxes,* $2 *to* $25 *for the set.*

4. FIND-EX *and Key Kaddy come in beautiful matched sets, some plain, some hand-tooled embossed, and some hand-laced. Six different leathers and designs to choose from,* $7 *in a handsome gift box.*

5. *This is the Key Kaddy which matches* FIND-EX. *Six styles and leathers,* $2 *in a gift box. Many other styles, some hand-laced, some plain, some hand-tooled embossed,* 50c *to* $5.

6. *Amity ladies' handbag of rich imported steerhide, hand-colored and tool embossed with attractively laced edges. Fitted with mirror and purse,* $16.50. *Other ladies' bags of many designs from* $5 *to* $25

EVERY MAN carries the new, small-size money today—a constant reminder that he needs a new wallet. No gift for a man could be more timely, this Christmas, than an Amity "*Little Bill*" or FIND-EX—new-style wallets of rich leather, fashioned for comfort and convenience.

"*Little Bill*" is an aristocrat—small in size—a slender, pliable singlefold, expressly designed for the new currency. It carries standard-size cards, passes and auto-licenses, protecting them in removable, transparent envelopes, and there are three roomy pockets. One can be used for old-style bills.

FIND-EX is the famous Amity singlefold wallet that systematically files the many cards, tickets, passes, auto-licenses, photos and memoranda that a busy man carries. It safeguards them in transparent envelopes, visible and instantly removed when needed. FIND-EX provides special compartments for carrying both old and new sizes of currency.

if stamped AMITY it's leather

Only genuine Amity leather products are plainly stamped with the name Amity. Look for it—it is a guarantee of quality.

These and other Amity gifts for men, all attractively boxed, can be selected at your luggage store, stationer's, druggist's, jeweler's, men's furnishing store or department store.

And there are charming handbags of steerhide that make exquisite presents for Mother, Daughter and Sweetheart. Amity Leather Products Company, West Bend, Wisconsin.

The DUET
A combination electrical radio and phonograph inspired by the finest modern furniture. The beautiful veneers in this cabinet are of Oriental Lauralwood, appropriately decorated by inlays of Ebony and Maple with a Base of African Ebony.
Price $495
(less tubes)

The ARIA
This graceful and beautifully proportioned console is the smallest of the Amrad models of the Bel Canto Series, and is extremely popular for apartments and living rooms of moderate size. The combination of richly figured butt walnut with African Walnut and other fine woods sets off the lines of Art Moderne design. The Aria contains the standard Amrad Shield Grid 4 bases, including THREE Shield Grid tubes push-pull amplification, the Mershon Condenser and a full electric speaker mounted on a baffle board. The Aria, made to afford extraordinary value in fine radio, is priced at
$198
(less tubes)

The SYMPHONY
Beautiful cabinet of art moderne design. Front and sides veneered in highly figured East Indian Lauralwood, with base rail of Macassar, decorated with inlays of Ebony. Especially designed for utmost selectivity and sensitivity and has built-in RCA 106 Electric Speaker mounted on a baffle board.
Price $295
(less tubes)

THE FINEST TONE *in* RADIO

AMRAD'S tone-quality vivid beyond description and mellow beyond belief—will thrill you with its combination of purity, depth and brilliance.

And this superior tone-quality traces back to the superior construction employed in the extra-heavy Amrad triple screen grid chassis. To obtain the amazing sensitivity and selectivity for which Amrad is famous, hair-line adjustment and painstaking methods are necessary—and the *permanence* of these qualities in Amrad means that you can enjoy radio programs clear, full and undistorted throughout the years.

Before you buy ANY radio—we urge you to hear Amrad *in your own home.* Any Amrad dealer will give you this demonstration. It will establish for you a new standard in radio.

THE AMRAD CORPORATION
Medford Hillside, Mass.

J. E. HAHN
President

POWEL CROSLEY, JR.
Chairman of the Board

Let us send you a richly illustrated book describing all the models of the Amrad Bel Canto Series—and, if you wish it, the name of a near-by dealer.

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

AMRAD
BEL CANTO SERIES

(Continued from Page 202

So King sat there and the girl looked at him and smiled. He saw her hands gripping the pole and her eyes alight with excitement. Villainously, he was hoping deep in his heart that no tarpon would interrupt the scene.

They talked of fishing and Peggy busily explained the intricacies of the art. King was interested only in her voice and this chance to feel near her; feel that she recognized him as one of the party; a suitor, in truth, of first importance.

But his happiness was short-lived.

"You folks better stand by," Douglass said positively. "Two boats have had strikes and pulled out since we got here. I've seen tarpon rolling off to the left. There are plenty of 'em around."

Dick was on the point of opening a new line of conversation with the girl when suddenly near at hand the motor in one of the guide boats started.

Douglass snapped, "There's a strike right there. See him? Look at that rod! That's Mr. Thaler. He's a good fisherman and he's got a good fish on there. Watch him jump!"

King turned on the stern thwart, glanced at the pole held by Thaler, saw it bent almost double and gyrating violently to the struggles of the fish. Then, without warning, something burst through the water fifteen feet astern.

"There he is!" Peggy cried. "Oh, what a beauty!"

King whirled in time to see a mighty fish hanging as though suspended in mid-air. Its glistening, silver body was bent into a semicircle. Its head was shaking with the fierce resentment of an enraged bull. As he watched, it crashed downward onto the surface and silver spray leaped high. Scarcely had it struck the water when it leaped again and the process was repeated.

"Look at those jumps!" Marmon cried. "He's had two already!"

And then came a third leap, and this time the glorious body of the fish returned to the water on its side.

"You see," Mather called to King, "they just go crazy when they feel that hook. It takes a good fisherman to hold a fish that jumps that way. 'Course it's a good thing to have them jump, because that's what tires them. But you've got to keep that line taut."

Thaler's boat had pulled out of the circle now and the fish had ceased its jumping, and sounded. King was watching, fascinated, the manner in which Thaler was pumping his fish. With all his strength the man hauled the fish in until his pole was erect, then with one hand he lowered the rod toward the fish and with the other reeled in the line.

This process he continued until his hauling threatened too great a strain on the line. Then, for a moment, he permitted the fish to have his way. So the seesaw struggle began, both fish and man with an equal chance to win, and no man, be he sportsman of a lifetime, possessed of greater skill or courage than the fish with which he fought.

"Here we are, Douglass!" Peggy suddenly cried. "Reel in, dad, Tommy!"

King leaped to his feet, saw Peggy's shoulders hunched over a bending pole. Her feet were braced against the deck of the cruiser; both her hands were gripping the bent rod to resist the violent struggles of an unseen fish.

The motors in the cruiser started and the boat moved slowly away from the group. Peggy's reel was clicking now; she was already pumping her fish. With as much alacrity as he could command, King ran forward. Wild excitement filled him. His mouth was suddenly dry, and for this he could find no reason. The reels of Mather and Tommy Marmon were singing in high-pitched key. With all possible speed the two men were getting their lines aboard.

"Watch the line, Dick!" Peggy called to him. "Watch the line and you can see when he's going to jump! Stand behind my chair!"

King took the position indicated, with a realization that the girl was very much more calm than himself. He did watch the line, saw it swish through the water in accompaniment to the violent surgings of the fish. Then he saw it suddenly rise. As it came up he heard Peggy's reel clicking fast against the speed of the fish. He watched, fascinated, as the line straightened from a downward tangent upward toward the surface of the water. Then, sixty or seventy feet away, he saw the fish leap.

To him it seemed a mighty fish, more beautiful even than Thaler's. He saw the sinker break from the line and fly across the water; saw the tarpon's violent struggle to free itself; saw the splash as it crashed back into the sea.

"Did you see that, Dick?" the girl called. "Did you see how I turned him in the air so no slack could get in the line?"

"Yes," King answered. "Yes, I - I saw you."

He knew that he had seen much, but none of it in detail. He knew that his blood was pounding in his veins and he wanted more than anything else in the world to see Peggy catch this fish. Behind him, Mather was talking.

"Well"—the man laughed—"you saw him jump, Douglass. What do you guess for weight?"

"He was pretty far away," Douglass remarked. "But I guess eighty-five pounds wouldn't be very far off."

"I'll bet ten dollars," Marmon snapped, "that he weighs nearer a hundred than he does eighty-five."

No answer came from Douglass, and King wished that Marmon would not be quite so ready with his bets.

The boat circled off slowly and King stood behind Peggy's chair and watched her pump the fish.

"He only jumped once," he managed to say. "That other one jumped three times."

Peggy laughed. "He'll jump some more. I've seen them when they didn't jump at all. But that's unusual."

She seemed so completely calm that King felt a sense of shame at his own excitement. The girl turned toward him suddenly, a look of surprise on her face, and faint annoyance. He discovered that he had been gripping the back of her swivel chair and so hindered her. He drew back in confusion.

"Look at her pump that fish," Mather whispered in his ear. "Remember, she's pulling against three or four hundred pounds' pressure. It isn't all strength, Dick. Skill is what counts."

"There he goes!" Peggy called through a laugh.

Mather pointed to the girl's line and King saw that the big fish, despite the fact that he was pulling against an immense resistance in the reel, was running away with the line.

Just as soon as the fish tired of this effort, Peggy began her pumping again, and the line crept in to the rhythmical clicking of the reel.

The pole was continuously bent into a quarter circle, yet Peggy's small hands held it firmly braced into the socket of the chair. The reel she kept ever ready to lessen the distance between boat and fish. Sometimes an inch or two; others, with steady pumping, ten feet or twenty. But always struggle; always the knowledge that the fish was fighting for its life.

Maniacal strength came from its terror, and shortly, without warning, it surged again to the surface and leaped high. This time King watched and saw the girl straighten her pole and reel, and the big fish turned in mid-air and so, with an awkward splash, fell on its side.

"That'll knock the wind out of him, girlie!" Mather called encouragingly.

The fish sounded again and the strain was steady against the pole. Peggy rested herself and glanced up at Dick.

"Some sport, eh?" she smiled.

Dick noticed that her forehead was dotted with perspiration. Her eyes were as brilliant as lights and her cheeks flushed with suppressed excitement.

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

POLLY WALKER'S
Famous Feet

"A corn as a dancing partner! How absurd, with Blue-jay so easy to get!" So writes dainty Polly Walker, charming star of the musical comedy "Billie."

. . .

Feet that earn fortunes don't dally with corns. Out they go . . . gently and surely with Blue-jay. No guesswork. The medication is standardized. You cannot put on too much or too little. The downy white pad relieves shoe-pressure and pain at once. Then the medicated wax painlessly banishes the corn. Self-paring of corns is dangerous. Blue-jay is safe and sure. At all drug stores. *For callules and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

© B. & B., 1929

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

FRANCISCO Auto Heater for Winter Driving Comfort

America's Standard

MORE than a million car owners know Francisco as the auto heater that provides complete car comfort for winter driving.

Guaranteed to deliver more warmth than any other auto heater, the Francisco also ventilates the car and gives summer efficiency to the motor.

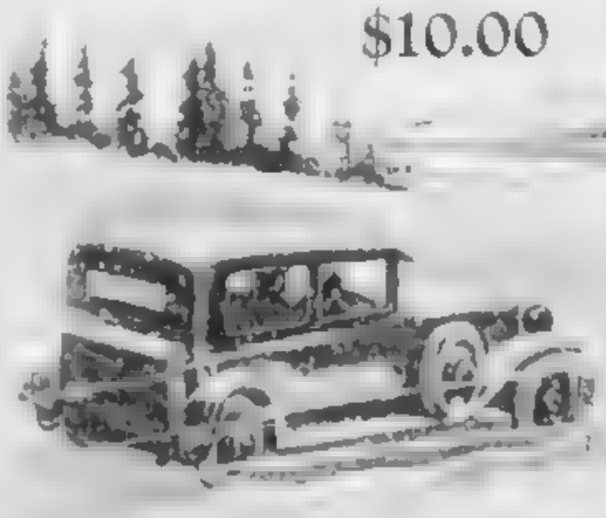
The Francisco surges to action almost at the step on the starter No need to wait or to drive several miles before your car becomes warm Your Francisco is at your service for short drives or long —from start to finish

$3.50 to $10.00

For Every Make and Model of Car There is a Francisco made especially for *your* car—not an adaptation that may work with more or less success, but a *genuine* Francisco, *guaranteed* to deliver pure, fresh-air heat in greater volume than any other make! The cost is surprisingly low—from $3.50 to $10.00 (Dual-Outlet type extra)—yet you cannot get more or better car warmth at any price

Stop today and have your dealer or garage man install a Francisco Auto Heater on your car. If you cannot get the genuine Francisco, write direct to us

FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio



The Francisco Auto Heater Co., Dept. 16
Cleveland and Essex Aves., Columbus, Ohio
I want to keep warm while driving this winter. Send me descriptive literature.
Name_____
Address_____

Chic
N.B.C.
LISTEN IN!
Delightful programs over W J Z and Associated Stations every Friday night, 8:45 Eastern Standard Time.
CHIC! A French way of saying "good to the eye". It fits our Natural Bridge Arch Shoes just as the styles themselves fit and charm dainty feet. All widths. All sizes—and all designed to follow and support every movement of the foot—naturally. "Good to the eye, good to the foot, good to the pocketbook".
Write for name of nearest dealer.
NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS
Lynchburg (Division of Craddock-Terry Company) Virginia
$5
$6
NATURAL BRIDGE ARCH SHOES

The Curtis Publishing Company
488 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me all about your money-making plan

Name Age
(Please print name and address)

Street

City State

Paul Hauck
of Nebraska

A coupon like this brought him $2.40 in a single hour!

FOR a long time Paul Hauck of Nebraska had been reading advertisements in *The Post* similar to this—and he knew that he could use some extra money just as well as the next fellow.

He sent a coupon like the one above, made good money from the start—and just the other day told us that he had earned exactly $2.40 in an even hour's spare-time work.

Here's Your Opportunity

You can begin as soon as the mails can deliver our reply to your coupon above.

And in our letter we will tell you how to start making money at once as our local subscription representative, forwarding new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

We will not assign you any definite territory, not ask you to work during any special hours of the day. You don't need experience or one penny of capital.

We are offering you this opportunity for immediate action. Why not take the next step and—

Mail the Coupon Today!

"I'll say it's some sport," he answered fulsomely.

Then Peggy glanced back at the boats they had left and, sensing the course their own boat was taking, called out: "Don't go over the shoals, Douglass. If I land him at all, I'll get him in deep water."

Mather chuckled in satisfaction. Tommy Marmon called out, "That-a-girl!"

So the cruiser circled in deep water. The struggle went on. Four times Peggy had the fish close enough to the boat so that the depth marker on her line reached the rod. Each time the tarpon found renewed strength in terror and the line paid tribute to its powers.

In some ways it was a heartrending operation. The sheer strength required to hold the pole seemed to King necessary to a degree past his ability to furnish. The first rays of the sun struck across the sea while the fish made its last surge. It played there brilliantly when the inexorable haul of the line drove the tarpon to its final frenzy. It bathed the silver body when it leaped for the third time, and King gasped with sheer admiration as Peggy once again turned the fish in mid-air and dropped it to the surface on its side. Though it lasted but a few seconds, the sight was one which King could never forget. The fighting fish looked like quicksilver on red velvet. Peggy laughed.

"That'll settle him, bless his heart," she avowed.

Then she pumped diligently and the fish came closer and closer to the boat. Thirty minutes after the struggle had begun, Dick could stand in the stern and see the fish some ten or fifteen feet behind the boat. He watched it swimming there, always tugging with its dying strength against the line. He saw it when, for the first time, it sensed its nearness to the boat and saw the waiting people in the stern. Terror gripped it again, but in its exhausted condition Peggy was able to hold it steady with the loss of but six or eight feet of distance.

Three or four times this happened, and then gradually the courageous creature found it increasingly difficult to maintain an upright and fighting position. Its sides, as silver as aluminum, glistened more frequently in the water. Peggy played it expertly; a single second of lessened resistance on the part of the fish set the reel to clicking its song of victory.

"I guess we can take him now, Douglass," the girl said at last. "Stand by with the releasing hook. I'll bring him up the starboard side."

King took a position back of the guide and watched as Peggy swung her chair, and so pulled the big fish to the side of the boat. Douglass bent low and she passed the pole over his head. This brought the line directly to his grasp and he reached down and seized it with his left hand.

This hand he had incased in a heavy glove. Dick saw that he carried in his right hand a large steel hook, the point of which had no barb.

"Watch this, King," Mather urged. "Get over here alongside where you can see."

He pulled Dick to the side of the boat only two feet above the tarpon. Dick saw the guide struggling to insert the steel hook into the gaping mouth. The tarpon seemed to sense what was going on and from some unknown source derived energy to fight bitterly against it. His great silver body writhed and twisted. His mighty tail struck the surface of the water until all in the boat were saturated with the splashing.

Peggy kept her line taut through Douglass' left hand. From sheer exhaustion the fish turned onto its side; almost onto its back. Then Douglass slipped the hook between its jaws and set it firmly behind the bone ridge of its lower lip. With his right hand he took the weight of the fish and began working to release Peggy's hook from its mouth.

"He's got him, Peggy," Marmon laughed. "The dollar's yours."

King watched, fascinated. The fish struggled continuously, its great body heaving against the side of the cruiser and its tail striking resounding blows against the hull. Two or three minutes passed while Douglass struggled with the fishhook. Finally he freed it and Peggy swung it clear and laid it in the boat. Then, smiling, she leaned over the side and looked at her fish

"Well," Douglass grinned, "what's your guess, Miss Peggy?"

"I don't think it's a gold-button fish," the girl agreed. "I'd guess about ninety pounds."

"I'll stick to my eighty-five," Douglass avowed. "We can take him in and weigh him if you like," he qualified then.

"I should say not!" Peggy exclaimed. "I wouldn't kill that creature unless there was a chance of his being a diamond fish. Anyway, it's your estimate that counts, Douglass. Do I register him as an eighty-five pounder?"

"That's right, Miss Peggy. He won't go no more'n that. I'm within a pound or two either way."

The girl turned to Dick. "This is the first fish you've seen close up." She laughed. "Isn't he a beauty?"

"He certainly is," Dick agreed. "I never saw anything fight like he did. If a man had courage in the same proportion, there'd be no end to what he'd do!"

The girl laughed gayly and into her eyes came a light of happiness. "I knew you'd appreciate them, Dick. Why, a person just has to. You can't help it!"

For the first time King realized that the girl was nervous. Her muscles were tense and the strain of the battle she had just won had left its mark. Impulsively he caught her arms in his hands.

"It was a wonderful fight, Peggy," he said appreciatively. "Wonderful as the fish is, he's only half as fine as you."

The girl laughed sharply and drew away in embarrassment. "All right, Douglass," she called. "Let him go. Watch him now, Dick. Watch how quickly he recovers. That is what always impresses me about them."

Faintly disappointed, King leaned over the side once more. He saw Douglass raise the fish slightly, then jam the steel hook downward into its mouth and twist his hand so that it would slip free. The tarpon lay a fleeting second on the surface, then began to sink slowly away from them. For two or three feet it did not sense its freedom. Then there came a spasmodic flipping of the tail fin. The resultant motion roused the fish. The tail twisted harder and the silver of its sides changed to the black of its back.

"See that!" Peggy cried. "He's up already!"

For another second the fish lay motionless, then the tail movement became steady. The tarpon moved through the water in its normal position. Slowly, and with uncertainty, it swung to the left, then to the right. Awakened to its freedom, it turned sharply around, started briefly toward the surface, then sounded. They could see it disappear into the depths. As it went, its speed increased and the farewell flirt of its tail seemed to be in ecstasy of unexpected freedom.

III

MATHER led Dick King to a corner of the piazza. The hot sun was bathing the beach near at hand; the drone of an insect sounded sleepily. Most of the guests at the inn were taking an afternoon siesta against the sleepless hours of night fishing. The two were alone there on the porch and both seemed relieved by the fact.

"The only reason we're fishing this afternoon," Mather said flatly, "is to give you another chance to land your tarpon, Dick." He paused somewhat ponderously. "You've simply got to do it, youngster." There was seriousness in his voice.

King turned toward him helplessly. Something of impatience crept into his tones as he answered:

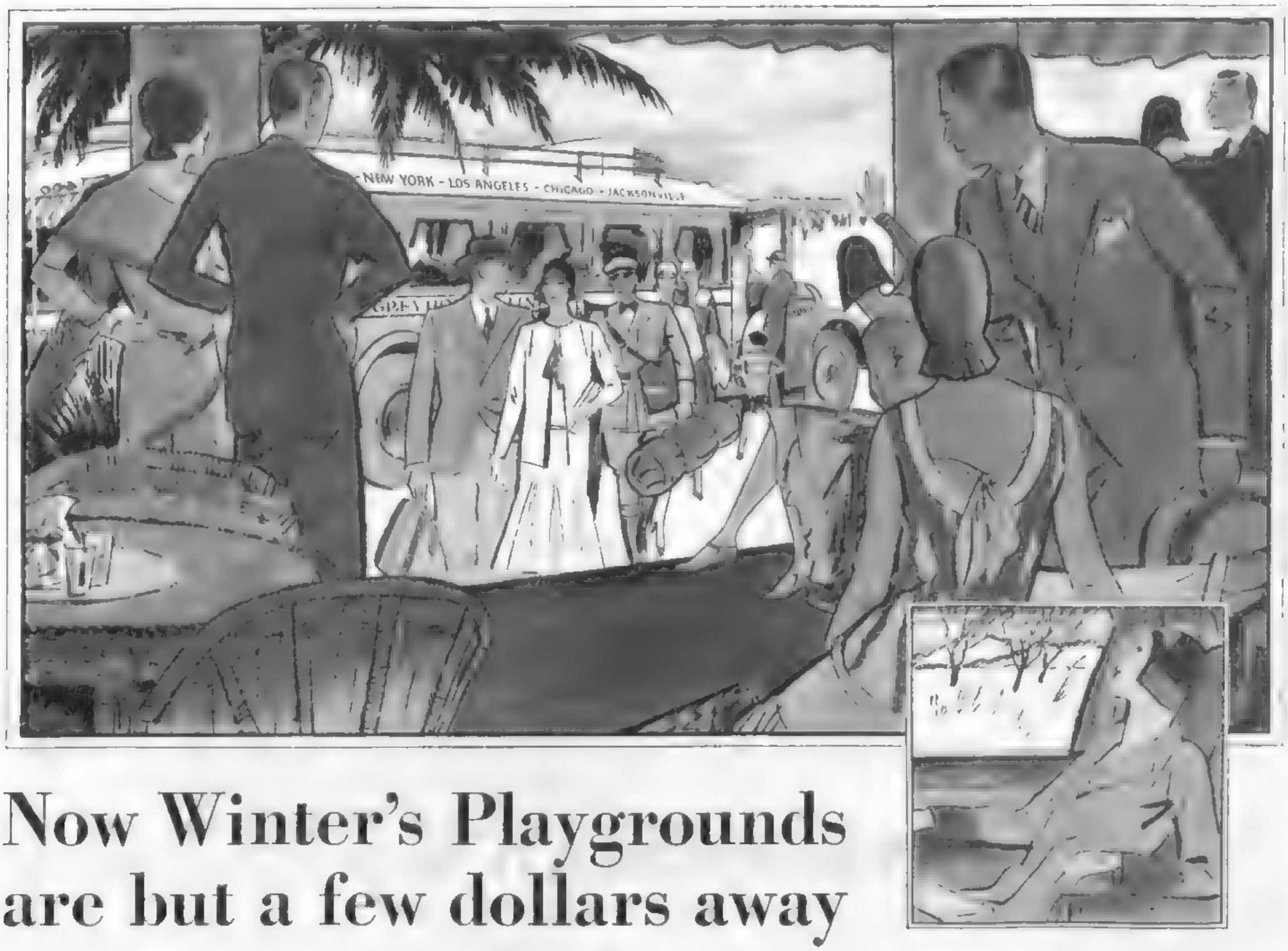
"Hang it all, Mr. Mather, need you rub it in like this? Don't you think I know I've got to? Only last night Peggy told me the same thing!"

(Continued on Page 209)

what's in this exquisite box? A pen and a pencil but *what* a pen and pencil! Perfect as a fine watch, beautiful as some rare qem, here writinq instruments become transformed into personal jewelry—**Waterman's patrician**

• Not until November 30th can the box be opened—look for it everywhere on that date. And don't think of any other Christmas qift until you have seen **Waterman's patrician**

A suqqestion— Hand craftsmanship limits sharply the number available. Ask your dealer today to reserve Waterman's patrician for your inspection. The best-writinq pen in the world— and the best-lookinq also.



Now Winter's Playgrounds are but a few dollars away

WINTER'S COMING . . . but don't let it bother you — this need not be like other winters. Luxurious Greyhound motor coaches now reach Florida, California, the Gulf Coast—any of the country's sunny play-places for but a fraction of ordinary travel costs. Or if you prefer skating, skiing or tobogganing at one of the northern resorts, they are now easily reached.

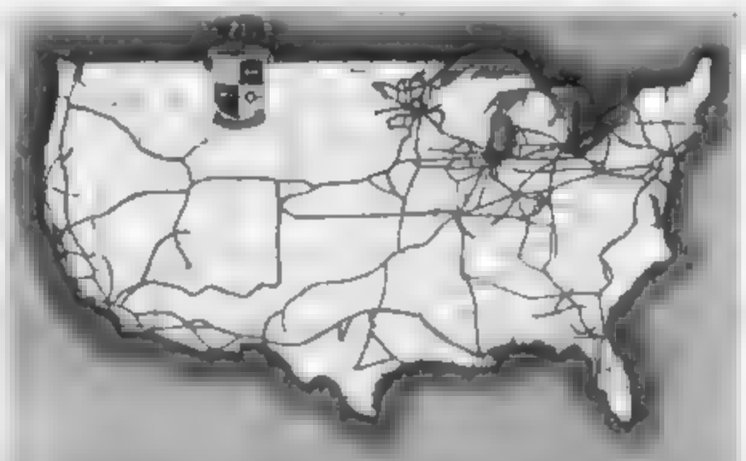
Wherever you are, buses of Greyhound Lines are within easy reach to take you wherever you want to go . . . comfortable buses, kept at summer temperature in coldest weather by efficient hot-water heating systems that flood the coaches with fresh, warm air...buses with deep-cushioned chairs large, roomy, easy-riding. Depots are located in the heart of each city. Departure times are frequent. You travel under the responsible management of the world's largest inter-city bus system.

Careful, Courteous Drivers

You, too, will praise Greyhound drivers. They are men of character and physical fitness, who have completed rigorous training courses in

{ via Luxurious Greyhound Buses }

Greyhound's own schools skilled veterans who take pride in courtesy and careful driving.



"YELLOWAY" & GREYHOUND Lines

Winter Ideal for Bus Travel

Greyhound Bus travel gives an entirely new conception of winter motoring comfort. Warm as if beside your own fireside, you enjoy as never before the restful quiet and beauty of winter's uncrowded highways.

Greyhound travel is as active in winter as at any season of the year. Even in northernmost points schedules are closely maintained. Throughout the country, throughout the year, Greyhound's routes are open highways.

Plan Your Trip Now

Don't let yourself shiver through another drab winter. Living expenses in any of the country's warm winter resort cities need be no higher than at home. Plan now where you want to go and find out how economically Greyhound will take you.

Ask your local Greyhound agent for complete fare and time-table information from your city to the place you select, or address Greyhound Travel Bureau, 1157 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES • JACKSONVILLE • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND • DETROIT • CINCINNATI • BALTIMORE • WASHINGTON • PITTSBURGH
INDIANAPOLIS • ST LOUIS • SAN FRANCISCO • DENVER • ATLANTA • NEW ORLEANS

(Continued from Page 208)

"It beats me," Mather growled. "I'd have sworn you'd come through long before this. . . . How many fish have you had on your line?"

"All told," Dick admitted, "I've had eleven strikes. Most of them left me before I had a chance to start fighting them."

"That's because you don't hook 'em," Mather lamented.

"Hook 'em!" King gasped. "I tell you, governor, I nearly yanked my arms out against the last one! I felt him hit the bait and start for bottom, then I swear I must have turned him completely over, what with the yank I gave that rod. But everything seems set against me. Not that I'm Alibi Ike, but ——"

"Tommy's had such devilish good luck too," the father pointed out.

King turned to the man at his side. He wet his lips and fished out a kerchief, with which he mopped his moist brow. "Look here, Mr. Mather," he said tensely; "can't you and I get down to cases?"

"Cases, Dick?"

"Yes. Where do you stand in this matter of Peggy? You know I love her and you know Tommy loves her. We've both proposed to her a dozen times."

"Yes"—Mather nodded—"I know that."

"Well," King snapped with almost brutal frankness, "you must have a choice between us!"

"I?" Mather asked, brows raised and cigar poised in midair.

"You," King nodded. "You must have a choice, slight as it may be."

"And if I have," Mather queried, "what has that to do with Peg?"

"Not a thing, of course," Dick admitted in sudden confusion. "Please don't think that I was suggesting anything. I meant merely to say that, if you approved of Tommy, it would be a simpler thing for me to withdraw."

"Quitting when the going is hard?" Mather asked calmly.

"Certainly not. I merely—well, I've looked the absolute fool on this trip, governor. I'm sort of a laughingstock for guests who, two weeks ago, were strangers to me. I'm the big Jonah of the fishing troupe. I can't blame Peg for feeling queer. Especially when Tommy has landed twelve fish and she herself seven."

"Women like to look up to a man," Mather observed. "They like to trust themselves in marriage to a strength greater than their own."

"No doubt," Dick muttered dryly. Then disconsolately: "That gives me a great chance!"

"There are strengths other than tarpon landing," Mather pointed out hopefully.

"Of course, but we're fishing tarpon." Dick's voice rose from the very depths of despond. "Peggy must draw her own conclusions. I was a fool to come on the trip. Played right into Marmon's hands."

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Dick," the father counseled. "You've had some tough breaks."

"What upset me most of all," King complained frankly, "was when even Douglass turned out against me."

"You mean that knife?" Mather laughed softly. "You lay too much store by that, Dick," he qualified. "You see, guides hate to lose fish from their boat. Douglass knew that you were green at the game and might foul lines when you got a strike, or someone else in the boat did. So he put the knife there, handy."

"And everyone saw it," Dick snapped, "and recognized it as evidence of Douglass' lack of faith in me, because it appeared only when I began fishing."

"I wouldn't put it exactly that way," Mather insisted.

"There's no other way to put it. There was the knife stuck in the bow of the cruiser, ready to cut away lines as soon as I balled them up. So, of course," he finished lugubriously, "I balled them up."

In spite of himself, Mather laughed. "You stay game," he said presently with a reassuring pat of his hand on Dick's arm. "Those tarpon don't quit, do they? Why should you? You've got your last chance this afternoon. Make it click. I swear, Dick," he added thoughtfully, "I think Peg would be so thoroughly delighted if you did land a fish that it would give you the inside track now. She dreams of your final triumph. She's a darned sight more anxious to have you do it than you are to do it."

"If I did get a strike today," Dick grumbled disconsolately, "and by some stroke of a genial fate the fish hooked himself, a shark would get it before I got him to the boat."

Mather puffed his cigar for a moment in silence. Then: "That made a tremendous impression on you—that shark," he said slowly. "I could tell it did."

"And why not?" Dick cried. "No one had ever told me that it was a common thing for sharks to kill tarpon that way."

"It's the only way they can kill them," Mather answered. "Once a tarpon is hooked, a shark can catch him. So long as a tarpon is free to fight his own fight, he has nothing to fear from a shark."

"But it seemed so ghastly." Dick shuddered. "There was that lovely silver fish fighting for its life against a hook and line; then, without warning, menaced by the shark. I'll never forget the look of that dorsal fin when it came through the surface. Or Douglass' cry when he saw it. 'Shark!' he howled. 'There's a shark chasin' your fish, Mr. Marmon!'"

"I heard him," Mather nodded. "I saw the shark too. Tommy did his best to get the fish in before the shark got him."

"But he failed." Dick shuddered again. "The shark won. I'll never forget that mangled tarpon that Tommy reeled in and cast back to the sharks!"

"It's not a pleasant thought," Mather nodded. "At least, not to a tarpon fisherman."

"I'm no tarpon fisherman," Dick smiled ruefully, "and it was anything but a pleasant affair to me. Sharks are such scavengers; such worthless, treacherous devils. And tarpon are so fine, so strong, so —— Oh, you know what I mean."

"I do, indeed," Mather agreed.

They were interrupted by the appearance of Peggy. The girl came to them and Dick rose and placed a chair for her. She sank into it with a gesture of fatigue.

"This heat in the middle of the day," she said, "takes the life out of me."

She was wearing her overalls and obviously was ready to set out on the last fishing trip of the vacation.

"Aren't you foolish, Peggy," Dick asked, "to go out into the pass again? Everyone says the fishing won't be half so good."

"Oh, Dick," the girl answered, "can't you see I wouldn't miss a single chance to see you land a fish?" There was so much in her voice that King flushed and lapsed into silence. By and by, with a restless toss of her hand, Peg said: "You've simply got to get one today, Dick. It's so simple. Keep your line taut. Watch your line, anticipate his leaps ——"

"I know—I know," the young man said lugubriously. "You say it all so simply, and I do it all so ridiculously."

Marmon appeared at the end of the piazza and came toward them. His manner was blithe and self-satisfied.

"The boys say they'll be biting fairly well out there this afternoon," he announced. "I've been down going over some tackle." He turned then to Dick. "Good luck today, boy. You've just got to come through this time. Don't let it be said that any of our party got skunked completely."

Peggy raised her eyes slowly, but King was unable to fathom the feeling the glance disclosed.

Marmon continued: "It beats the very devil," he complained, "that I should have lost that fish to a shark. If we had landed that one our boat would have flown the flag for the biggest single catch. However"—he shrugged magnanimously—"I suppose it has to be charged off to the fortunes of war. There was another fellow lost one to a shark this morning."

Friendly five shoes

A WINTER SPORT SHOE

The "Stanford"
Genuine Calfskin
Widths A to D

For informal wear and winter sports we have created the "Stanford," an oxford of striking individuality. Made of two harmonious shades of tan, the "Stanford" has a wing tipped toe matched at heel and instep in dark smooth Calf with a body of Norwegian Grain Calfskin. The "Stanford" is an excellent example of Friendly Five design and craftsmanship. Your dealer will be glad to show you this and many other styles of Friendly Five Shoes . . . all at five dollars.

JARMAN SHOE CO., *Manufacturers* NASHVILLE, TENN.

FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

ALLIGATOR

WINDPROOF DUSTPROOF WATERPROOF

Makes all outdoors yours

—stylish, colorful, comfortable—a featherweight but solid wall of protection between you and any weather. The aristocrat of outergarments. For men, women, boys and girls, $5 to $25.

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY
St. Louis

New!
ALLIGATOR STEPPERS
(Pat. App. for)
protect trouser legs—keep boys' stockings dry.
$2.00 and $3.50 a pair
Ask to see them

KEEP DRY FROM HEAD TO FOOT

What is it? Why is it? Sessions craftsmen do not know. After years of trying, they finally captured every quality of the rich lingering bell tones of famous Westminster Chimes, and placed them within a Sessions Clock. Until people told them, they did not know that they had caught as well, the magic, soothing *spirit* of the old world village.

Have you heard it yet? The mellow, haunting melody of Sessions Westminster Chimes? Listen today through your radio receiver. Select your station from the list below. And as you listen, remember that at any store where good clocks are sold you can choose a Sessions Westminster Chime Clock from many exquisite designs, with movements built to tell time correctly for years. They are actually inexpensive. *Twenty-eight to thirty-nine dollars!* If, by any chance, your dealer hasn't them in stock, just write us.

Quaint Booklet Tells All

Clock experts marvel at this new achievement in clock making. The story is told in the new booklet, *"Old World Witchery"*. It is Free. Address The Sessions Clock Company at Forestville, Connecticut, U. S. A.

TUNE IN ON ONE OF THESE
(See local paper for time)

EAST
WBZA Boston
WBZ Springfield, Mass.
WOKO Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

CENTRAL
KYW
KWK
WCCO Minneapolis-St. Paul
WMAQ

WEST
KFOO
KGO Oakland, Calif.
KJR Seattle
KLZ Denver
KDYL Salt Lake City
KGRS Amarillo, Texas

© 1929

SESSIONS CLOCKS
WESTMINSTER CHIMES

$7.00 *in* CASH *for* One Day's Work!

City-councilman L. E. McConnell for more than eight years has enjoyed acting as our subscription representative in his spare time. He has discovered for himself what hundreds of others tell us—that when you take up Curtis work, you're really in business for yourself.

L. E. McConnell is city councilman in a thriving Ohio city. But he finds time to add Curtis dollars to his income, in addition to running his business and attending council sessions.

Recently, he earned $7.00 cash commissions in one day, representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in his neighborhood.

Risk a 2¢ Stamp

You probably haven't realized that you may turn as little as 15 minutes or a half hour a day into ready EXTRA money.

We furnish everything to start you earning. You need have no experience, no capital. You owe it to yourself—your family—to learn about our simple but profitable plan. You have everything to win, nothing to lose. Just mail the coupon below, and we'll quickly send you our generous offer!

The Curtis Publishing Company
485 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Send me everything I need to turn my spare time into ready cash.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

"Sharks swim in schools too," Peggy said listlessly.

"Perhaps you'd better fish alone today, Tommy," King suggested. "You only need one more fish for that flag."

"Indeed not," Marmon snapped. "What I want most of all is to see you finally land one. Get your silver button, Dick. We don't want a black mark against the boat."

No one spoke and Marmon fished out a cigarette and dragged a chair into the circle. "No use to leave for half an hour," he grunted as he sank into the wicker depths. "They won't start to bite till the tide turns, and it'll be hot out there now. . . . You've certainly got a beautiful tan this trip, Peg, dear."

Conversation lapsed until Peggy told her father that some arrangements had better be made about luggage. There ensued small talk about arrangements for departure. For this King was thankful. He gritted his teeth and offered a mental prayer for some streak of blind luck that would land him a tarpon.

Never had he seen Peggy so beautiful or so much to be desired. Never had he wanted her so much and felt farther from her.

After a time they saw Douglass draw alongside the pier.

"There's the boat," Mather pointed out. "Let's give Dick all the chance possible. Time is always a factor, you know."

They rose and walked to the pier. Whether by chance or design, Peggy walked with Dick. She gripped his arm in her fingers and in a voice that was strangely tense said: "Try very, very hard, Dickie. Keep your head when you feel the strike and watch that line. Watch it every second. Reel when you can and remember to turn your fish over when he leaps in the air. You've got to catch one, Dick. You've simply got to."

Douglass greeted them with a smile. "Good luck this time, Mr. King," he said. "You'll get one this afternoon, mark my words. Just keep a steady hand and a tight line, sir."

Dick made the run to the pass in glum silence. He watched as Douglass began baiting a hook. Resented it when Mather took matters into his own hands to the extent of saying:

"Only one tackle, Douglass. Mr. King is going to fish alone until he lands his first fish. After that we'll see."

"I wish you wouldn't do that," Dick said.

"We can't have a skunked single in the boat, old man," Marmon pointed out again. "Of course you'll fish alone."

So they reached the grounds and Douglass set the boat for the drift and handed the rod to King. "Take that seat in the stern where you'll be able to work best," he ordered. "We'll land you a fish this afternoon. I'll know when you get a strike, so you just play the fish. Set the hook good, then keep a tight line and take all the time you want. I'll start up the boat and give him a ride too."

Dick had no idea of the significance of the remark about giving the prospective tarpon a ride. He did not know that a tarpon landed from a standing boat is infinitely more a tarpon than the same one hauled into a moving boat. He merely clutched the pole and ground his teeth together and prayed for blind luck.

On the third drift he got a strike, but the fish was gone before Douglass could start the motors.

"Don't let that worry you," Mather grunted. "Remember, they have a bone mouth. The best fishermen on earth lose them that way."

There followed three of the drifts which produced nothing. Day waned and the shadows of night gathered vaguely in the east. A tensity gripped those in the boat. Marmon was smoking innumerable cigarettes and talking somewhat garrulously. Now and then he referred to some of the fish he had landed and the difficulties that had been overcome in the doing of it.

The next drift produced another strike. This time Dick, driven to desperation by his own thoughts, set the hook with a vengeance that delighted Douglass.

"That's the trick," the guide called. "Hold him tight, sir. Hit him back again. Be sure that hook's set."

Dick was struggling with the fish as he seldom had struggled before. For a brief instant the line stretched straight down toward the bottom. The strain was terrific. Then, fortunately, the fish darted away from the boat.

Dick held firm. He could feel the line slipping over the reel as the fish fought. Somehow he realized that Peggy was standing behind his chair.

Then the fish darted upward.

"Get your reel ready, Dick," the girl urged. "He's going to jump. Remember to yank him over. Watch your line for direction."

But the words were not needed. King had staked his life on this test and he was forgetting nothing. A great calm seemed to have come to him. He thought exultantly of Marmon's disappointment when he triumphed; hoped the man would be disappointed.

His reel was clicking steadily as the fish rose. The end of his rod bobbed and swished persistently, but the reel clicked a song of victory. Dick watched the tangent of the line as it lessened in relation to the end of the pole. He was ready when the silver beauty leaped through the surface and began its mad shaking. For the second time since the fishing began, he saw the sinker fly from the line.

He stiffened his arms and saw the big fish spin in the air, crash resoundingly onto the water. Even as he yanked, he reeled. Behind him Peggy laughed happily.

"That's the way, Dick," she encouraged. "Watch him now. He's yours sure, boy. Hooked well, beaten on the jump. Just be careful now." There was actual entreaty in her voice.

Dick did not answer. His whole being centered upon the business at hand. The fish leaped a second time, some eighty feet from the boat. Dick spun him again, but lost tension when the leap was over. He reeled madly, but for a split second there was no strain against the line. Then it returned and exultation filled him.

He began pumping the fish. Though he did it awkwardly, he did it effectively. As he worked—and it was work—thoughts of the girl at his back filled his mind. He grew to love the fish he fought for what it meant to him in connection with Peggy.

For no particular reason he convinced himself that the fish and the girl were in exactly the same position. To land one meant to land the other. The colloquialism remained in his mind.

"I'll land her!" he said in answer to some soft word from the girl. "Don't worry, I'll land her this time!"

He meant, he realized suddenly, that he would land the girl he had spoken to rather than the fish she had spoken of. He half convinced himself that the girl herself understood his meaning, and he was glad, and repeated: "I'll land her. Don't worry, I'll land her."

His arms already were aching like fury. The muscles inside his elbows and along his forearms seemed in an agonized tangle. The thumb of his right hand was scraped free of skin where the reel had scalped it. A trickle of blood dripped across his thumb-nail. The back of his left hand was streaked with burns where, inexpertly, he had permitted the line to race across the flesh. But he was laughing, confident.

"What a fish!" he called to Peggy. "What a fish! And what she means to me! I'll land her too!"

"Careful," she warned. "There's many a slip twixt ——"

The battle went on. Peggy glanced back at her father and Marmon and Douglass. The guide was pressing the boat steadily toward shoal water, some three hundred yards off. He nodded to Peggy in response to her glance. The girl smiled. Mather was chewing violently on his cigar, but when the

(Continued on Page 213)

Twin Wonders of the Radio World!

Steinite's New Set . . . and Steinite's Amazing Price!

THERE have been other radios which were great in their day—but they have usually been very expensive. There have been low prices—but they did not buy fine radio. It remained for Steinite to produce a thrilling achievement in radio design and offer it at a sensationally low price.

The new Steinite is a wonder of the radio world—so is its price! The performance of the new Steinite is a subject of universal admiration. Its price is a modern miracle!

Steinite's great research department, its mass production methods, its one-profit manufacture, have made it possible to offer this amazing set at a price all can pay!

Years ago, Steinite set the pace with the first low-priced electric set. Today, Steinite creates a new standard of radio value with its SUPER screen-grid radio at $118!

From this point on, $118 stands as the correct price to pay for fine radio. It is becoming generally known that no radio at any price offers more real radio value, and that no lower price will buy Steinite features.

LESS TUBES

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies

Those features are listed here. Check them—carefully—with the features offered by any other radio. Do not be content with anything less—for all the new and desirable things in radio are among them. Once you have made your comparison, you, like thousands of others, will no longer be willing to pay more than you need for fine radio!

Steinite's new set alone would have commanded nation-wide attention. Its amazing price has earned the approval of every knowing radio buyer.

You Can Get No More Than This At Any Price!

1. THREE (3) SCREEN-GRID TUBES—a total of 7 tubes.
2. Four condensers.
3. Linear power detection with automatic grid bias.
4. Push-pull audio power stage, using the newest "245" tubes.
5. Real humless reception.
6. "Battleship" chassis construction; completely shielded.
7. ELECTRO-Dynamic speaker.
8. Glorious tone.
9. Magnificent consoles.

Licensed under the patents and patent applications of Radio Corporation of America and associated companies and the Radio Frequency Laboratories.

DEALERS! *Protect yourself now by making application for your franchise at once.*

STEINITE RADIO COMPANY
Fort Wayne, Indiana
STEINITE RADIO OF CANADA, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Steinite

SUPER SCREEN-GRID RADIO

© Steinite Radio Co

A DISTINCTIVE FEATURE of FINE CLOTHING Since 1848

TO the smartly dressed, a garment is incomplete without the refinement of a silk lining. And the *extra wear in Skinner's Satins*, plus their distinctive appearance, has made them fashion's leaders for over eighty years.

For men's suits and topcoats, there are Skinner's Lining Satins and Silk Serges. For women's apparel, Skinner's Crepes and Crepe Satins, soft in texture, and in many beautiful colorings. Each fabric woven for its particular purpose, and each with the name *Skinner* woven in the selvage.

Your tailor, your clothier or your favorite shop will supply you—and to make sure of having Skinner quality, always "*Look for the Name in the Selvage*".

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, *Established 1848*
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills Holyoke, Mass.

Skinner's Satins

SKINNER'S SHOE SATINS AND SHOE CREPES
—add style and durability to women's footwear. Specially woven, heavier fabrics that are now used by leading manufacturers because of their shape-holding qualities. Look for the Skinner label in buying shoes.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

(Continued from Page 210)

girl looked at him he desisted long enough to say: "Don't see how the devil he can lose him now."

Marmon was slumped against the side of the cruiser cabin and something akin to a sneer covered his face as he puffed calmly at a cigarette. Peggy turned back to Dick.

"He won't jump any more, Dick," she said, "until he's close up to the boat. The worst is over now. Just keep your line tight and pump him."

Once the fish darted suddenly to the left and Dick's chair swung sharply with it. He had braced his feet against the side of the cruiser in order to use his knees as a prop for his aching forearms. When the chair spun, his foot knocked from its resting place the despicable knife Douglass had placed there.

The weapon fell to the deck between his feet and he glanced down at it and laughed in sheer delight. It had meant so much to him, that knife, when he thought what it signified.

He pumped steadily. From some source, which he suspected was the girl behind him, he found sufficient strength to overcome that of the tarpon. There was a mad thrill in the battle, yet it paled when contrasted with what Dick believed the girl at his back to be thinking. Sixty feet, perhaps only fifty, or even forty, from the boat, was triumph. Triumph with Peggy. The tarpon, forever unaware of the vast service it had rendered, would return to the cool depths. These were sweet thoughts. They filled Dick's mind and lent strength to his throbbing arms.

Suddenly Douglass was swearing. It was real swearing—the sort that no man may use indiscriminately. Amazed, Dick twisted his head over his shoulder.

Peggy, at his back, made some sort of choking sound that he could not fathom. Mather pronounced a healthy and resonant "Damn!" Marmon had a look of delighted surprise on his face.

Dick, sensing the unusual, thought first of his captured fish. He looked along the taut line. A dorsal fin was splitting the water there; swishing rapidly back and forth, swaying with the terrified gyrations of the tarpon.

"Shark!" he cried. "There's a shark after my tarpon! Damnation!"

"Reel hard, Dick," Mather called. "Give it everything you've got. Those sharks are cowardly as rats; he won't come in to strike for five minutes more."

So, with muscles that screamed protest and a face literally bathed in perspiration, Dick reeled. He pumped madly, gaining a few feet with each effort. The tarpon, sensing the presence of its deadliest enemy, went mad with fear.

The line that Dick held robbed the game fish of every weapon it had against the shark. But it called forth all the frenzy of self-preservation and doubled the problem for Dick. The tarpon leaped repeatedly, darted from side to side, threshed the water into foam a dozen times. When the shark approached it from the rear, it swam directly toward the boat. This meant slack line, and Dick reeled madly, the flesh of his thumb paying a burning price for every revolution of the handle. But victory was not to be. Douglass realized that first.

"Even if you got him alongside," he growled, "that damn shark'd take him away from us. I guess we're licked. What a shame too. That's a fine fish, Mr. King. He'd get you a gold button if you landed him. You played him right well. No fault of yours."

Something like a choking sob sounded in Peggy's throat. Dick had no chance to turn toward her. The fin of the shark was drawing ever closer to the tarpon. He saw that victory was hopeless. The huge shark was fairly licking its lips.

Then something scraped beneath his feet. He glanced down. It was the knife which Douglass had kept against his own clumsiness. He stared at it for a moment. The steel blade was twinkling faintly in the dying rays of the sun.

"Try slacking back a little, old man," Marmon called from forward. "A shark'll run if it thinks it's being attacked. Drop the fish back quickly, see? Even if the shark strikes it, you haven't lost anything. He's going to get it anyway, just like that one got mine. It's worth a chance!"

"He's not going to get it anyway!" Dick cried sharply. His throat was dry and his voice swept across the vocal cords with the raucity of wind through dried reeds. "Damned if he's going to get it! I've seen too many tarpon to make shark bait of one! To hell with your records!"

Before they sensed his purpose, he stooped down, caught the knife in his bleeding hand and severed the line. Like a flash, the tarpon was gone. The shark circled once or twice, baffled, then sank from sight.

"I couldn't—help it, Peg," King said as he turned toward the girl. "Honestly. It was—was murder. I had to let him go. If I matched his strength, I had to—match his courage as well."

Douglass uttered one blasphemous word with all the admiring fervence a man might have put into a prayer.

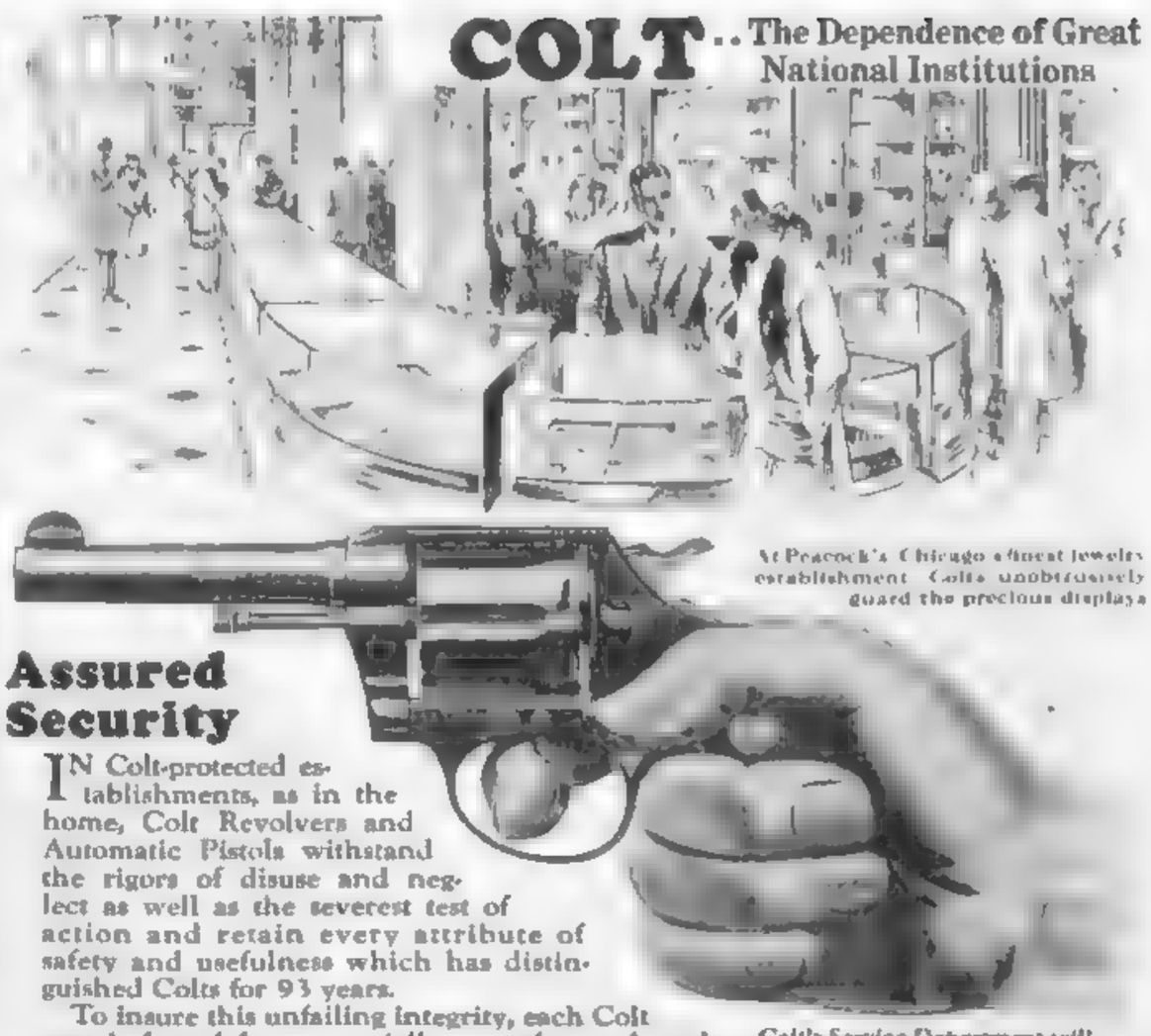
Mather's cigar dropped from his lips and rolled on the deck between his feet unnoticed.

"If you'd dropped him back, Dick," Marmon said expertly, "as I said, you might have saved him."

But Peggy said nothing for several moments. Instead, she gazed enraptured at the disheveled, perspiring, bleeding King. Then, as though impelled by a force beyond her control, she slipped quietly against him and put her arms around him. Before he realized what was happening, he felt her lips against his own. Bewildered, he stood motionless, his throat and arms aching, his mind a maze of disappointment, amazement, chagrin and unaccustomed happiness.

When Peggy did speak, it was in tones muffled by her proximity to Dick's chest.

"Dad"—she laughed hysterically—"dad, Tommy, Douglass—congratulate us—Dick and me. We're engaged."



COLT .. The Dependence of Great National Institutions

At Peacock's Chicago finest jewelry establishment Colts unobtrusively guard the precious displays

Assured Security

IN Colt-protected establishments, as in the home, Colt Revolvers and Automatic Pistols withstand the rigors of disuse and neglect as well as the severest test of action and retain every attribute of safety and usefulness which has distinguished Colts for 93 years.

To insure this unfailing integrity, each Colt part is forged from especially manufactured steel. Every one of a thousand Colt operations is conducted with unvarying precision.

Although machined to micrometer exactness, fitted and finished by hand, each Colt Arm must successfully pass 200 or more delicate gaugings and minute inspections before reaching our testing galleries.

Like all Colt Revolvers, the Colt Police Positive Special .38 caliber shown here is equipped with the Colt Positive Lock, which effectually prevents accidental discharge.

Colt's Service Department will help solve shooting problems, suggest the Arm best suited to your needs; assist you in forming or joining a Revolver Club.

Colt's new Catalog No. 24 is the most complete Fire Arms Manual ever issued. Write for it.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
SMALL ARMS DIVISION
HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.

COLT PRODUCT ... *The* ARM OF LAW *and* ORDER

ENTIRELY at leisure, in the comfort and privacy of your home or office you may select from America's most widely known Xmas Greeting Card Line—exclusive designs of nationally famous artists with many genuine steel etchings, offering an immense selection at prices most attractively low.

Monogrammed without extra charge like fine stationery—many beautiful imported tissue linings and, if specially ordered, a perfect reproduction of your own signature in our beautiful Process work. The Process Representative offers you the latest and most exclusive in Christmas Greeting Cards . . . his organization is the leader in its field in America.

42,000 carefully trained Process Corporation Representatives, each one a man or woman you will be glad to welcome to your home or office, are waiting to serve you, waiting to submit the beautiful Process Made-to-Order Greeting Card Line for your approval, but not one of these will either impose on your courtesy or urge you to buy—their field is to serve and not to sell

Mail coupon today and we will instruct our Local Representative to call on you. If we have not a representative in your city we will mail samples from Chicago, without cost or obligation to you and under the distinct understanding that your satisfaction with our work and service is unqualifiedly guaranteed.

THE PROCESS CORPORATION
Troy at 21st Street Chicago

Representatives Attention!

We have a dignified and outstanding proposition for a man or woman of good local standing in every town or city where we are not represented. Send written application by mail at once. Do not use the coupon for this purpose.

THE PROCESS CORPORATION, Dept. 97
Troy at 21st Street, Chicago, Illinois

Kindly have your representative call and submit your complete Christmas Greeting Card Sample Line and if unable to do this, send me samples to select from—direct from Chicago without any obligation being implied

Name

Street Address

Town State

$1.50

Protect your children

Why buy caps made of 70% cotton covered with 30% wool? Millions of these caps are sold as pure wool.

$1.00

Refuse substitutes ...demand **TIMS CAPS**

Guaranteed 100% Pure Worsted

$1.00

25¢ Tims Holiday Box Free *with every Tims Cap*

For Sale at Leading Stores

TIMS CAP CORP.
50-54 W. 17th St.
New York

$1.00

PARADE CAP

Guaranteed 100% Pure Worsted

AT LEADING STORES

Manufactured by

TIMS CAP CORPORATION
50-54 West 17th Street
New York

$1.00

Want $100.00 *for Christmas?*

The Curtis Publishing Company
487 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please explain to me how your subscription representatives earn up to $1.50 an hour extra in spare time. I assume no obligation in making this inquiry.

Name ..... *Age*
(Please print name and address)

Street

City *State*

To learn how you may earn it in your spare time, mail above coupon today

You need no experience to succeed

PROFESSIONAL HUMOR

(Continued from Page 58)

the deep lines in his face betraying his enormous sufferings, yet in his eyes still the light of an immortal fire.

"I have lived through generations," he says, "and have yet to find any better way to make humorous drawings than to make human beings as they are."

"Are they really as funny as that?"

"Well, don't I look funny to you?"

"I suppose you do—that is, if you had some sort of label."

"Precisely; you have hit upon the basis for all humor. There is nothing particularly humorous about a bride and groom sitting in a car, but put a label under them, Just Married, and everybody laughs."

"How is the joke market?"

"Soft. Our underlying strength certainly is, as always, the fundamentals of human character, which never change. And again, humbugs never cease. There is always someone trying to break down the Constitution, trying to make a monkey out of Uncle Sam. And here is my list of parasites—it is a very long one, as you see—social parasites, business parasites. Every normal group has them, just as healthy dogs can't get rid of fleas. The old jokes are all good; men may come and men may go, but they flow on forever. But you have to keep dressing them up in new clothes, and our real trouble today lies in the rapid news. Our characters are all going dead on us almost before we have pictured them. You cannot draw a picture of an automobile hanging from a tree, half suspended over a cliff or perching like a swallow on a Stop, Look and Listen grade-crossing sign more than one hundred times without having the public walk out on you. The radio announcer, when he first came over the air, was good as a comic character for about three weeks. All of us artists seized upon him at once. It's in the air. Why, my boy, before a pictorial humorist can get a new character into print, he would be arrested for exceeding the speed limit and his license taken away from him. The Zeppelin idea was over before it started. The transfer joke helped us out over what otherwise would have been a very dull period, but even that is beginning to rehearse a death rattle."

What Is a Transfer Joke?

"What is the transfer joke?"

"Strange to say, it started many, many years ago, with an odd little piece which some unknown humorist—or maybe he was a satirist; I never know which it is—wrote. This was followed by another in which a lawyer proposed to a girl in legal language. You see how it is: You transfer from one occupation to another. That gives the element of surprise. An old sailor rides in an auto and talks to it as if it were a ship in distress. Some artist caught the possibilities—which are practically endless, and we have a long succession of lay figures transplanted into other occupations, thereby raising, as we are always hoping, what is technically known as 'one laugh.'"

"That's rippingly funny, isn't it?"

"Topping, I assure you."

"And is there then no hope?"

"While there's life there's never any hope."

"This is one of your bad days. You must have done something really amusing."

"Don't excite me. One thing necessary in all fun is surprise, but everything is now managed so there will never be any surprise. Repetition is the thing. No humorous masterpiece ever brought a first laugh. And now that laughter is considered a form of unintelligence ——"

The depression of this old-timer must be discounted. For the comic artist who knows how to draw, and who paints people as they are, let it be whispered from the housetops—that he may have his sterile periods, but he will never die out.

And here is a younger modernist, earnestly engaged in producing one of his masterpieces, having labored over it at least twenty minutes. We refrain from laughter out of courtesy, also not wishing to draw his contempt.

"This is a humorous drawing, is it not?"

"Dear me, yes; one of my best."

"What models do you use?"

Funny But Not Laughable

"Blocks of wood. A few strokes of a handy hatchet on an old-time gay 90's hitching post—I go about digging them up—is fine, but they are getting quite scarce. In fact, you can use a hitching post for anybody, by knowing where to chop. At first I tried to use human beings as models, instructing them to remove from their faces all traces of anything like an expression, but it wouldn't work. They were much too human, too lifelike. Just as I started with the critical strokes, a gleam of intelligence was sure to spoil the picture. Now I use blocks of wood and an ax. What I am aiming for ultimately is to devise a perpetual system of making modern humorous caricatures merely by buying a cord of wood and arranging it in various postures. You can make a cord of wood stand or fall for anything, background included."

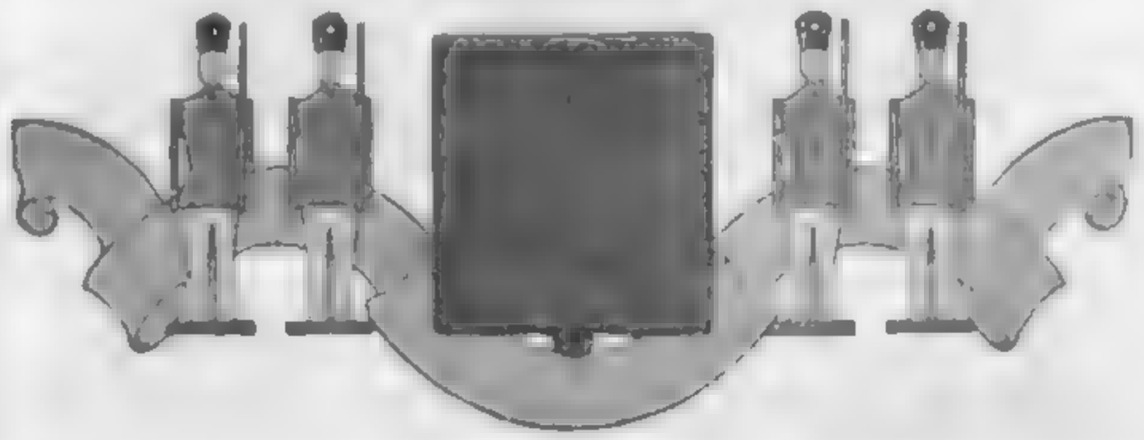
"Yes, that is quite evident. But after all, it's the legend underneath the humorous drawing that really counts. They must be saying something to each other."

"My dear friend, that is only because it is hard for both you and me to wean ourselves from the crude American idea that the characters in humorous drawings must be able to talk, just because they always have done so. As you must realize, we are now in a horrid state of transition between the old and the new. Our laggard minds—such as they are—still cling to the idea that a humorous drawing should make people laugh. On the contrary, it must always express some form of utter negation. That is what makes it so intensely funny."

"But if they are not saying anything or doing anything, and if by looking at them you cannot tell who or what they are, or even where they are, what does it all mean?"

"Ah! Now I see that you are beginning to understand. You have innocently but perfectly expressed the ideal of the humorous picture of tomorrow. Three more years of European study and I shall master the art. I am now temporarily working on a set of astrological symbols through which the characters can be communicating with each other; merely a temporary expedient, you understand, until the public becomes accustomed to reacting from within, instead of from without."

(Continued on Page 217)



"I want to be sure this is a Raybestos service station."

"You've come to the right place . . . there's the sign . . . we use genuine Raybestos—nothing else."

CAR OWNERS who recognize the value of good brakes invariably patronize Raybestos Brake Service Stations. The men who operate these stations are highly skilled specialists. They know brake troubles and how to correct them and what is more important—they use genuine Raybestos, correctly applied by the Raybestos method.

With quality lining, responsible workmanship and proper application, you have the sum-total of good brake service. When your brakes need attention, visit a Raybestos Brake Service Station. The work will be done well. It will be done promptly and at flat rate charges.

Raybestos Brake Service Stations are found wherever automobiles are driven. A postcard will bring the name and address of the station in your neighborhood.

LISTEN IN

"The Raybestos Twins," on the air every Friday at 6:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over WEAF, New York, and NBC Network.

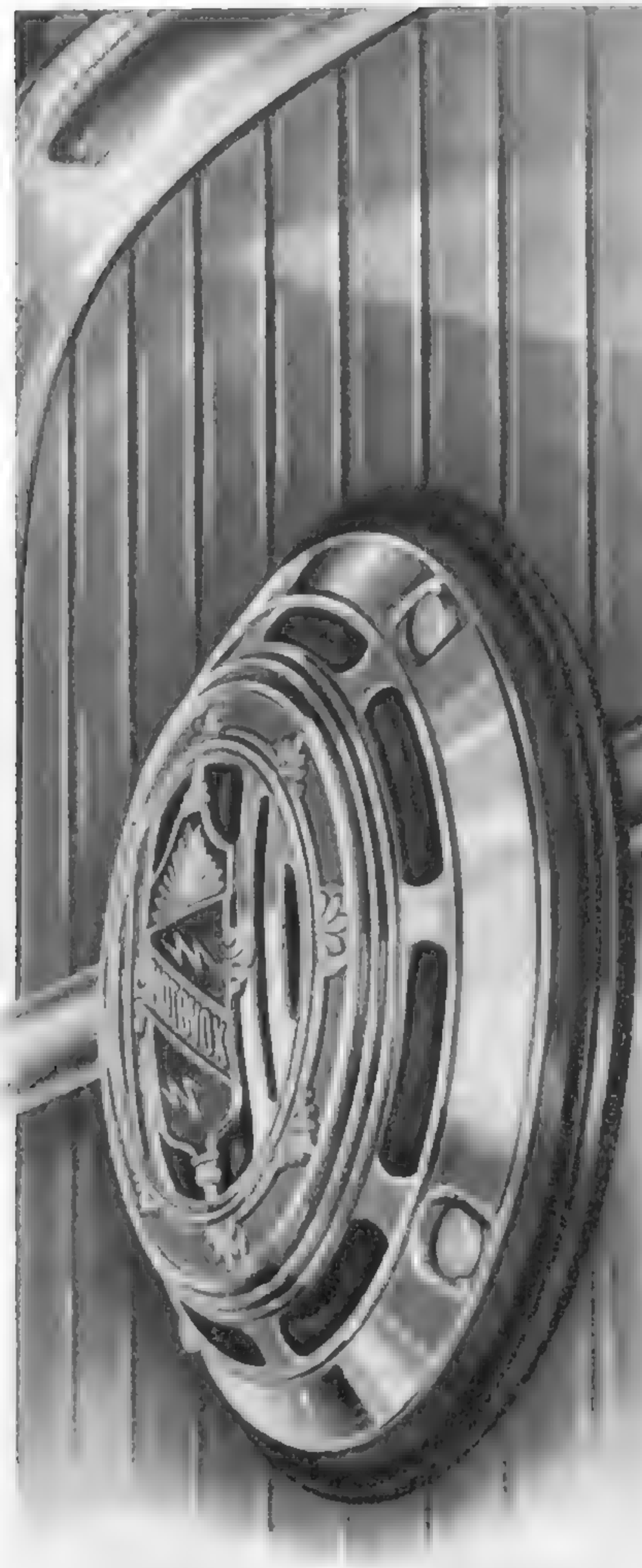
REPAIRMEN

We have an attractive proposition for those wishing to engage in brake service work. Correspondence invited.

THE RAYBESTOS DIVISION
OF
RAYBESTOS-MANHATTAN, Inc.,
Bridgeport, . . . Connecticut

Raybestos

FOR A QUARTER CENTURY—THE QUALITY BRAKE LINING

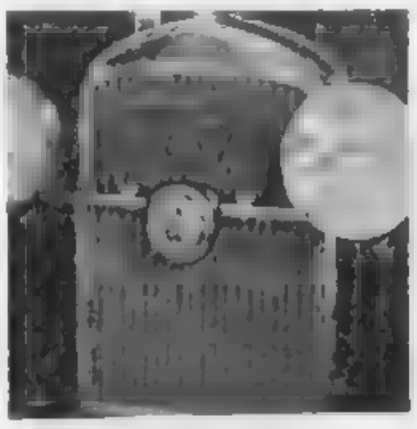


Another
MOTO METER
Product

MOTOVOX

THE MOTO METER HORN

That fine new automobile "horn" you are beginning to hear . . . and see . . . everywhere. For this is the warning signal you can see. *It is not hidden out of sight under the hood . . . there is no obstruction to its warning note . . . it is out in front where the warning signal belongs . . .* The MOTOVOX *"belongs" on two counts—first for its gleaming chromium-plated ornamental appearance and second for its clean penetrating silvery note . . . a genuine safeguard as vital to the high speeds and quick stops of modern traffic conditions as four-wheel brakes and shatter-proof glass.*



MOTOVOX *costs only $9.50 and is very easily attached. Most dealers and service stations have them, or can quickly obtain them from their jobbers . . . . .*

MOTO METER GAUGE & EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

TOLEDO, OHIO — LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. — LA CROSSE, WIS.

OTHER PLANTS AT CANADA ENGLAND FRANCE GERMANY AUSTRALIA

Automobile Panel Automobile Horns Automobile Equipment Distance Trip Thermometers Industrial Thermometers Recording Thermometers Gauges for Steam Vacuum Altitude Oxy-Welding Air Pressure and Oil Pressure, Gasoline Tank Gauges, Electric Heat Measuring Gauges Electric Temperature Gauges, Ammeters Aviation Instruments, Marine Instruments Tire Testers, Spark Plugs Bakelite Parts

A sharp comeback

The smartest answer to a broken pencil point is a few turns of a Boston Sharpener. Model L, price $1, means years of clean, tapered points. Other models, $1.25, $1.50, $3 and $5. Slightly higher in the West. From any store selling stationery.

C. Howard Hunt Pen Co., Camden, N. J.

BOSTON
PENCIL SHARPENERS

Solid Steel Cutters

for artistic interiors
—and meticulous housekeepers

VUL-COT is the perfect wastebasket. Made of the perfect material—pure, hard, vulcanized fibre. Its solid construction never leaks ashes or dust onto the floor. In ten smart new shades of durable lacquer to harmonize with every decorative scheme . . round or oval . . at stationery, department or house furnishing stores.

VUL-COT
the national wastebasket
National Vulcanized [illegible] Washington, D.C.

Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward Naturally!

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly, so toughens the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Thousands of grateful users. Drug stores sell "Outgro." If unable to get it, send $1 to Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., Dept. C, 578 Madison Ave., New York City.

ANY BOOK IN PRINT

Delivered at your door. We pay the postage. Standard authors, fine editions, new [illegible]

FREE [illegible] Cure and is used by some of American leading universities, 100,000 book lovers buy from it. Free if you write now

CLARKSON PUBLISHING CO.,
1103 CLARKSON BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from Page 214)

Strange to say, literary humorists are attracted to one another and mingle freely; drawn together, doubtless, by a common fate. In addition to this spirit of comradeship, nowadays there has been developed a sense of common honor most delightful. In the old days humorists who met and mingled stole one another's jokes so shamelessly that they soon became silent in one another's presence. A new humorist, who innocently gave himself away, was stripped bare of his accumulation, his jokes sold before he could get to the editors. The habit of silence is still fastened upon the professionals, but their taciturnity is a souvenir of the past.

You may pass days with a professional and not get a glimmer out of him; yet among the elect confidences are now never violated and humorous ideas in their incipiency are bandied about with the greatest freedom, as if these professionals were members of the Stock Exchange and were buying and selling by word of mouth. Such is their honor. The real reason that has brought about this condition is that the genuine humorists, confronted by the solemn assurances of psychologists and intelligentzia that laughter is going dead on us, and that life in its numerous and increasing forms—no matter what—is all a mistake, are banding together in a desperate effort to make their stuff better.

It is a laudable ambition. If professional humorists can raise a laugh among themselves, they can do it anywhere. The world will be the gainer.

What is not so easily perceived is that everybody has a sense of humor of sorts especially in a quick-witted age where, if you don't jump fast enough, you get run over but he is forced to conceal it from the world in order to avoid being patronized or ostracized, or not laughed at. For it must be confessed that the crude among us still indulge in this vulgar habit. I know discreet college presidents who cower in soundproof bedrooms and read ribald humor for mere pleasure.

Here, in a nook of a literary colony of the underworld, is a gathering of well-known humorists. They talk most freely about the mechanics of their art. They are most glad to meet strangers or anyone who will listen to them. They need the change

"The real trouble with us," declares one of them whose facial lines grow almost cheerful under the spell of kindness, "is that the old forms of humor have been worked out. Chronologically speaking, everything has been written about Cleopatra, Hannibal, Napoleon, and all the other lay figures of the past. Rome and Carthage and mythology have all lost their *élan vital*, as our friend Bergson puts it. The fable is a lost cause. The essay has its brief moments, but hardly brief enough. The short dialogue, if it has a really funny idea, is a short story lost, and we cannot afford that now. Nothing is left for us but to exploit our personalities, for even burlesques too often fail to move, when the realities they aim at are more burlesquious than the burlesque itself."

"But suppose one has this humor gift and no personality at all."

"Quite wonderful, I assure you. Being the only American without any personality, he would be a star performer."

And yet, in spite of the humorists themselves, I suspect that it was, it is, and it always will be, to laugh. It is a planetary complaint which neither sycophants, psychologists, cynics nor sophisticates can ever wholly eradicate.

Holds the Heat in Steam Radiators

STEAM radiators equipped with these new remarkable Dole Vacuum Valves No. 2-B, stay hot long after the fire is banked. Instantaneous and automatic in operation, they help radiators heat quickly and maintain a comfortable temperature for many hours after the boiler is checked. That means fewer firings, more heat from less fuel, greater warmth all winter, positive fuel savings year after year. These valves are noiseless—no pounding, leaking or spitting—no "radiator static."

New Application of Principles

The new Dole Valves are entirely different—have new triple-action construction, unique design, attractively finished in modern, non-tarnishable chromium plate. Each valve fully tested and guaranteed.

Have Them Installed NOW

Free yourself from steam radiator troubles NOW by having your heating contractor install these amazing new, economical valves. Write for complete information.

THE DOLE VALVE COMPANY
1925 Carroll Ave., Chicago

WANTED—A DREAM MAN

Continued from Page 54

The ruffian started playing the flash light over my face, and I can imagine what a picture I must have made, too, with my mouth open and my eyes sticking out of my head. Then he said in a sneering voice: "Naughty, naughty, parking out here this way. I ought to tell your father on you, but I'm big-hearted." Then he gave Arthur, who was petrified, a jab, and said, "Hop out of there, big boy. I'll entertain the girl friend!"

Ethel, it was like something out of the newspapers. I grabbed Arthur's arm and croaked, "Kill him, Arthur—kill him!" and do you know what that half-baked pineapple did? He shook me off and yelled, "Get away from me! Can't you see he has a gun?" And believe it or not, he turned to the hold-up man and bleated, "Don't shoot, mister. I'll get out! Just promise you won't shoot me, mister!" and started to climb out.

Well, Ethel, for a minute I was struck dumb, then all of a sudden my brains, which had been in cold storage for three weeks, came back to me with a bang. I was wild! So this was chivalry! How I longed for a nice big baseball bat or a hatpin or something.

Just then my hand touched something cold—and here it was Sir Galahad, who had slid down in the corner of the seat. Oh, boy, when I felt that nice hard Sir Galahad, life came back into the corpse.

Before you could pull an eyebrow I had a firm grip on Sir G's legs, and the next thing you know, pow! I brought that twenty pounds of chivalry down on the gunman's dome with a crash that could be heard from here to there. Thank the Lord for my hockey days! There's muscle in the old arm yet!

Well, sir, the villain dropped without a word; then I turned my attention to Arthur, who was cowering behind the wheel. "You flat-footed flat tire!" I yelled. "Here's your chivalry! See how you like it!" and socked him, too, but not hard—just hard enough to put him to sleep. He subsided with a last faint wave of his romantic mustache. So I shoved him out of the car and drove home.

And do you know, Ethel, I felt great, simply great. All the way home I was just praying I'd meet somebody else to sock. When I got back and unloaded the dirt the family almost passed out, and wanted to put me to bed with a hot-water bottle and aromatic spirits. But none of that for yours truly. First I called up Arthur's folks and told them where they could find their son if they really wanted the poor pill; then rushed upstairs, threw the organdie in the wastebasket, slapped on a flock of lipstick and invited the gang over for a party. And did we raise good old modern whoopee? Gee, it was grand!

Next day in the mail came an unsigned note from Arthur reading: "Alas, I see my idol hath clay feet! Little did I think that you would do such a thing to me. Send back my gifts."

So I wrapped up his bum presents and returned them with a note saying: "Take a look at your own dogs. P. S.: Why not go into the junk business?" And that was the end of that.

You have no idea how relieved I feel, Ethel, now that I have got rid of the chivalry complex. Just didn't look natural on a pedestal, anyway. Believe me, there will be no lavender and old lace in my hope chest.

The man I'm looking for now has got to be modern, regardless of what his manners are like. Don't care if he slams doors in my face, doesn't wear garters and calls me "Girlie." I should worry if his grammar is gosh awful, so long as he means what he says. Give me no more Galahads, Lord. They're not my type. But, Lord, will I ever find a sugar that won't turn out to be a lemon?

Well, Ethel, the big Dream-Man hunt is on again, and I will let you hear about my new shiek when I find him.

And you know me, Ethel. It won't be long now!

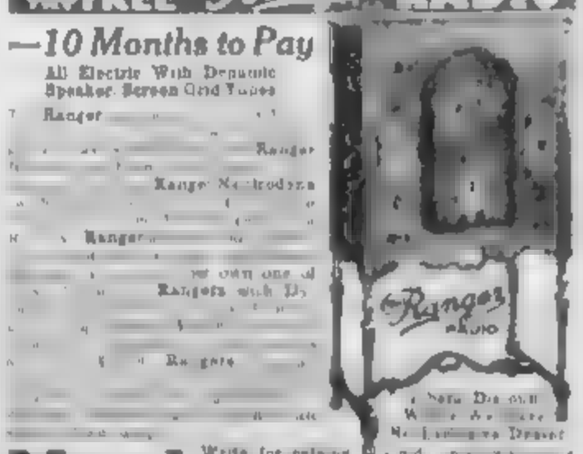
Lots of love,

BILLIE.

Dole Vacuum Valve No. 2-B

10 DAYS FREE RADIO

—10 Months to Pay



Mead Write for catalog and new [illegible] offer. Mead Cycle Co., Dept. H 173, Chicago

MEDITERRANEAN
CRUISE January 29, $600 to $1750
New S. S. "Transylvania", 66 days. Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, etc

EUROPE
CRUISE June 28 s.s. "LANCASTRIA"
CUNARD LINE, 52 days, $600 to $1250
Madeira, Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Edinburgh, Holland, Belgium, Paris, (London, Rhine, Oberammergau Passion Play).
Hotels, drives, fees, etc. included
Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

Send Now
Midland Appliance Corporation
Dept. 1148 225 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE "OVERHEAD DOOR"
Opens Up—Completely Out of the Way
For Garage—Factory—Warehouse. Send for Catalog
Overhead Door Corporation Hartford City, Ind.

Use it a Whole Week FREE! The POCKET ORGANIZER

Made under the Famous Halvorsen Patents

in Beautiful Black Genuine Calfskin

Sent on Approval!

Send No Money!

The New Money Size

An amazing gift—or put it in your own pocket! the 10 feature fully patented POCKET ORGANIZER (*Made under the Famous Halvorsen Patents*) .. in choice Black Calfskin! Compactly carries everything—bills, coins, check book, memos! has four celluloid-covered compartments to show 8 cards. Cornered in Gold! Your name and address in 23K Gold stamped in the leather! And—think of it!—IT'S YOURS FOR A WEEK WITHOUT A PENNY PAYMENT! Use it, test it—if after a week you don't want it, send it back and the deal is closed. If you keep it, simply send the low price of $5. Mail the coupon NOW!

U. S. LEATHER GOODS CO.
564 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

Tear Off Here—Fill In—Mail

FREE!—this Fine Black Calfskin 6-hook, 12-key capacity Key Case

CHECK ☐ HERE and receive FREE our beautiful 40-page book of Natural Laws for Health and Happiness. Supply limited. Mail coupon now.

☐ CHECK HERE FOR FREE KEY CASE (send $5

☐ CHECK HERE FOR POCKET ORGANIZER ON APPROVAL without Key Case. (Send no money

Name

Address SPU

Starts heating QUICK Automatic nickeled register plate with "heat deflector." For all makes of cars. Only $4

G. A. ROTH MFG. CO.
Hastings, Nebr.

FOR ALL CARS

Soft, Easy Fitting

Special heel seat prevents wrinkling. Features ... Little more ... shoes twice ... price. Sizes 5 ... 15, 11, 12, 13. Ask your dealer

$5

M. T. SHAW, Inc.
Dept. 7, Coldwater, Mich.

Shoe Dealers write at once!

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

Marriage and Other Poems

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Marriage

SOLOMON, Bluebeard and burly King Harry
Met for a talk on The Women Men Marry.

"Speaking of marriages," Bluebeard began,
"Take it from me, as a marrying man,
Nothing conduces to comfort in life
More than the proper control of a wife.
When you are vexed with a lady you've wed,
Out with your saber and off with her head!
That was my system, devoid of a flaw—
Only, beware of your brothers-in-law!
Mine were a terrible nuisance, you know;
Yes, and the neighbors will talk of one so!"

Henry the Eighth in his manner so bluff
Blurted, "Quite right, but a little too rough!
Mine was a gentler, more civilized course;
Sometimes beheading and sometimes divorce
Suited the case, but the verdict, I trust,
Always was legal and moral and just.
Yet, though my motives were ever the best,
Traitors and clerical prigs were a pest;
Impudent critics made such an ado!
Yes, and the neighbors still talk of me too!"

Solomon chirped with a quizzical glance,
"Why did you boys give the neighbors a chance?
Marital matters, whatever betide,
Ought to be sealed from all people outside;
If there is dust on the family shelves,
No one should know it excepting yourselves.
How many wives do they think that I had?
Call it a hundred, I never could add.
Was every marriage the acme of bliss?
No one has heard from our era to this.
Was every consort a helpmeet and pal?
Nobody guesses and nobody shall.
Had we our scandals, though decently hid?
Maybe we didn't and maybe we did.
Were we a peaceful or quarrelsome pair?
That was our private, exclusive affair.
No one was asked to approve or deplore,
No one, not even the woman next door;
None of us lent them a thing to discuss—
That's why the neighbors don't talk about us!"

Maine Woods Recipes

CAMP COFFEE

YOU bile up your watter, the most of a pot of it,
An' stir in your cawfee—a hell of a lot of it.

BOILED LOON

Take one prime loon an' put it in the pot
With one hard grindstun an' the fill of watter;
Be sure the fire is blazin' good an' hot,
An' soon as she's a-bilin' hot an' hotter,
Add salt an' pepper an' a bit of pork,
An' cook it all the mornin'; when it's done,
An' you kin stick the grindstun with a fork,
You throw away the loon an' eat the stun.

The Demon Tutivillus

THE Demon Tutivillus
Is armed with whips of snakes;
The festering bacillus
Of trivial mistakes,
On any slip whatever
He leaps, with bitter jokes,
To prove how much more clever
He is than other folks.

The Demon Tutivillus
Derides without restraint;
His mockings nearly kill us
That say "to who" or "ain't";
Our heresies in grammar
And such important things
He jeers with raucous clamor
Until the welkin rings.

The Demon Tutivillus,
The scholar's fiendish foe,
Conveys, as coals to grill us,
Our blunders down below;
Our oversights and errors,
The words we couldn't spell,
Among pedantic terrors
We'll meet again in hell!

This Demon Tutivillus
Is really mighty small;
Why need we let him fill us
With any fears at all?
As inspirations thrill us
We'll sing our valiant songs,
And Mister Tutivillus
Can go where he belongs!

For a Good Dog

SOME dogs are brats,
Aristocrats,
Or peevish, pampered minions;
But you're the pup
Who wins the cup,
Deserving heavenly pinions

And dogs enough
Are timid, gruff,
Abased or detrimental;
But you're the like
Whom all men like,
Courageous, frank and gentle.

And dogs there be
Too wild and free
For tactful circumspection;
But you are one
Of sense and fun,
With deep and true affection.

Till rabbits bite,
Till cats at night
No longer hold their pow-wow,
Through good and ill
We'll cherish still
Our own beloved bow-wow.

The Lookit

A LOOKIT carols everywhere,
"Oh, look!" "Oh, lookit!" "Oh, look there!"
And practices, with zeal appalling,
Superfluous attention calling,
Exhibiting to you and me
The things one couldn't help but see;
Till, pointing out the Rocky Mountains
And Fontainebleau's refulgent fountains;
That sunset and this frowning cliff,
His finger's permanently stiff.
A thorough Lookit even calls
"Oh, lookit!" at Niagara Falls
Or by the Colorado's canyon,
Disgusting his enthralled companion.
When first Columbus saw our land,
While all the sailors clasped his hand
And kissed it in their joy, or shook it,
I'll bet some Lookit cried, "Oh, lookit!"

A Friend of Man

I LIVED in a house by the side of the road,
A genuine friend of Man,
And Man made a club of my small abode
To further my noble plan.
He plumped himself down in my easy-chair
Whatever the hour of day,

(Continued on Page 222)

EARN
Cash AND Prizes!

DO YOU need money *now* for new fall clothes, for school, for good times? Why not join a club in which hundreds of schoolgirls earn in their spare time?

Mary Carolyn Hurst, a schoolgirl, has earned $58.00 in a few weeks; Eleanor Brown tucked away $5.00 in a single day. And besides money, many girls are winning thrilling prizes such as cameras, sports watches, dainty jewelry. They're wearing the blue-and-gold honor pin you see below, too . . . Of course you'd like to join them now! You'll receive the details about our pleasant plan as soon as you send in the coupon below. No expense

The Curtis Publishing Company
486 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Name

Street

City State Age

Reduce at will! this positive harmless way

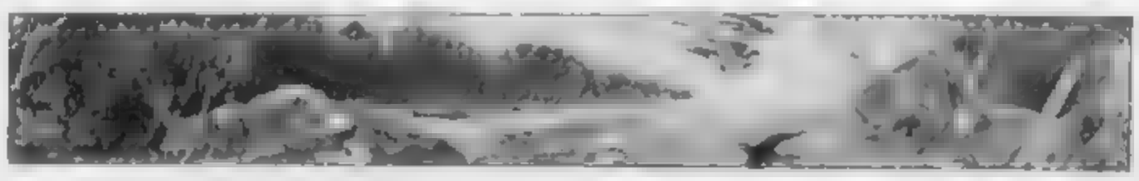
Thousands of these Reducers sold at $79.50! Our policy of selling direct makes new low price possible. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.
SCIENTIFIC ELEC. CO.
Mfrs. of Health Appliances
117 Brookline Ave., Boston

To men who want to be Office Managers

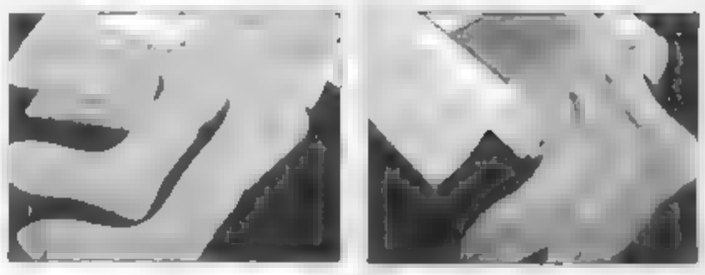
Interesting 32 page book called "How to become an Office Manager" describes a wonderful new course of training which enables you to qualify for this interesting, high paid profession in a short time. Send for it. It's free. Simply write your name and address along the margin of this page and return this advertisement to

International Accountants Society, Inc.
A Division of the
Alexander Hamilton Institute
Department 32, 3411 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

RADIO FREE CATALOG
AT WONDERFUL SAVINGS
196 pages of radio bargains. New Screen Grid all-electric, A. C. Sets in beautiful consoles—also battery operated sets as low as $15.95. Write today.
ALLIED RADIO CORPORATION
711 W. LAKE ST., DEPT. 41, CHICAGO



Quality . . . *begins* with the yarn



. . . DURENE *of the soft and delicate lustre . . . Durene of strength, durability, elasticity and moisture-absorbing qualities that are combined in no other product . . . Durene is the very basis of quality in fine underwear and hosiery today! . . . For quality in all knit and woven things begins — MUST begin — with the yarn!*

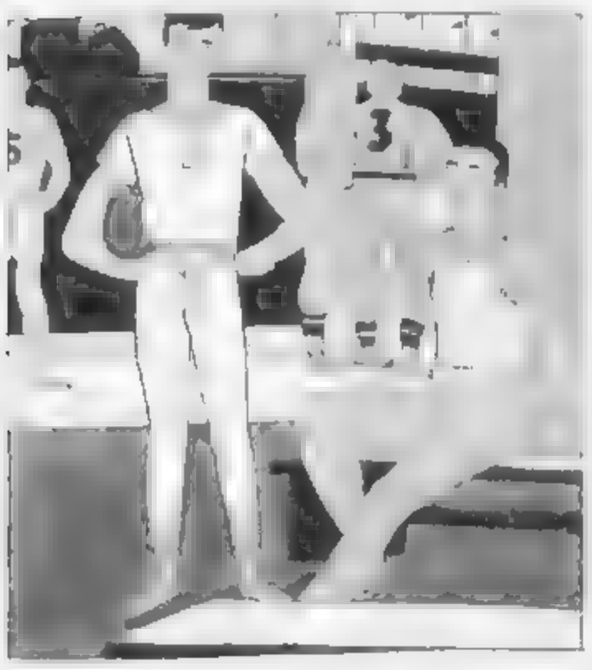
DURENE is the name of a specially processed yarn and of a wide variety of fabrics into which the yarn is woven or knit. It represents the finest of fine cottons—so carefully selected that only one bale out of every twenty-five grown is up to Durene standards.

Durene's rugged elastic strength, combined with its ability to absorb body moisture and its fine laundering qualities, has made it ideal for underwear and hosiery. Stores everywhere are offering Durene in fine underthings for women and in sturdier styles for men and children. In hosiery, too, they are showing wide selections in Durene. Hosiery authorities say emphatically, "Durene for the tops and feet even of women's silk stockings, for the sake of health, comfort and long wear." They recommend Durene for the entire fabric of men's and children's hose.

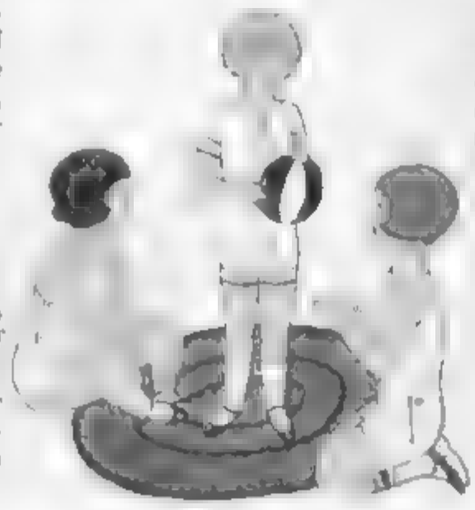
You must see, feel, WEAR Durene to appreciate its distinctive qualities. See your dealer today and if he should be unable to supply you, write us mentioning his name.

THE DURENE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
1410 G St., Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Women's stockings wear better and provide greater comfort when the feet and tops are of Durene. Durene should form the entire fabric of men's and children's hose. Ask for Durene-made hosiery at your dealers.



Polo shirts and longs of Durene—the latter with contrasting tweed waistband and cuffs—as well as Durene pull-over shirts and shorts, are being shown by better shops now.



Durene in children's underwear allows little bodies to move freely and to throw off safely the moisture their activity promotes. Durene wears and wears and launders and launders with no need of ironing.

This is the label that identifies undergarments and hosiery of soft, lustrous, moisture-absorbing, long-wearing Durene. Look for the Durene label on garments and hosiery you buy.

Durene
REG U.S. PATENT OFF.

Durene underthings of rare delicacy of fabric and smart design have shown women that they can have STYLE without sacrifice of utility.

DURENE

Quality Begins with the Yarn

Disston Metal-Cutting Band Saw

Cutting gear from casting of Everbrite manganese bronze plant. Hawkes Brass & Bronze Works, Inc., Philadelphia, specialists in Monel and Everbrite metals, who use Disston Saws exclusively.

CUT IT WITH DISSTON STEEL

EVERY Disston Saw, whether for cutting metal, stone, wood, or any other material, is made of Disston Steel, from Disston's own steel furnaces. The cutting qualities of this steel, and the skill of Disston craftsmen, made Disston the world's foremost saw makers.

Disston maintains its leadership with saws of greater efficiency for cutting steel, iron, bronze and every other metal; saws that cut, with ease, hard tool steels on which no other saws could be used.

You want Disston Steel in your saws, tools, files. There is no substitute for it. You get it in the Disston Hand Saw, "The Saw Most Carpenters Use." You get it in Disston circular saws and band saws, back saws, files, etc., for your home workshop, all sold by your local hardware merchants.

And, if you use saws in production work, Disston's facilities are at your service. Tell us what you cut and we will recommend the correct saw for the job.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Canadian Factory: Toronto

DISSTON
TOOLS FILES **SAWS** KNIVES STEEL

Index of Advertisers

November 9, 1929

	PAGE
AC Spark Plug Company	90
Addison-Leslie Company	201
Addressograph Company	183
Air-Maze Corp.	98
Allen-A Company, The	74
Allied Radio Corporation	218
Alligator Company, The	209
Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Co.	223
American Brass Company, The	199
American Chain Company, Inc.	196
American Express Company	108
American Optical Company	129
American Pencil Company	130
American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation	161
American Writing Paper Company, Inc.	85
Amity Leather Products Company	203
Amrad Corporation, The	204
Bauer & Black	205
Bendix Brake Company	164
Black Manufacturing Company, The	153
Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corp.	94
Bond Electric Corp.	76
Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corp.	95
Cadillac Motor Car Company	64
Campbell Soup Company	39
Chase Brass & Copper Co., Inc.	91
Chesebrough Mfg. Company, Cons'd.	158
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway	139
Cities Service Company	99
Clark, Frank C.	217
Clarkson Publishing Co.	217
Coleman, Watson E.	218
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	1, 66
Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.	213
Comet Rice Co.	194
Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co.	127
Congoleum Nairn Inc.	46
Conklin Pen Company, The	103
Cooper, Wells & Co.	160
Corbin, P & F.	154
Crosley Radio Corp., The	188
Defiance Spark Plugs, Incorporated	97
Delta Electric Co.	187
Demuth & Company, Wm.	149
Disston & Sons, Inc., Henry	220
Ditto Incorporated	202
Dole Valve Company, The	217
Durant Motors, Inc	155
Durene Association of America, The	219
Dur-O-Lite Pencil Company	180
Dutch Tea Rusk Company	104
Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc.	81
Electric Storage Battery Company, The	156
Elgin National Watch Company	140
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company	195
Fisher Body Corp.	44
Fleischmann Company, The	73
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	77
Francisco Auto Heater Co.	205
Franklin Automobile Company	186
Fuller Brush Company	170
General Cigar Co., Inc.	144
General Electric Company	67
General Tire and Rubber Co., The	87
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	201
Glycerine Producers' Association	131
Graham-Paige Motors Corporation	177
Grigsby-Grunow Company	48
Gross Co., Inc., Benjamin & Edward J.	132, 133
Hamilton Institute, Alexander	218
Hanes Knitting Co., P. H.	166
Harris Hdw. & Mfg. Co., D. P.	217
Hart Schaffner & Marx	2
Heinz Co., H. J.	82, 83
Hirschl & Bendheim	201
Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc.	173
Hollingshead Co., The R. M.	136, 137
Homeland Tailoring Co., Inc	176
Hunt Pen Co., C. Howard	217
Insurance Company of North America	126
International Nickel Company, Inc., The	192
Invincible Metal Furniture Co	178
Iron Fireman Mfg. Co.	167
Jarman Shoe Co.	209
Jones Dairy Farm	193
Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.	171
Kodel Electric & Mfg. Co., The	198
Krementz & Co.	141
Kroehler Mfg. Co.	115
Kuppenheimer Co., B.	184, 185
Lambert Pharmacal Co.	222
Lee Mercantile Co., The H. D.	135
Liquid Carbonic Corporation, The	68
Liquid Veneer Corporation	159
Lorillard Company, P.	63
Lycoming Manufacturing Co.	69
McCall Co	172
Mead Cycle Co	217
Metalcraft Heater Corp	197
Midland Appliance Corporation	217
Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company	124, 125
Motor Axle Equipment Company	163
Motor Meter Gauge & Equipment Corp	216
Motor Transit Management Company	208
Munsingwear Corporation, The	182
National Carbon Co., Inc.	55, 92, 93
National Cash Register Company, The	181
National Home Furnishings Program	169
National Vulcanized Fibre Company	217
Natural Bridge Shoemakers	206
New Departure Manufacturing Co., The	59
New Haven Clock Company, The	78
Nicholson File Co.	116
North Bros. Mfg. Co	84
Oakland Motor Car Co	45
Olds Motor Works	96
Overhead Door Corporation	217
Packard Electric Company, The	190
Packard Motor Car Co	53
Pathex Inc.	145
Pepsodent Co., The	117
Perfect Circle Company, The	123
Perfection Stove Company	168
Petroleum Heat & Power Co.	200
Pioneer Suspender Co.	148
Postal Telegraph Cable Company	191
Postum Company (Grape-Nuts)	110
Pratt & Lambert, Inc.	134
Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, The	152
President Suspender Co.	187
Process Corporation, The	213
Protex Chain Co., Inc.	189
Quaker State Oil Refining Co.	143
Radio-victor Corporation of America	61, IV Cover
Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc.	215
Reid, Murdoch & Co.	III Cover
Remington Rand Business Service	88, 89
Reo Motor Car Company	106, 107
Roth Mfg. Co., G. A.	218
Russell Manufacturing Co., The	114
Sanka Coffee Corp	70
Save The Surface Campaign	120
Schrader's Son, Inc., A	86
Scientific Electric Company	218
Scripps-Howard Newspapers	118, 119
Seiberling Rubber Company, The	174, 175
Sessions Clock Company, The	216
Shaw, Inc., M. T.	218
Sheer Co., H. M.	112
Silverfill Mfg. Co	124
Simmons Company, The	150, 151
Simoniz Co., The	65
Skinner & Sons, William	212
Spencer Heater Company	62
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	72
Standard Statistics Company, Inc.	221
Steinite Radio Co	211
Steinway & Sons	50, 51
Stokes Rubber Co., Jos.	157
Swift & Company	41
Syracuse Washing Machine Corp.	75
Texas Company, The	135
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	56
Tims Cap Corp.	214
Toledo Metal Furniture Co., The	202
Tower Company, A. J.	171
Trussell Mfg. Co	162
Tung-Sol Lamp Works, Inc.	146
United States Rubber Company	100, 101
Universal Pictures	60
Upson Company, The	179
U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corp.	138
U. S. Leather Goods Co.	218
Vacuum Oil Company	48
Van Dorn Electric Tool Co., The	79
Waterman Co., The L. E.	207
Western Electric Co	109
White Company, The	163
Whitman & Son, Inc., Stephen F.	II Cover
Wildroot Company	198
Willard Storage Battery Company	147
Willys-Overland, Inc	112, 113
Wilson Brothers	214
Wrought Iron Research Association	142
Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.	178, 217

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

FAMOUS WRONG GUESSES IN HISTORY

"These little eggs, my friends, are worth their weight in gold —"

"THINK OF IT, gentlemen: One ounce of these magic silk-worm eggs will produce 40,000 worms. Those 40,000 worms will spin 40,000 cocoons. And from those 40,000 cocoons you get 22,000,000 yards of silk thread, or 224 yards of silk cloth, worth $1,008

"In other words, my friends, a trifling investment in a few ounces of these silk-worm eggs will lay for you the foundation of wealth beyond your fondest dreams."

The High Cost of "Guessing"

Thus the wild scramble for wealth in 1825 began. Thousands, including the promoters themselves, invested their money in this golden enterprise—only to find that the expense of producing silk in this country outweighed all possible reward There was the usual rush to "unload"—which only hastened disaster—and a disillusioned public, poorer but wiser, returned to simpler but safer pursuits.

"But that was in 1825," says the average investor. "Today people know better than to put their money into such a wildly visionary enterprise." Which is probably true. The fact remains, that many investors, especially in the security market, are still "guessing"—still pursuing the hazardous lure of big, quick profits, in the hope that Lady Luck will help them win

The principal flaw in this method of "hazard and hope" is that too often it results in disappointment and loss. Experience has proved that there is but one way to invest with safety and profit—and that is to first determine the *real* value of the securities involved—as revealed *by careful analysis of all the FACTS*

For twenty-three years the Standard Statistics Company has been supplying bankers, brokers, business executives and individual investors with the kind of *facts* they need to protect their financial interests. With a staff of more than 800 engaged in this work, there is not a single important item relating to any important stock or bond, or any business condition or trend, that is not thoroughly analyzed and reported by "Standard" to its clients. Thousands of banks have found these reports accurate, unbiased, up-to-the-minute—and they are available at small expense to anyone

Safeguard Your Investments

Why not investigate this Service for yourself? If "Standard" can point the way to increased profits from your investments, it will at least be worth an inquiry, will it not? Simply write us for more information—on your business letterhead. No obligation, of course. Address *Standard Statistics Co., Inc., Dept. P-119, 200 Varick St., New York City*

STANDARD STATISTICS COMPANY, INC.

200 VARICK ST. NEW YORK

Organized 23 years ago to distribute business and investment information to reinforce the efforts of business concerns, investment houses and investors by a conscientious endeavor to furnish statistics, literature and reports on every business and financial subject of general interest.

THE LARGEST STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD

Your beard equals one hair 5/8 inch thick

THINK of your beard as one big whisker five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and you will at once appreciate the value of the glycerine in Listerine Shaving Cream.

The average daily crop of 25,800 hairs, each one-250th of an inch thick, is scattered over 40 square inches of skin. Add them up and these hairs are equal to the one giant whisker pictured above. That's why dermatologists tell you: *"before you scrape, lubricate!"*

Glycerine does just that. It forms a salve-like film which protects the face. On that film the steel edge slides. Gone is the friction between beard and blade. The result is new and delightful.

Because Listerine Shaving Cream gives this lubricating and lotion effect, it gives every indication of winning leadership similar to that now held by Listerine Antiseptic and Listerine Tooth Paste.

Three-quarters of an inch of it brushes up into a soothing, softening blanket of very moist lather. Cool and creamy, it does not dry or draw the skin. And its healing Listerine essences add to the emollient benefits of the glycerine.

No cream can make shaving a pleasure, but we sincerely believe that the new Listerine Shaving Cream comes closer to doing that than any other product now offered.

10c a month

All beards are not tough enough, all skins not tender enough, to need a shaving cream as fine as this. But to men whose daily shave is torture, Listerine cream is truly a godsend. The big white tube sells for 50c and is crammed with 157 inches of cream, good for 157 shaves. That is a five-months' supply, and makes the cost only 10c a month. We urge you to try it. We'll be glad to hear how you like it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Shaving Cream

Continued from Page 218

And always had plenty of time to spare
To fritter my time away.

He borrowed a saw or a pound of rice
While bandying quips and puns,
And even requested my sage advice
In rearing his hopeful sons.
Though old were his tales when they built the Ark,
I patiently heard them through,
For how may a lover of Man remark,
"Get out! I have work to do!"

I'm leaving my house by the side of the road.
You'll kindly inform the press;
I haven't adopted a baser code,
But merely a new address.
I'm sending my things in a moving van
Afar to the secret wood
Where I can be more of a friend of Man
By doing the work I should.

Superiority

MY SOUTHERN friend proclaims the worth
Of Southern men, the salt of earth,
Who, from the cradle to the grave,
Are gallant, chivalrous and brave.

My Western friend assures me, then,
That where he hails from men are men,
And adds that nowhere else you'll find
A welcome half so warm and kind.

My Eastern friend awards the palm
To Eastern men, reserved and calm;
For who but they beneath our skies
Are truly cultured, broad and wise?

Oh, men of East and South and West,
I love you all, but love you best
When modestly you say the least
Exalting South or West or East!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

November 9, 1929

Cover Design by Ellen B. T. Pyle

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

10,000 Pictures Can't be Wrong—*Octavus Roy Cohen* — *Illustrated by John La Gatta* — 5
I Knew Him When — —*Nina Wilcox Putnam* — *Illustrated by John La Gatta* — 14
Misfortune's Isle—*Richard Matthews Hallet* — *Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer* — 18
Touch—*Ben Ames Williams* — *Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart* — 20
Tour Conductor—*Frank Condon* — *Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers* — 24
Closed Market—*Kenneth Foree, Jr* — *Illustrated by James C. McKell* — 26
The Thin Edge of Truth—*Oma Almona Davies* — *Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner* — 30
The Way of a Man—*Charles Francis Coe* — *Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull* — 34
Mussel Bound—*Hugh Wiley* — *Illustrated by J. J. Gould* — 49

ARTICLES

Confessions of a Dean — *Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor* — 3
The Branch-Banking Problem—*Henry M Dawes* — *Illustrated by Wyncie King* — 8
Children of Croesus—*Maude Parker* — *Illustrated by R. M. Crosby* — 10
Flying Blind—*Donald E Keyhoe* — *Photographs* — 12
This is London Calling—*Paul Schubert* — *Photographs* — 16
Making Music—*Artur Bodanzky* — *Photographs* — 22
Touchdown Technic—*Lou Young* — *Photographs* — 28
The New International Alignment—*David Jayne Hill* — *Cartoon by Herbert Johnson* — 37
The Eyes of the Ship—*Will Levington Comfort, Written With E. A Lucas* — *Photographs* — 42
Wanted—A Dream Man—*Marge* — *Illustrated by the Author* — 54
Professional Humor—*Thomas L. Masson* — *Illustrated by Marge* — 57

SERIALS

The Shyster (In six parts)—*Chester T. Crowell* — *Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart* — 6
Young Man of Manhattan (Fourth part)—*Katharine Brush* — *Illustrated by Henry Raleigh* — 32
On the Road (Conclusion)—*Jesse Rainsford Sprague* — *Illustrated by Rosburn Van Buren* — 38

MISCELLANY

Editorials 36
Who's Who—and Why 60
Marriage and Other Poems—*Arthur Guiterman* 218

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

You'll be *thankful* for this roaster

White meat moist and melting . . . dark meat toothsome, tender. That's the way this new Mirro *Vapo-Seal* Roaster cooks the Thanksgiving turkey. *Or*—outside crisp and crackly . . . inside rare and juicy. That's how it cooks a prime rib roast.

It's a *wonderful* cook—with walls of *super-thick* aluminum holding and spreading the heat and the scientific *Vapo-Seal* saving all the moisture. And here's a remarkable fact—it's more than an oven roaster. It does perfect roasting *on top of the stove,* over one low burner. A joy in summer!

See this new modern roaster at your dealer's. And delve into the delectable secrets of the *new cookery* with other Mirro *Vapo-Seal* utensils—the better, heavy ware, built for healthful waterless cooking. Just mail the coupon for your initiation!

DOUBLE UTILITY! *Oven and top-of-stove roaster in one. Smart, burn-proof Thermoplax grips. Convenient, big-handled, perforated rack. At the best stores—$9.95 (a little more in the far West and South).*

MIRRO

THE FINEST ALUMINUM

FREE—WATERLESS COOKING RECIPE BOOK

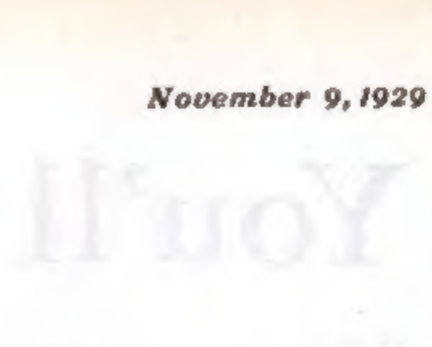
Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Co., Manitowoc, Wis.

Gentlemen: Please send "What's New in Cookery," with latest waterless cooking recipes from the Mirro Test Kitchen.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* 11-9-29



Spelling STYLE in Black *and* White

THE MOSAIC BLEND

Nine out of ten men will look well in it. Blue suits and gray harmonize with it. The season is in spirit with it. The Mosaic Blend! . . . created for now in that correct and always becoming combination of black and white, by Wilson Brothers Style Committee. It belongs in your wardrobe, this ensemble of a collar-attached shirt, hand-tailored tie, Jacquard pattern hose, French rolled-edge handkerchief, and crystal cuff links. And several selected now will simplify your Christmas gift shopping later. Good dealers* are showing the Mosaic Blend, complete in a box, for $8.50.

THE MARINE BLEND

Catching varied shadings of the sea in harmonized tie, shirt, handkerchief, socks, and cuff links. Complete $8.50

WILSON BROTHERS Haberdashery

**If you cannot find the Mosaic Blend at your haberdashers, send us your check with sizes for shirt and hose and the blend will be sent through your nearest dealer. Wilson Brothers, 528 South Wells Street, Chicago.*

CHICAGO · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · PARIS

© 1929, Wilson Brothers

MORE THAN 250 ITEMS

Asleep on guard! Sound asleep at his post—and who would blame him . . . but his mother is denied a similar luxury. Hers is the task to be ever watchful that this little guard may continue in abundant health. She knows the importance of good wholesome foods . . . and mothers, for 76 years, have found Monarch Foods superlatively good . . . at reasonable cost.

© R. M. & Co., 1929

MONARCH

SUPER-QUALITY FOODS – SOLD ONLY THROUGH INDEPENDENT GROCERS

New York - Boston - Pittsburgh - Wilkes-Barre - Tampa - Jacksonville **Reid, Murdoch & Co.** Chicago - San Francisco - Los Angeles - Phoenix - St. Louis

At Last—

A Radio that is really a Musical Instrument

"Victor-Radio is musically a singing likeness of the actual performer....a revolutionary achievement. I close my eyes and imagine I hear the artist in person."

Lawrence Tibbett

"I have not words enough to express my admiration of the new Victor-Radio with Electrola. It should be called the 'eighth wonder of the world'."

Hulda Lashanska

"The new Victor-Radio with Electrola far surpasses the performance of any instrument I have ever heard... And on it my own records are so beautiful I am flattered to think that they are mine."

Beniamino Gigli

The perfection by Victor scientists of two remarkable new instruments suddenly revolutionized the world's standards of sound reproduction.

Here for the first time is a radio that meets the exacting requirements of the world's greatest artists—of every type of voice, of every instrument. With Victor-Radio, all the subtle variations of tone are *duplicated* without distortion. Only Victor could achieve this unvarying fidelity.

Victor-Radio is the only radio that is micro-synchronous. There is no guesswork about Victor performance. Tuning? You get your station with one motion...Hear Victor-Radio whether you have a radio or not!

And hear the sensational new Victor Radio-Electrola—the ultimate—the finest of musical instruments. It brings you—from the same revolutionary Victor electro-dynamic reproducer—music from the air that sets a totally new standard of realism...and recorded music, brilliant and rich far beyond anything you have heard: all the music of the world, at your fingertips!

Play it from softest lullaby to full orchestra—Victor tone quality is unaltered!

Never before have even Victor craftsmen built cabinets of such distinction—so compact, exquisite. These instruments are wholly Victor-built—of world-famous Victor quality throughout.

Only unparalleled Victor resources make such low list prices possible. The Victor-Radio Console is only $155*—Victor Radio-Electrola only $275.* Victor Talking Machine Division—Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Victor Radio-Electrola. The modern, complete home instrument; reproduces records electrically. List price $275. Less Radiotrons.*

Victor-Radio Console R-32. Modernized circuit to meet present-day broadcasting requirements. List price $155. Less Radiotrons.*

Victor Super-Automatic Station Selector. All stations plainly and permanently visible. Just slide the knob to right or left—you have the station you want.

Victor-Radio
with Electrola

Copyright 1929
Radio-Victor Corporation of America